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THE NEW YORKER

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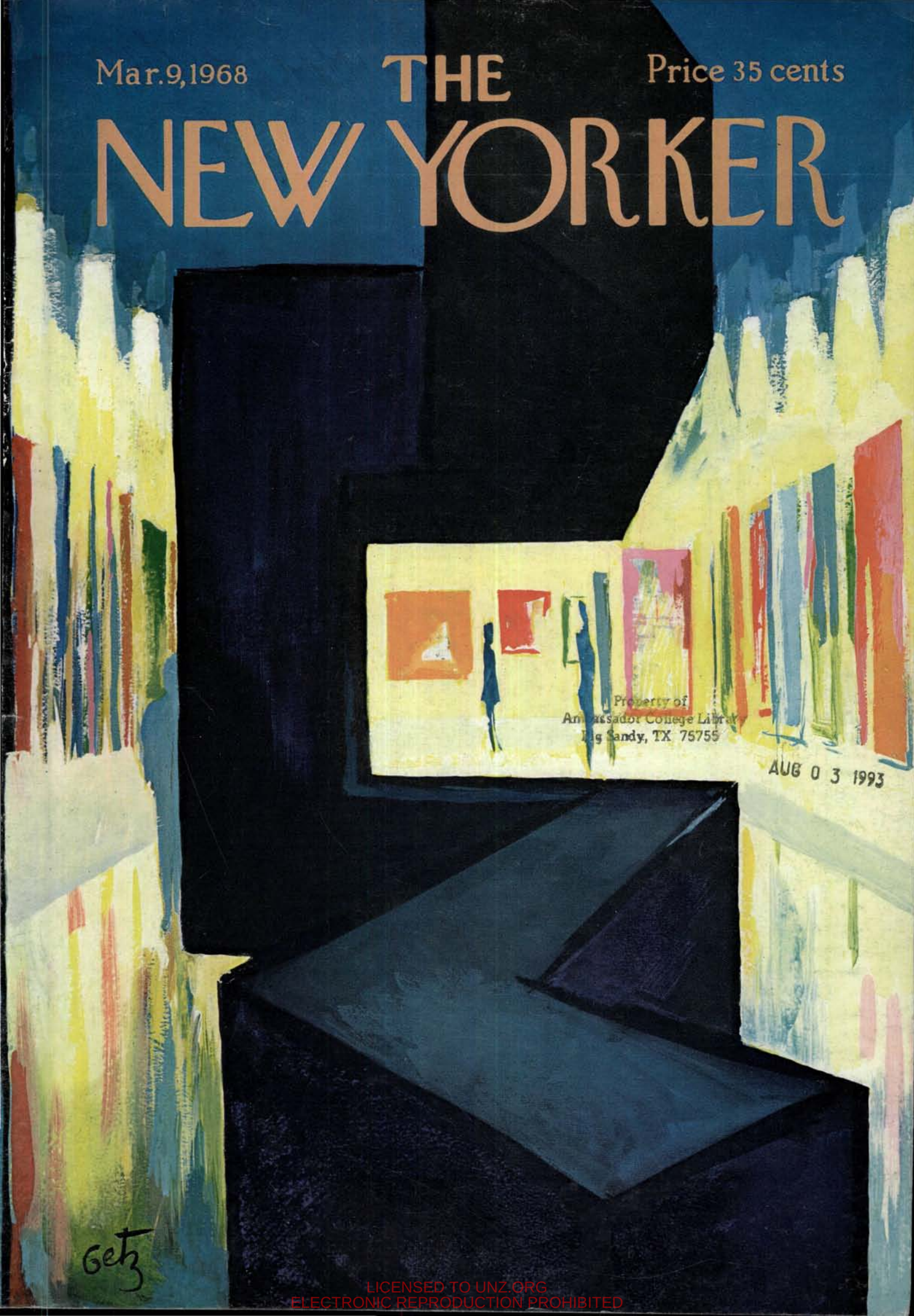

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF:** Thursday, March 7, and Monday, March 11, both at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING:** Friday, March 8, at 8:30; Saturday, March 9, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ De Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE:** Wednesday, March 13, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's **THE CHERRY ORCHARD,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne. With Uta Hagen and Nancy Walker. Previews Friday, March 15, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening on Tuesday, March 19. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

I Never Sang for My Father—A gloomy tale by Robert Anderson about a son who wants to love his father and cannot. Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright make up the miserable, aging family. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Joe Egg—A very good play about a young English schoolteacher, his wife, and their spastic child. Hard as it may be to believe, the author, Peter Nichols, has found much humor in a dreadful situation. The cast comprises Albert Finney, Zena Walker, John Carson, Elizabeth Hubbard, Joan Hickson, and Susan Alpern. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

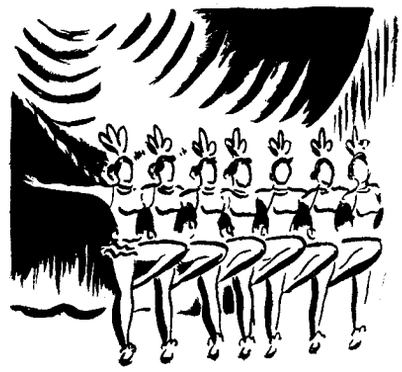
Portrait of a Queen—Dorothy Tutin and a distinguished cast provide a brisk, delightful account of Queen Victoria's sixty-three years on the throne. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's new play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Harold Gary, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A highly successful adaptation of the Muriel Spark novel by Jay Allen. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spofford—Melvyn Douglas is most engaging in this comedy by Herman Shumlin, who based his work on Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben." It has to do with a ruminative Connecticut chicken farmer who gets to studying commuters more or less for the hell of it. Mr. Shumlin directed the play, and he has assembled an admirable supporting cast for Mr. Douglas. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

There's a Girl in My Soup—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Gig Young figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger, played by Barbara Ferris. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—cactus flower: Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **don't drink the water:** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass are in it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **you know I can't hear you when the water's running:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Guide—Zia Mohyeddin in a play by Harvey Breit and Patricia Rinehart, based on an Indian novel by R. K. Narayan. Directed by George L. Sherman. (Hudson, 44th St., E. 757-4198. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond measure the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Grand Music Hall of Israel—A rousing vaudeville with an enormous cast, all cheerful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that *this is not enough.* (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—A musical about antic doings on Wall Street. It hasn't much in the way of book or music, but it does have its comic moments. Max Shulman wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein the music, and Carolyn Leigh the lyrics, and the whole enterprise was directed by George Abbott. Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason and Brenda Vaccaro are noteworthy in a hardworking cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 10.)

Long Runs—cabaret: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **i do! i do!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Weekend—A comedy by Gore Vidal, starring John Forsythe, Rosemary Murphy, and Kim Hunter. Directed by Joseph Anthony. Previews Monday and Tuesday, March 11-12. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 13. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and

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THE NEW YORKER
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, March 14, at 2.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Giraudoux's **tiger at the gates**, translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, March 9: **luisa miller**. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, March 15: **the barber of seville**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Bench—A play by Nathan R. Teitel. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Electronic Nigger and Others—A triple bill by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers (ten dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Tuesday, March 12, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 16.)

Ergo—This play by Austrian writer Jakov Lind is the third winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—If payments (line 21) are less than tax (line 16), enter Balance Due. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Goa—An Indian play by Asif Currimbhoy, directed by Patricia Newhall. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

House of Flowers—A revival, after thirteen years, of Truman Capote's musical about a bordello somewhere in the Caribbean. In spite of Harold Arlen's charming score, the show is nebulous and wispy, and the performance, while agreeable, is not strong enough to serve as an anchor. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. The cast, also young, does very well indeed under James Hammerstein's direction. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159

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Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A revival of a musical play by Langston Hughes. (The Sanctuary, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6926. Saturdays and Sundays only, at 5:30.)

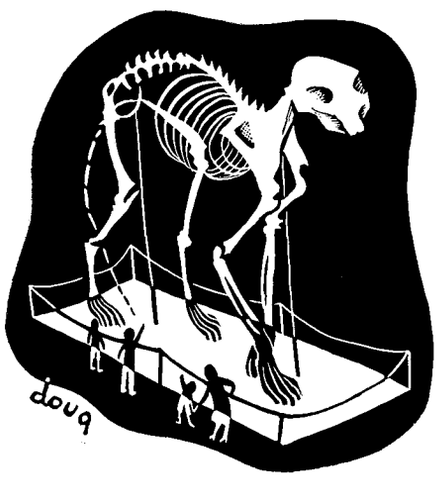
Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, but the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nighthawks—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. Weekends only. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Saturday Night—Many of the Bronx-Jewish lines of Jerome Kass's play sound amusing and credible, but his trying heroine—a spinster whose dreams of a highbrow way of life get her into trouble—has barely put one foot out of the psychiatric casebook. The actors, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, do pretty well with the somewhat synthetic roles assigned them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summer of the 17th Doll—The Negro Ensemble Company in a revival and most successful adaptation of Ray Lawler's sad, funny play, with its setting changed from Melbourne to New Orleans. The performances by all concerned are good, and those by Moses Gunn, as a sugar-cane cutter, and Frances Foster, as the barmaid with whom he customarily spends his layoff months, are especially good. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at



St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

Summertree—A play by Ron Cowen. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Victims—Three one-act plays: Chekhov's "On the Hazards of Smoking Tobacco," Ionesco's "Victims of Duty," and de Ghelderode's "Escurial." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, March 7, at 8:30: "Distractions," "Elegy," and "The Clowns,". . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Nightwings," "Pas de Trois," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Elegy," and "Con Amore." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8:30: "Distractions," "The Clowns," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Jinx," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Secret Places," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30: "Moves," "Mannequins," "Secret Places," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 2:30: A special program of four new ballets, plus one old one, mainly danced by members of the Apprentice Program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Elegy," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8:30: "Distractions," "Elegy," "Pas de Trois," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8:30: "Moves," "Nightwings," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 17.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of forty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Carmen de Lavallade—With her dance company. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, at 8:30.)

Yuriko—With her modern-dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 9, and Saturday, March 16, both at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Arena," "Old Lady Culpes," "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Coruscare." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper in the Royal Box, Lou Rawls is singing with all the power and the glory that nowadays are necessary to

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any leader of the youth movement. His final night is Thursday, March 14; on Saturday, March 16, Caterina Valente, a soprano to whom listening all night would be a pleasure, will check in. The orchestra of Lee Evans attends to the wants of the dancing customers. Closed Sundays and Friday, March 15.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—It takes all sorts, and puts them together at the tables around the small dance floor, which is the property of a small band. The music starts at *nine and ends at two, though never on Sunday, never on Monday.*

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein Ernie Warren's intent little band puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the staff has agreed to keep this remembrance of things past open until early in the morning. The principal band is Lester Lanin's varsity. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They stick around every night until well after the theatre. Between sets, Ellen Harwicke does some neat voice-and-piano work. She is inaudible Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, which is noted for its willingness to give new species of the American songbird a break, is giving one to Gail Martin, the Dean's daughter, who carols during dinner and supper. Betweentimes, the orchestra of Burt Farber, now making occasional sorties into Dixie, is spelled by the romantic serenaders run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin confect *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The power and the glory of the trumpet belonging to Jonah Jones rules a snug little world at the top of the Himalayas. The music, by his foursome and another battalion, carries on from seven until two, *Sundays not included.*

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go and a big band the only thing to dance to. Art Mooney's orchestra, keeping things sweet and hot, is the current voice from the famous past. On Thursday, March 14, Les and Larry Elgart's band, a specialist in advanced trigonometry, takes on the assignment. Seven-thirty until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Gretchen Wyler has returned to her old pastime of being Circe with sound. Her operations embrace both the dinner and the supper hour in the Maisonette. She is not visible on Sundays, but there is dance music every night of the week.

WALDORF ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Dinah Shore is conducting one of her series of at-homes, songs *compris*. On Monday, March 11, she gives way to Ray Bolger, surely the most memorable of all of Charley's Aunts. Charles Turecamo's orchestra, which croons all evening, will remain on duty. The singers appear at dinner every night, at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley never takes a day off, and to help it along there are piano, from four to ten, daily except Saturday and Sunday, and dance tunes (the trio of Horace Diaz) from eight to one, Wednesday through Saturday, and from five to ten on Sunday.

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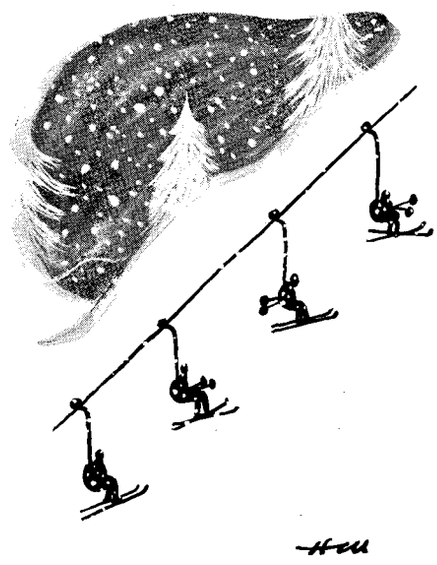
NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands (the Latin one is Argueso's) and the floor are big, and the aura is bland. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though *Sundays begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.*

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, is the other evening keyboard man. Francis Thorne, returned from his ten-year sabbatical in Rome, does the cocktail set—six to eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of night-time Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance tunes; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is vestigial here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week, including Sundays (from seven to twelve). The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): *Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping* piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. On Monday, March 11, Marian McPartland's threesome will be added to the roster. All hands are away Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The piano of Cy Walter never treads the trite-and-narrow path that leads to boredom; instead, it leads to enthralldom. This takes place from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is *Norbert Faconi, who began his career as* court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sounds on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorator's fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Felipe Gayo, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place; hop, skip, and jump is the attitude of George Feyer's piano, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No trouble with the customs officials, but the immigration men can be a problem. The interior of the country, a veritable Modhouse, is devoted to a sort of non-touch football for all the dancers. The Western Union music is supplemented by a crew of real live—well, wires. Nine until four is the running time; a fair

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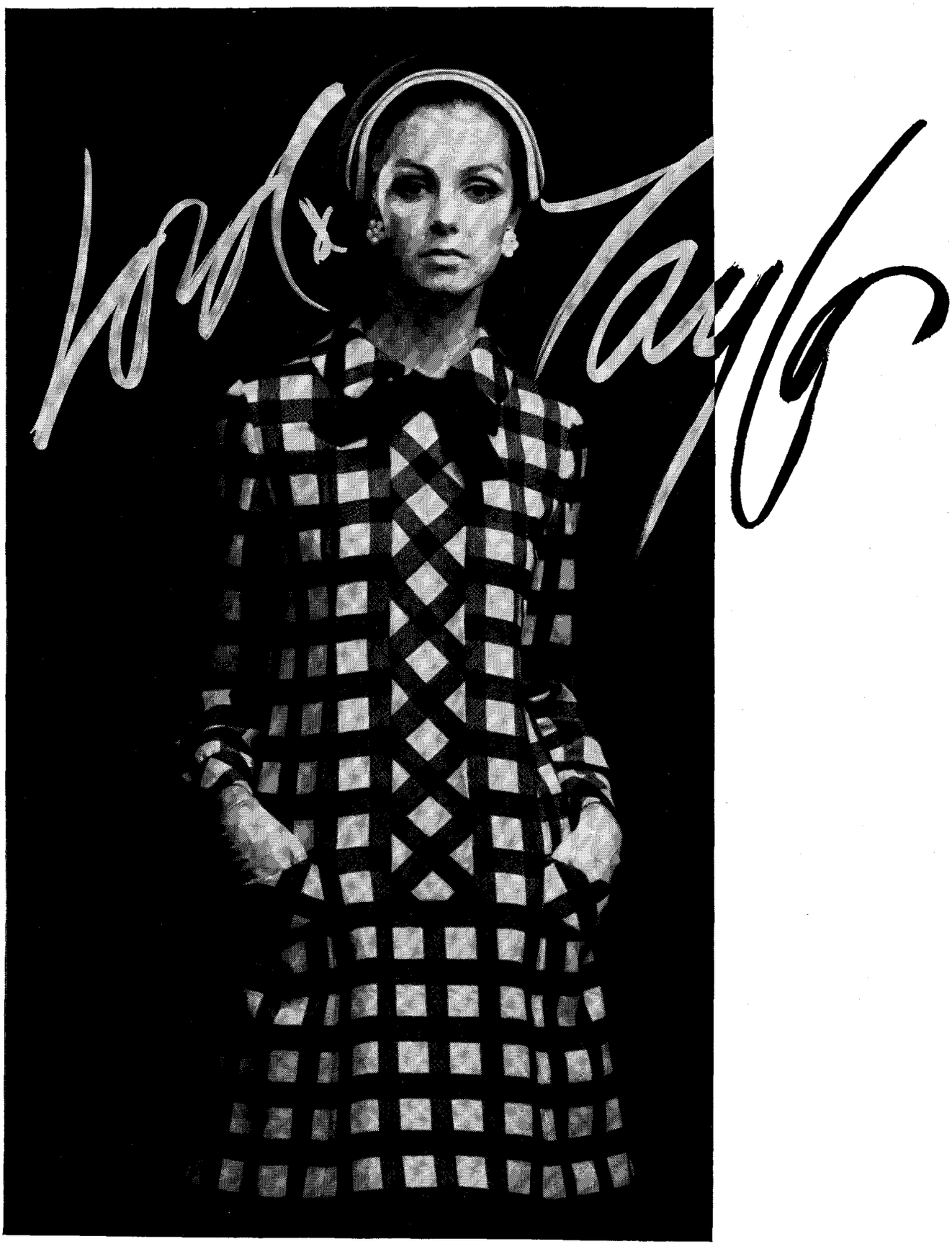

Photo: Richard Stone

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The citizenry here has more seignority than is usual in such enterprises, but the music (mostly storage-battery) is as determined as it is anywhere else. Occasionally actual people—Lovelace Watkins and trio, at the moment—contribute to it. On Monday, March 11, the trio will be replaced by Kai Winding's quartet. The nourishment for the inner person is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays. . . . YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Below the surface of unsuspecting Earth and behind a plain, unmarked envelope of a door exists Atlantis, filled with eternal youths and maidens, all in garb of the twenty-first century and executing the footsteps of the same era. There is no easy access to Atlantis, so it is best to plan ahead with the management. Nine-thirty to *three-thirty night after night*. . . . CHEETAH, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The most energetic member of the whole animal kingdom. The animal spirits (the only sort served in this temperance house) are the bands that rant and rave—eight to three throughout the week, four to midnight Sundays. The Monday sound is, by the way, all Latin, and the lighting effects are always hallucinatory. . . . WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The scene is the Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirring discs on the walls and the whirring discs on the turntables, but the *prime* movers are the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, whose Bach has bite and whose bop has blitz. Closed Mondays. . . . ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): Where everything is hip and everything is hurray. As much for watching (in wholehearted wonder) as for dancing, for it really *is* a circus. Eight-thirty until three or four is the nightly rule. Alcohol is off limits. . . . L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, and acceptable late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The tumult is the work of Enzo Stuarti, a tenor whose finales are invariably Pike's-Peak-or-bust. There is also a wit, whose jokes are a motley (or even *troisième*) cru, and there is the usual beginners' class of Copa ballerinas. Dancing for the customers, too. Mr. Stuarti will depart after Wednesday, March 13; among next evening's arrivals is Bobby Darin, who uses the whip hand on the tense songs that are his stock in trade. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Women's World" is the matter-of-fact name of a carnival in which night-blooming flowers, all with two long, lithe stems, parade their girlish selves ad infinitum. They are now and again interrupted by Marilyn Michaels, an assertive soprano, and by a Hungarian ballet troupe that is really a field-hockey squad in no special disguise. Twice a night, "Women's World" without end.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's revue for this season, is in the Gilbertian tradition, for his foe is folly and his weapon wit. Mary Louise Wilson, Dennis Allen, Terry O'Mara, and Liz Sheridan, who all with credit have worn Monk's-cloth before, are the playful means to his pungent ends. The orchestra is the gleeful double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally gleeful piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday. . . . CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The place has been taken over by a new group of Argentinian instrumentalists and singers known as the String Brothers and a flamencan crew led by Ramon de los Reyes. Dinner and supper is the schedule,

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but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Alejandro Manzana's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The conversation here, always at a high pitch, is by Joan Rivers, who is really speaking not for herself but for her analyst. She starts around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Photo Finish," a new portmanteau revue, is making its runs at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): There are a lot of hard workers in this *kibbutz*, which makes for a reasonably lively time. The flow of Israeli words, music, and footsteps is sort of trial-and-error, but there's little harm in that. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr are the leading lights, and Chic Ganimian, one of our few resident oudists, is the leading musician. Closed Mondays. Dining.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A quartet led by Earl Hines, the Founding Fatha of so much jazz piano, is supplemented by Budd Johnson and Buck Clayton. They will be on hand through Sunday, March 10. In addition, Elvin Jones' foursome will be here Friday through Sunday, March 8-10. Every Monday is by tradition assigned to the huge band run by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. . . . VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the ground floor, the will-o'-the-wisp piano of Bill Evans is at the forefront of his subliminal trio. They rest up Mondays. . . . ¶ The lower floor offers, Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, the quintet of the eminent Miles Davis, the cat who walks by himself. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A wharf where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . L'INTRIGUE, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Not at all the place in which to expect miracles, or even just plain peace and quiet, but be it stated that from Thursday through Saturday every week, at least for a while, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral will be intertwining their knowing voices in a manner peculiar to them and pleasurable to everyone else. Dining. . . . SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by Art Blakey's determined Jazz Messengers. Saturday and Sunday afternoons, other characters do a five-to-nine stint. Closed Mondays. . . . HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims the everlasting has come aboard with a foursome that plays (at last, at last) for foot- as well as earwork. Closed Mondays. . . . THE FRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Lyn Christie, the Australian who has indeed established a foothold in this country, does point-counterpoint on his bass fiddle with Roland Hanna's piano—a colloquy well worth the listening. They begin at nine, every night but Sunday, in this comfortable bar and restaurant. On Wednesdays, Daphne Hellman, whose harp imparts a chamber-music touch to her jazz, does a six-to-nine soirée with her trio. Dancing. . . . RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and the like. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon. . . . RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York is here engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Sundays, a five-to-nine matinée is added. . . . BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): A Village coffeehouse usually to be relied upon for the quality of its personnel. The current scene concerns Jake Holmes and the Lemon Pipers, all of whom give folk music a fair treatment but not a too serious one. They withdraw on Monday, March 11. On Wednesday, March 13, Lori Burton and her blues songs are due for a stay. Tuesdays are always devoted to drop-ins.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—Neon sculptures; through March 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BORIS ARONSON—Designs for theatre sets and costumes, also paintings and sculptures; through March 23. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

JEAN ARP—Sculptures in marble and bronze and painted wood reliefs by the celebrated practitioner of "concrete" art; through April 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN BALOSSI—Welded steel sculptures and related drawings; through March 27. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FLETCHER BENTON—Twenty works in polished aluminum and stainless steel, in some cases combined with painted Plexiglas, which move almost imperceptibly; through Saturday, March 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Twenty-six small paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American artist; through Saturday, March 16. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—Five oil paintings and forty-five sketches by this Surrealist; through Saturday, March 9. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

RICHARD JEROME BOGART—Delicate, romantic landscapes; through Friday, March 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

CHRYSSA—Neon constructions whose color and movement can be controlled by the viewer, also drawings made as studies for them; through Wednesday, March 13. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

REX CLAWSON—Paintings and drawings with a leaning toward social comment; through Saturday, March 9. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY DE BLASI—Large paintings with intertwined loops of bright colors; through Saturday, March 9. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER DOBKIN—Romantic paintings by an artist who has shown in New York for many years; through March 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO DONATI—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes tex-

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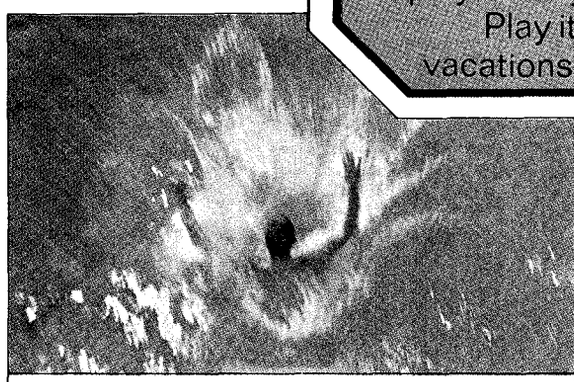
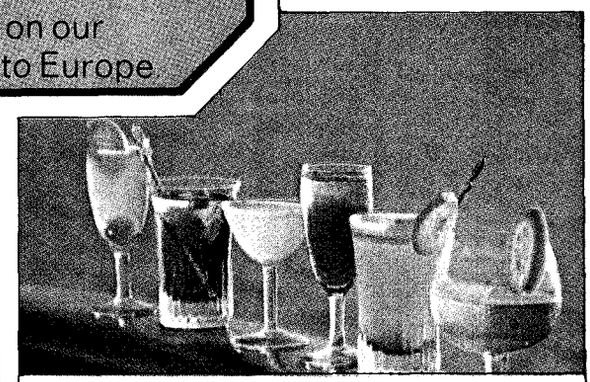
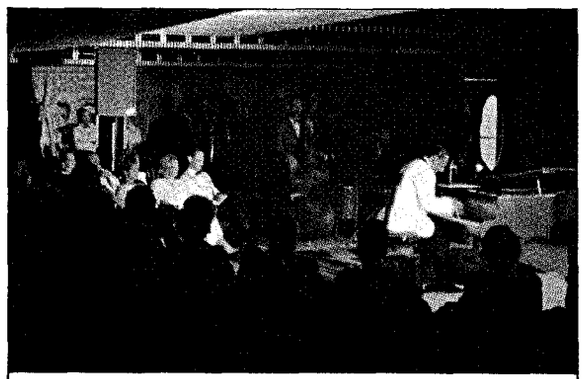


Giggle! Play. Relax. There are faster ways to travel but this is the way you'd like to live. Mix and mingle. Stretch out and tan. Be a sport!



Bubble! Enjoy yourself and the sun, salt air, sky. You're on your way across the Atlantic to Europe or to cruise the sunny Mediterranean.



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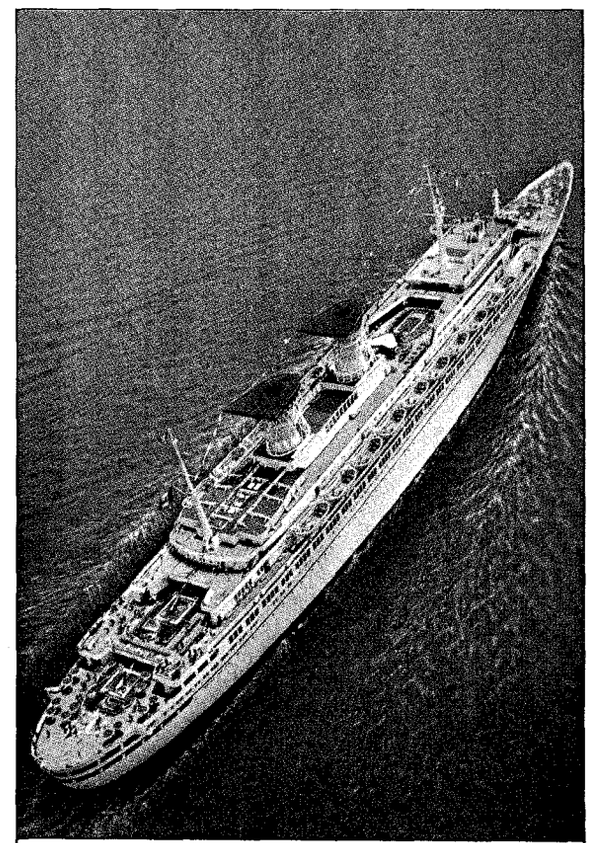

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ture; through Saturday, March 16. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronoldo Ferri—Neon-tube constructions with lights controllable by the spectator; through Saturday, March 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Alice Forman—Figure paintings and still-lifes; through March 23. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sonia Gechtoff and James Kelly—Areas of color partly covered with feathery lines by the former and paintings of geometrical shapes by the latter; through Friday, March 8. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb—An exhibition of prints that is running simultaneously with his shows at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Whitney Museum; through March 30. (Marlborough Graphics, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Landscapes and still-lifes by a veteran artist; through March 30. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Jackson—Sculptures on Western themes; through Saturday, March 16. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen—More of this artist's heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions with gnomic titles; through Saturday, March 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jasper Johns—Six paintings by a precursor of Pop; through Saturday, March 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norbert Kricke—Sculptures made of stainless-steel wires and tubes; through March 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Les Levine—One large plastic "sculpture," which the spectator walks into; through March 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Scale models for a series of large clear plastic units; through March 29. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract Plexiglas constructions; through Thursday, March 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Mangione—Painted wood "variables," whose parts the spectator can move; through Saturday, March 16. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Maryan—Lithographs and watercolors by an artist of fantasy in Pop style; through March 23. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Philip McCracken—Sculptural symbols of metaphysical situations; through Saturday, March 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

John McLaughlin—Twelve large black-and-white hard-edge oils; through March 23. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel—Abstract paintings by a German couple who worked at the Bauhaus; through April 6. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Mogensen—Geometrical paintings; through March 28. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano—Abstract forms in cast metal, some painted; through March 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Pettet—Monochromatic paintings; through March 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Graphics; through Saturday, March 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Fifty recent graphics, which are being shown inside while a huge concrete Picasso sculpture is being erected outside, a couple of blocks away; through March 18. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Bernard Rosenthal—Geometrical sculptures in bronze; through March 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Maynard Sandol—Landscapes, some with figures; through March 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Santomaso—Abstract paintings by an Italian artist; through Friday, March 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings and wa-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tercolors; through Saturday, March 16. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings, including a free-standing panel, by a specialist in geometrical forms and flat colors; through March 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Smith—Folded colored cardboard encased in Plexiglas; through March 28. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Robert Smithson—Geometrical sculptures in plastic, steel, and glass; through March 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

May Stevens—Semi-abstract figure paintings; through March 27. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Thompson—"Fantastic" paintings by a Negro artist who died in 1966; through March 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adja Yunkers—The first showing in five years of Abstract paintings and collages by this veteran New Yorker; through Saturday, March 9. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Acetate paintings-collages on psychedelic and other hip themes; through Saturday, March 16. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Zimmerman—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 16. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Zver—Paintings whose effects are produced by shifts of scale; through March 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **Goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Examples by Mark di Suvero, Walter De Maria, and Richard Serra; through Friday, March 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **Visual Arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Transparent and translucent pieces, mainly of plastic and glass, by David Weinrib, Les Levine, and Hans Haacke, to mention a few; through March 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Americans; Group Show—Paintings by notable Americans of the last century and the first part of this one, such as Mount, Inness, Hassam, Sargent, and Edwin Dickinson; through Friday, March 15. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Greek, Etruscan, and Roman sculptures and vases, from the sixth century B.C. to the third century A.D.; through Thursday, March 14. (Closed Mondays.) ... **Loeb & Krugier**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, and other twentieth-century artists; through Friday, March 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **New School**, 66 W. 12th St.: Ninety-six drawings, many by children, done in a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia during the Second World War; through Saturday, March 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)... **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-four paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Calder, Dali, Picasso, and Vlaminck; through April 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **Shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Works by Russian artists, such as Tchelitchew, Gontcharova, and Larionov, who worked in Paris before 1930; through Saturday, March 16. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Close to three hundred objects lent by the Turkish government, including gold from Troy; Greek, Roman, and Byzantine sculptures; and treasures of the Ottoman Empire. Through Sunday, March 10. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ "F-111," a monumental Pop painting by James Rosenquist, which received much press comment when it was first shown, in 1965; through May 5.... ¶ Some hundred drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the sixteenth century to the present, recently acquired by the Museum; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of posters and other graphic-design items from the Museum's collection, covering successive styles since the eighteen-nineties; through Sunday, March 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and seventy-five oils, watercolors, and drawings, which constitute a major review of Neo-Impressionism, by Seurat, Signac, Pissaro, Matisse, van Gogh, Gauguin, and many other outstanding moderns who were either in the movement or affected by it; through April 7.... ¶ Early works by Adolph Gottlieb in a show that is running concurrently with his shows at the Whitney Museum and the Marlborough Graphics Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Late works by Adolph Gottlieb in an exhibition that coincides with his exhibitions at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Marlborough Graphics Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 31.... ¶ Sculptures by Donald Judd, a designer of "primary" factory-made forms; through March 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Genre paintings by Richard Caton Woodville, a middle-nineteenth-century American; through April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Paintings of a common snipe, a least sandpiper, a greater yellowlegs, and other shorebirds, by Robert Verity Clem, who sets his subjects in their serene and undisturbed environment; through Friday, March 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967); through April 21.... ¶ A show of the works of twenty-six American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of Gutenberg Bibles, along with related printed material; through April 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, carvings, models, tools, handcrafts, rope work, and engraved whales' teeth that reconstruct the whaler's life, work, and pastimes; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Pre-nineteenth-century Polynesian sculptures—for instance, objects by the Maori of New Zealand, wood figures from the Easter Island, ivory and bone carvings from Tonga, and wood pieces from Hawaii; through April 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-third annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Environments by seven artists who worked together last summer in an international artists' seminar; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Admission fifty cents.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 7, at 8: "Elektra," with Gladys Kuchta, Ludmila Dvorakova, Jean Madeira, William Dooley, Ticho Parly, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, James King, Thomas Stewart, Norman Scott, and Ron Bottcher. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Louise Pearl, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Jerome

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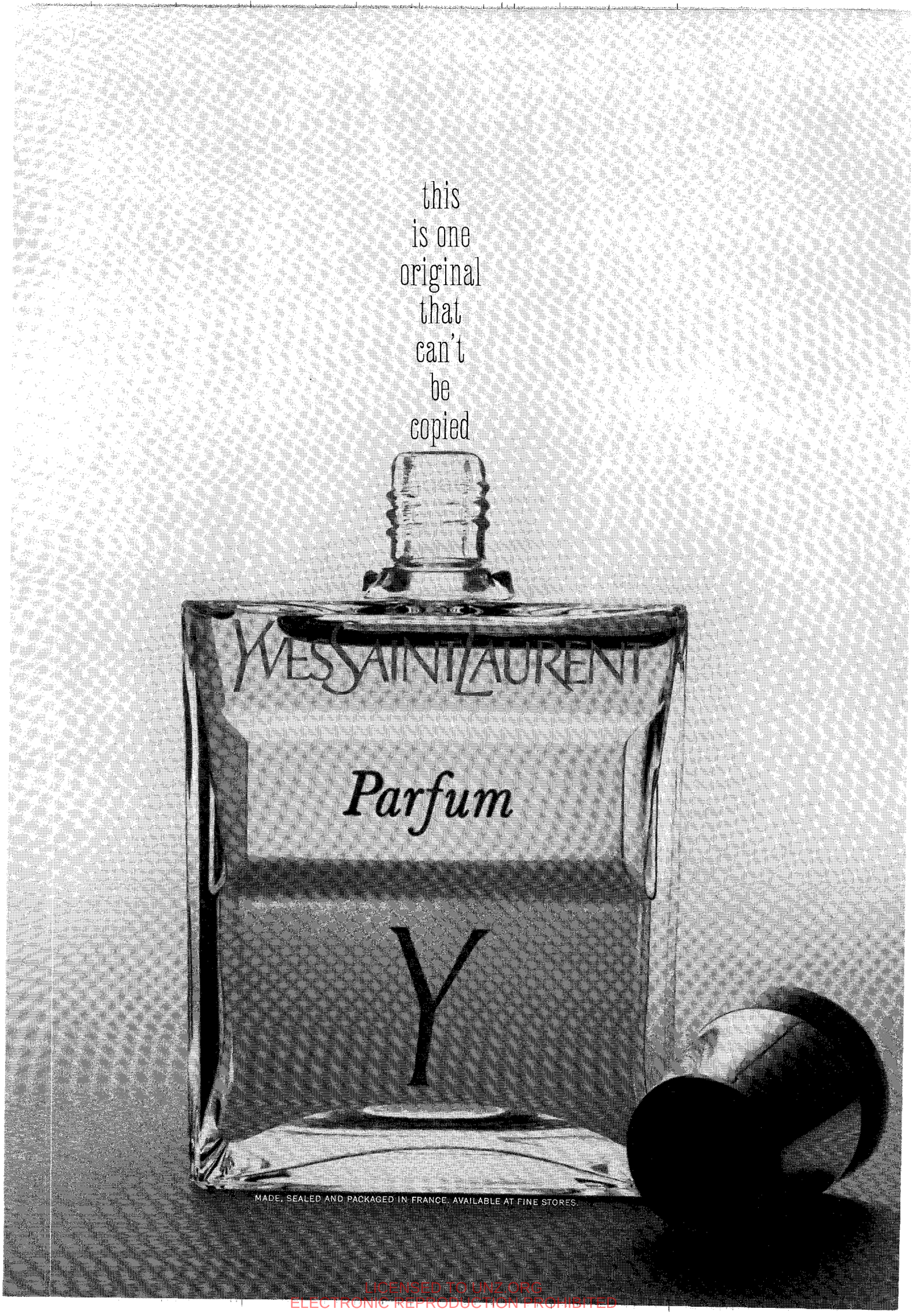

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Hines, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Monday, March 11, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Nancy Williams, Walter Cassel, Giorgio Tozzi, James King, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Milka Stojanovic, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Elektra," with Gladys Kuchta, Ludmila Dvorakova, Regina Resnik, William Dooley, Robert Nagy, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Nell Rankin, James King, William Dooley, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Ron Bottcher. ... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: A gala program of arias and ensembles sung by, among others, Roberta Peters, Leontyne Price, Leonie Rysanek, Joan Sutherland, Renata Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, Fernando Corena, George London, Cornell MacNeil, Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Beverly Evans, Enrico di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8:15: "The Crucible," with Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Jacqueline Norwood, Chester Ludgin, and Malcolm Smith. ... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Huguette Tourangeau, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Martí, Calvin Marsh, and Dominic Cossa.... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Elisabeth Carron, Arlene Randazzo, Jerome LoMonaco, David Clatworthy, and William Ledbetter. ... ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 1:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 7:15: "The Crucible," with Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Lois Crane, Chester Ludgin, and Clinton Nichols. ... ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joan Summers, Frances Bible, Jeannine Crader, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith.... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 7:45: The première here of Alberto Ginastera's "Bomarzo," with Isabel Penagos, Joanna Simon, Claramae Turner, Salvador Novoa, Richard Torigi, and Robert Gregori. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.)... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Athena Lampropulos, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, Michael Devlin, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Malcolm Smith, Edward Pierson, and John Stewart, and "Carmina Burana," with Nadja Witkowska, Dominic Cossa, and William DuPree.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, Paulette Schmidt, Salvador Novoa, and Robert Hale. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 21.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—"Three Medeas": A scene from Euripides' "Medea," Act I of Cherubini's "Médée," and the first performances here of Milhaud's "Médée." Produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Anton Coppola, and staged by Basil Langton. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, March 15-17, at 8. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, March 7, at 8:30; Friday, March 8, at 2:15; Saturday, March 9, at 8:30; and Monday, March 11, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, March 14, at 8:30; Friday, March 15, at 2:15; Saturday, March 16, at 8:30; Monday, March 18, at 7:30; and Wednesday, March 20, at 8:30 (all with Mr. Bernstein, Arthur Gold, and Robert Fizdale as piano soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with John Ogdon, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting a Bruckner-Mahler program, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; and the Rutgers University Choir. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a Bach-Haydn program. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 3, and Monday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Kuentz Chamber Orchestra from Paris—Paul Kuentz conducting a program of French music, with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Fausto Cleva directing the second of two performances of Catalani's "La Wally" in concert form, with Renata Tebaldi and Isabel Penagos, sopranos; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Peter Glossop, baritone; and Fernando Corena and Andrzej Saciuk, basses. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting a Mozart-Strauss program, with John Atkins, piano, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Princeton Chamber Orchestra—Nicholas Harsanyi conducting an all-Mozart program, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Walter Zessar directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 3.)

RECITALS

Guarneri String Quartet—The last two in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 7, at 8:30, no guest artist; and Thursday, March 14, at 8:30, with Harold Wright, clarinet. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Stephen Kates—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Narciso Yepes—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Prague Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 8, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Herbert Tichman—Clarinet, with assisting artists, in the last in a series of recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 5:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano, in a lieder recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Valery Klimov—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 3.)

New School Concerts—The second in a series of three programs of Schumann chamber works, this one performed by Alexander Schneider, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Murray Perahia, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 10, at 3 and 9.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 13, at 8:40.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Allen Blank and Lester Trimble, performed by Adele Addison and Valarie Lamorée, sopranos; Zita Carno, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln

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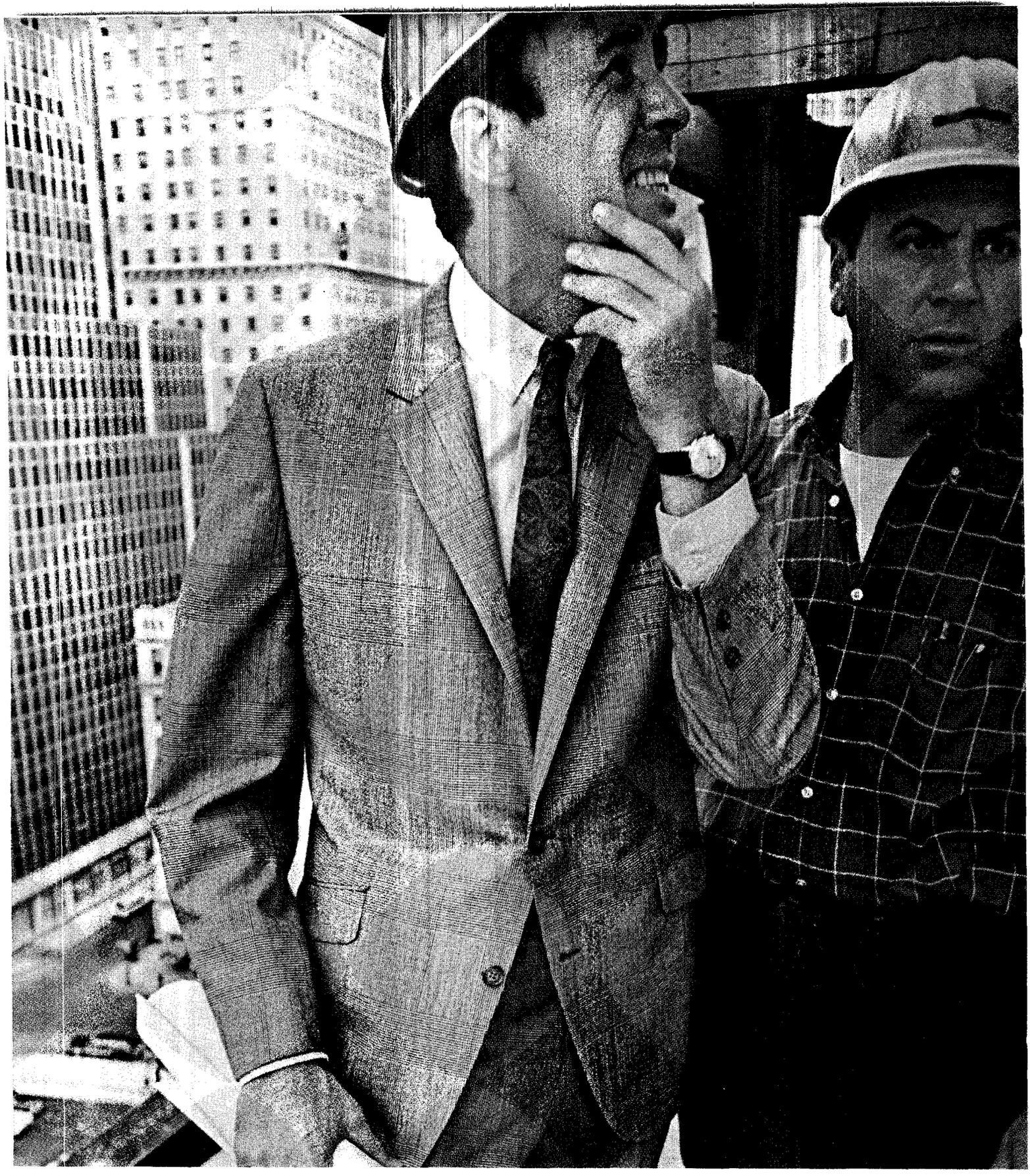

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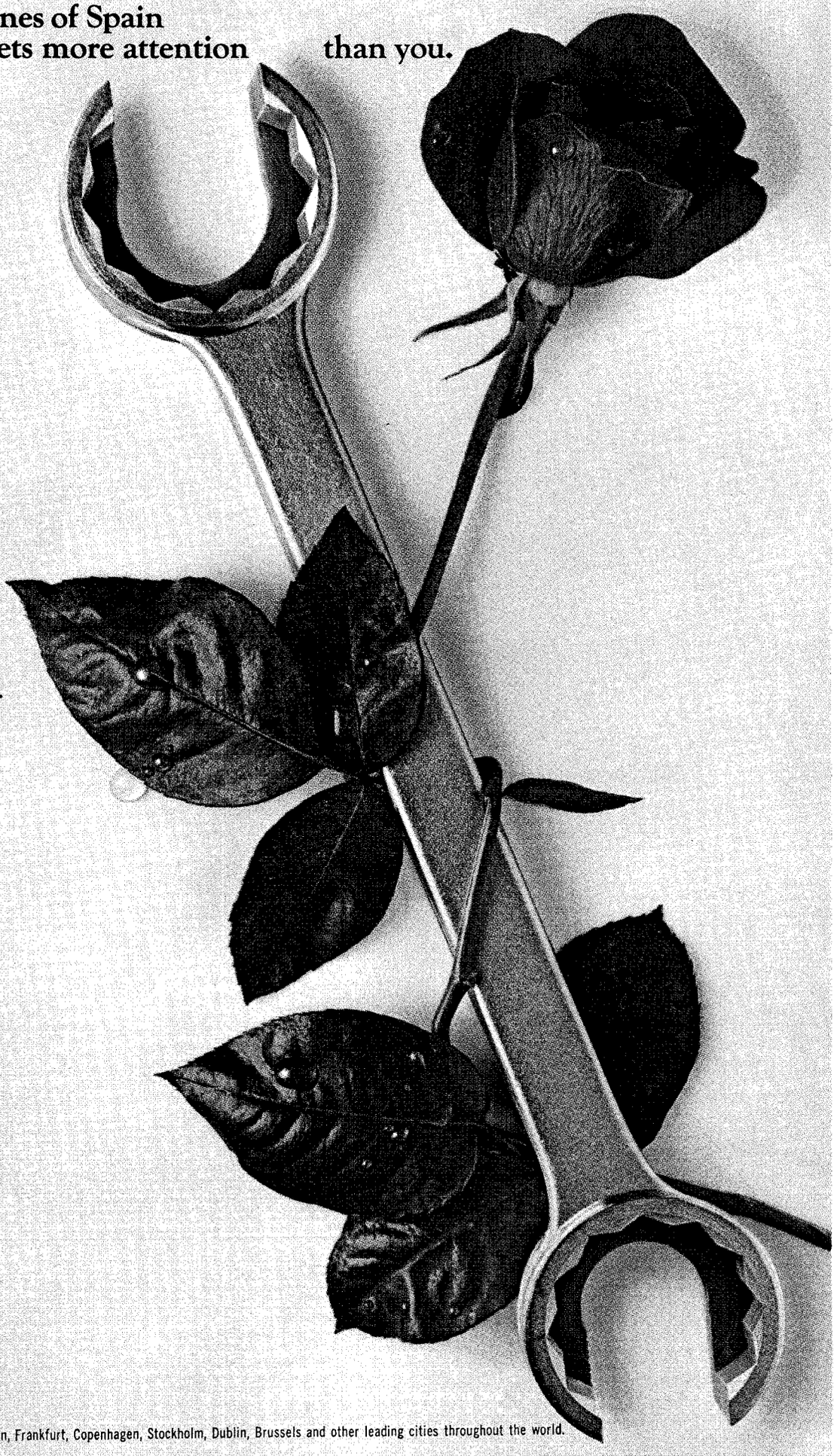

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Center. Thursday, March 14, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

William Lewis—Tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 15, at 8:40.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Etc.—The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)... ¶ Peter, Paul & Mary. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, at 8:30.)... ¶ Eric Burdon and the Animals. (Anderson Theatre, 66 Second Ave., at 3rd St. WA 9-8998. Saturday, March 16, at 8 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, March 10, at 2: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 6:30: Chicago vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, March 10, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Los Angeles.... ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 11, through Saturday, May 18. The Swift, Monday, March 11, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 16. ... **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 9.

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, March 9, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Siegfried Landau conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia, with the Harkness House for Ballet Arts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 16, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionette theatre**: "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30).... **gingerbread players & jack**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.... ¶ "Pecos Bill," Sundays at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.)... **rose lynch productions**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **paper bag players**: "My Horse Is Waiting," Saturday and Sunday, March 9-10, at 3.... ¶ "Guffawhaw," Saturday and Sunday, March 16-17, at 3. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.) ... **pixie judy troupe**: "The Thief of Baghdad," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "Puss in Boots," Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) ... **taubenslag productions**: "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Alan Dugan and Kenneth Hanson reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

New York Antiques Fair—A gigantic grab bag of memorabilia. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, March 7-8, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, March 9, from 1 to 6.)

International Flower Show—The fifty-first annual event. The theme is "Gardens for All Seasons," and there are also the usual large number of flower arrangements by owners of the green thumb. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, March 7-9, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, March 10, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 7, at 1:45: Modern paintings by such artists as Diego Rivera, Jean Dufy, Dietz Edzard, and Jules Pascin; from many collections.... ¶ Friday, March 8, at 1:45: European ceramics, including Meissen, Chelsea, faïence, and Majolica; from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 1:45: English and Continental furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. ... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 1:45: American and Canadian nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by such artists as William Harnett, Thomas Cole, George Inness, William Glackens, and L. R. O'Brien; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, March 8.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—March 7 at 2: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1935), with Warner Oland and Henrietta Crosman.... ¶ March 7 at 5:30 and 8: "Charlie Chan at the Circus" (1936), with Warner Oland and John McGuire.... ¶ March 8 at 2: "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" (1936), with Warner Oland and Alan Dinehart.... ¶ March 8 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936), with Warner Oland and Boris Karloff.... ¶ March 9 at 11:30: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), a Swedish film, directed by and with Victor Sjöstrom.... ¶ March 9 at 3: "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" (1937), with Warner Oland and Katherine deMille.... ¶ March 9 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937), with Warner Oland and Joan Marsh.... ¶ March 10 at 2: "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" (1937), with Warner Oland and Virginia Field.... ¶ March 10 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" (1938), with Sidney Toler and Phyllis Brooks.... ¶ March 11 at 2: "Charlie Chan in Reno" (1939), with Sidney Toler and Ricardo Cortez.... ¶ March 11 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939), with Sidney Toler and Cesar Romero.... ¶ March 12 at 2: "Charlie Chan in City of Darkness" (1939), with Sidney Toler and Harold Huber.... ¶ March 12 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940), with Sidney Toler and Jean Rogers.... ¶ March 13 at 2 and 5:30: "A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS—A stirring quasi-documentary account of the guerrilla warfare that helped win independence for Algeria. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 12.)

BEDAZZLED—An extremely funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Peter Cook, who also wrote the screenplay. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting March 13.)

BYE BYE BRAVERMAN—There may never be another movie on the highly specialized subject of the comic failure of New York Jewish intellectuals, so it's not a bad idea to see this one. Crude and unrestrained, it has the virtues that go with those defects. With George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. Sidney Lumet directed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

CAMELOT—The biggest Lord & Taylor Christmas window of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

CHARLIE BUBBLES—Albert Finney as a rich, young, incredibly famous English writer who feels blank and bored. The movie is calculated to produce the same sensations in the audience, and it does, it all too drearily does. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

CHINA IS NEAR—A savage, witty, modern comedy about sex and politics, directed by Marco Bellocchio in a fluid style that is full of surprises. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown last summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

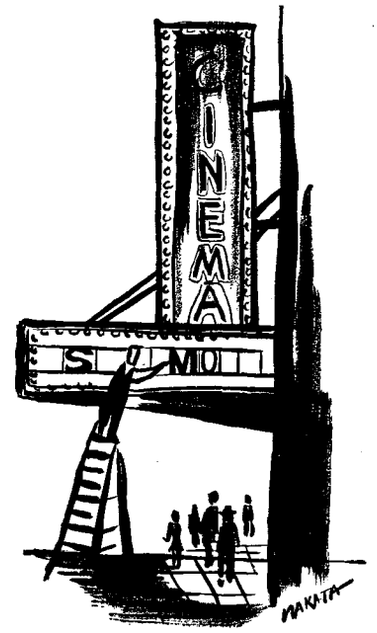
COOL HAND LUKE—Paul Newman gives a stunning performance as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Stuart Rosenberg is the director. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 13.)

DOCTOR DOLITTLE—For children, and only for children. Rex Harrison pretends that his extreme urbanity is not wasted on four-footed friends. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

THE FOX—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girls' boarding school—but wasn't that "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE GRADUATE—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)



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GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, attractively written by William Rose, directed by Stanley Kramer, and with a superb cast including Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—Not so much a movie musical as an enormous disaster area. Tommy Steele wears out his toothsome smile in the first reel. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

IN COLD BLOOD—Richard Brooks's exact and moving adaptation of Truman Capote's celebrated "non-fiction novel." (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

PLANET OF THE APES—The best science-fiction fantasy to come out of Hollywood in a decade. Go see it before your friends tell you so much they spoil it for you. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

POOR COW—Carol White is the young barmaid who learns about life as she drifts from one thief to another. But she doesn't learn enough to keep one's attention from drifting in this aspiring but flat version of Nell Dunn's novel, directed by Kenneth Loach. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through March 9.)

THE STRANGER—Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina in an ambitious, if finally unsuccessful, rendering by Luchino Visconti of the Camus novel. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

THE TWO OF US—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

WE STILL KILL THE OLD WAY—A good, tense, unusual thriller about a man who tries to solve a crime in a society so corrupt that he can trust no one. The setting is Sicily, which seems to be organized remarkably like a paranoid fantasy. Elio Petri directed. In Italian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

REVIVALS

ANY WEDNESDAY (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 13.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144.)

BECKET (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 13.)

THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 10-12.)

THE CRAZY QUILT (1966)—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 7. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 12.)

THE DEADLY AFFAIR (1967)—A spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 8-11.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 8.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 8.)

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 10-12.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 10-12.)

MORGAN! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 13.)

THE PUMPKIN EATER (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 12-13.)

RED DESERT (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 9-11, last showing on March 11 at 3:35.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
PLANET OF THE APES.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"P.J.," George Peppard.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Secret War of Harry Frigg," Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through March 12: "A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.
From March 13: "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
POOR COW.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE FOX.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
CHINA IS NEAR (in Italian).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French), revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 12: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From March 13: **BECKET**, revival; and **MORGAN!**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 12: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn.
From March 13: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through March 9: **POOR COW.**
From March 10: "The Queens" (in Italian).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
WE STILL KILL THE OLD WAY (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
POOR COW.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
IN COLD BLOOD.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 12: "Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.
From March 13: "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 12: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn.
From March 13: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 9: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
March 10-12: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.
March 13: "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "Macao," revival, Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 12: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **THE CRAZY QUILT**, revival.
From March 13: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE STRANGER (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 12: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn.
From March 13: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 12: "A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.
From March 13: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," performed by the New York City Ballet.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

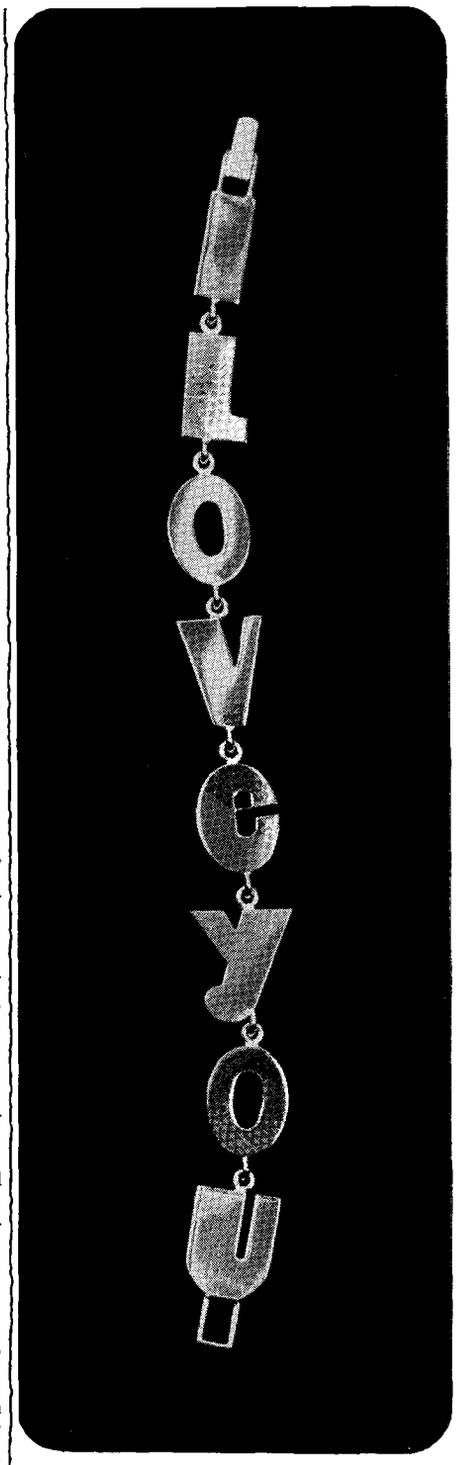
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Treasure of San Gennaro" (in Italian), Nino Manfredi, Senta Berger.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 8: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**, revival.
March 9-11 (last showing on March 11 at 1:55): **RED DESERT** (in Italian), revival; and "Judex" (in French), revival, Channing Pollock.
March 11 at 6, 8, and 10: "Goin' to Town," revival, Mae West.
March 12-13: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 12: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From March 13: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 7: **THE CRAZY QUILT**, revival; and "Round Trip," Venantino Venantini.
March 8-11: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**, revival; and "The Happening," revival, Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.
From March 12: "Caroline Cherie" (in French), revival, Martine Carol; and "Fantastic Night" (in French), revival, Micheline Presle.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.



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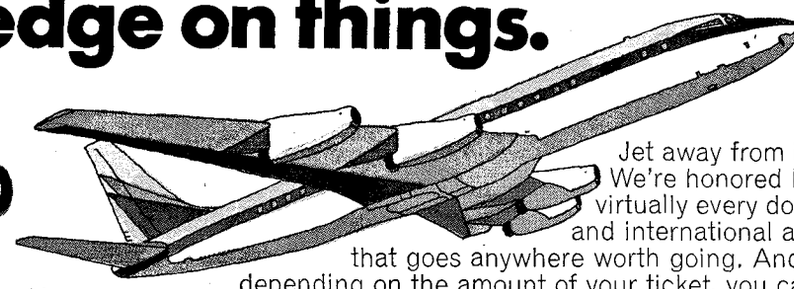

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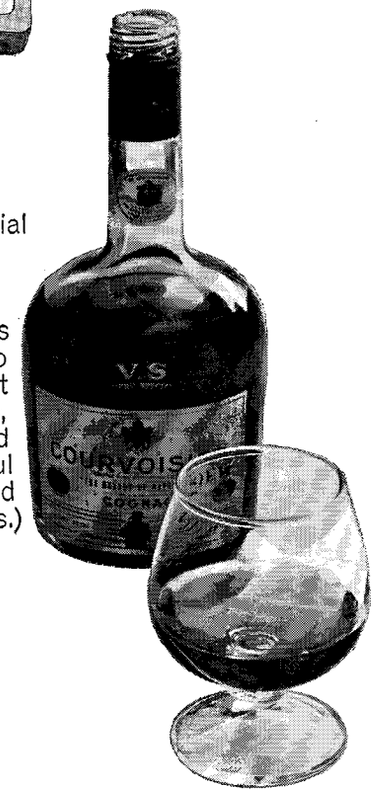

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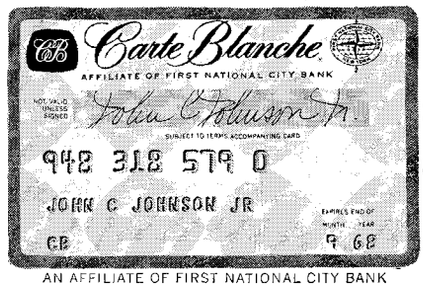

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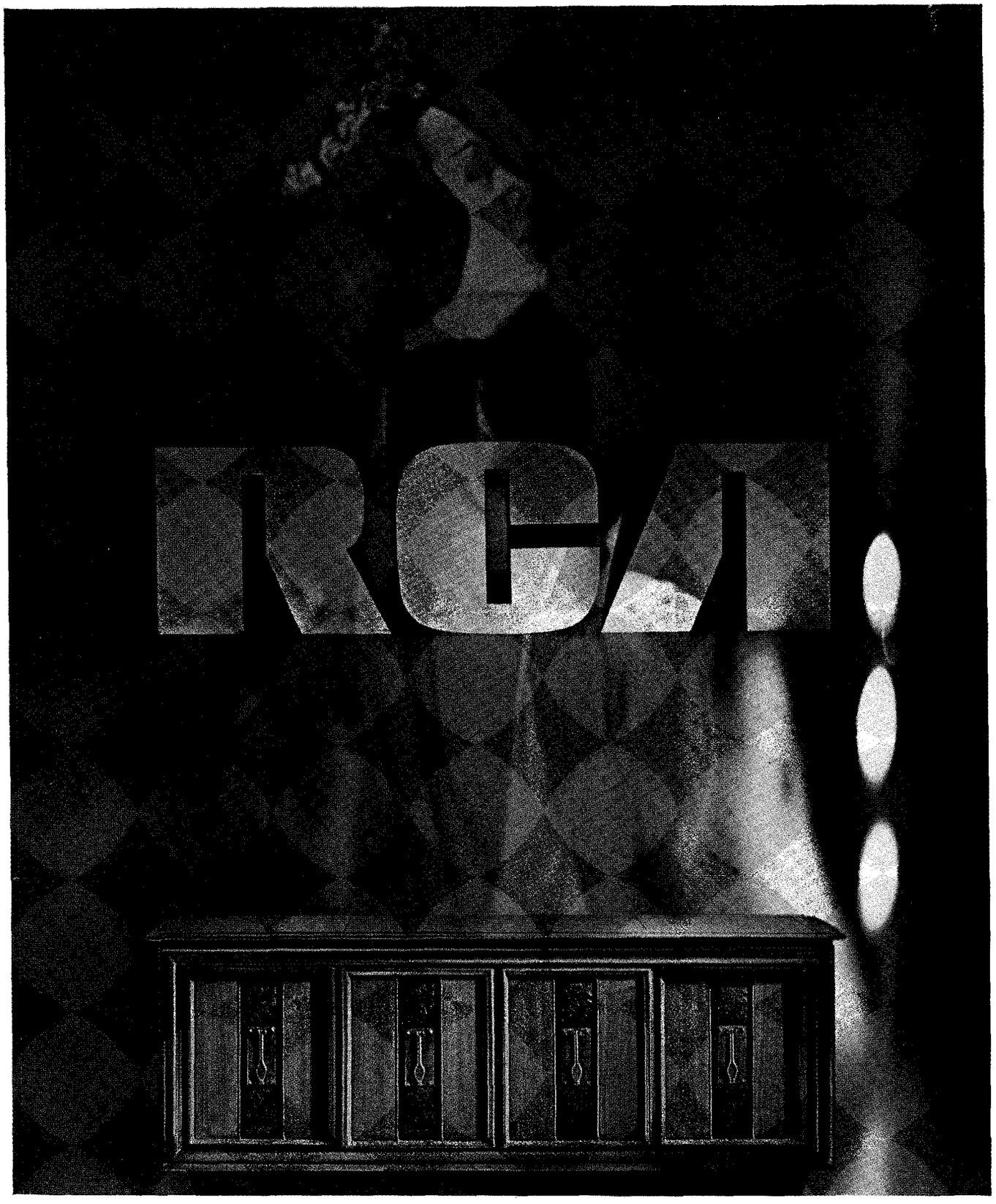

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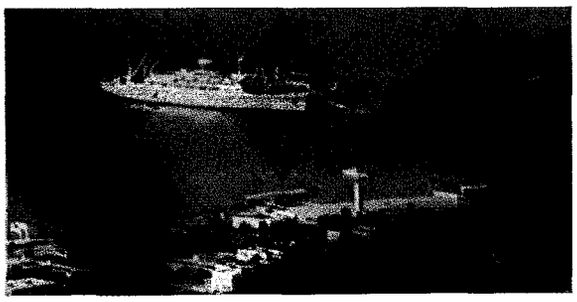

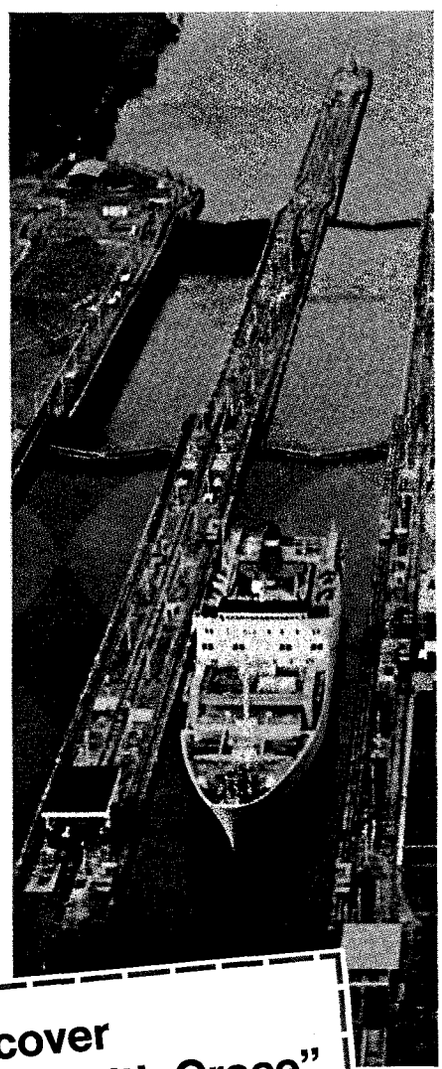

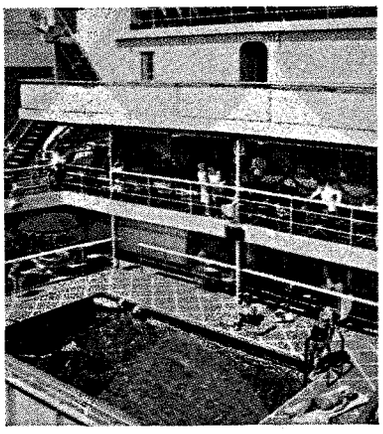

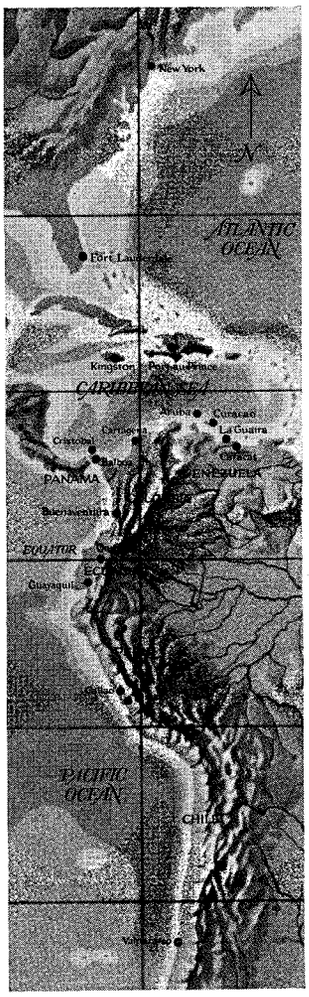

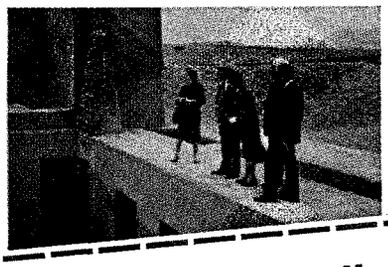

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The Hardy Amies, U.S.A. Total Look sets you apart.

A new, masculine look has invaded the American scene. A coordinated look...a head-to-toe look...a bold, forward "Total Look" that expresses a man as a total personality.

There's never been a look like it...available in double and single breasted suits, shirts, shoes, hats, ties, cuff links, handkerchiefs, raincoats, double and single breasted sport jackets and blazers, slacks, sweaters, beachwear...everything from casual to formal wear.

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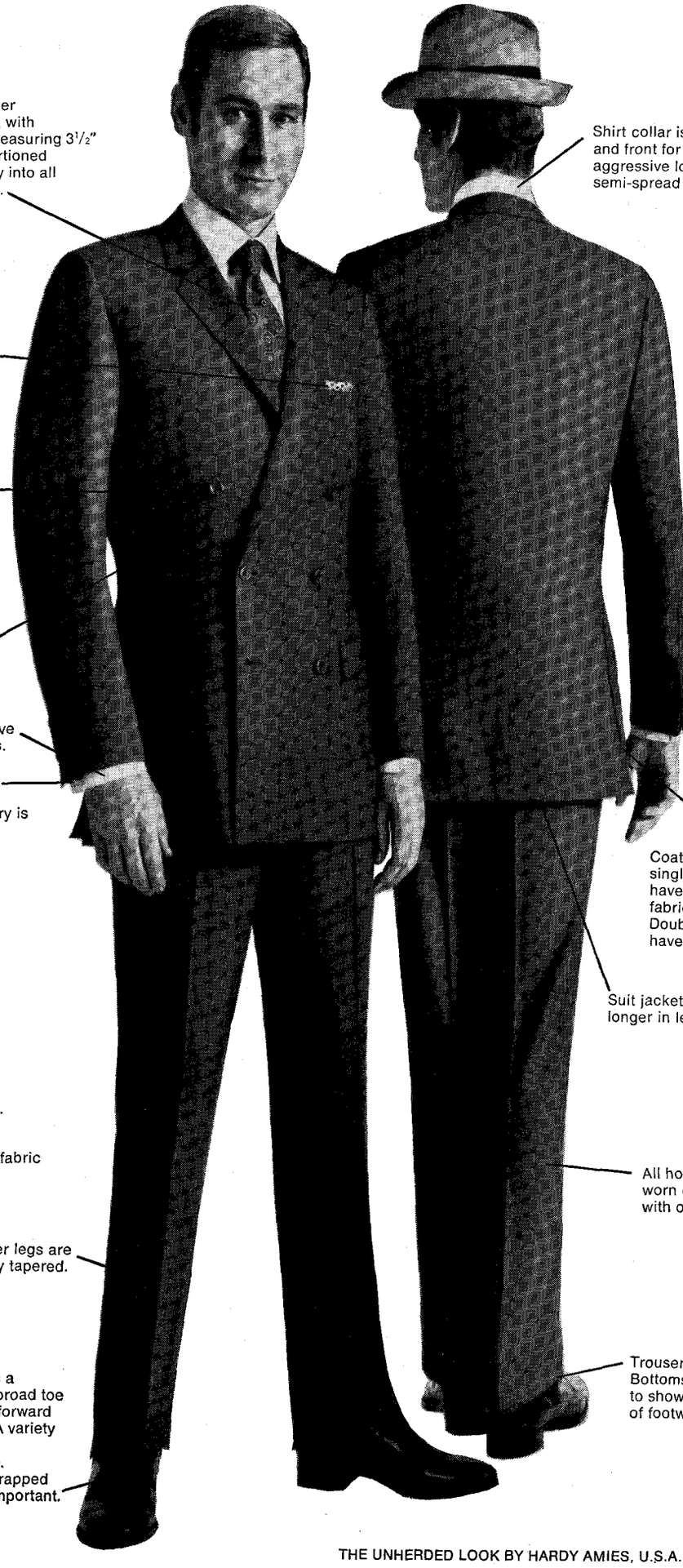

Tie is slightly wider from throat to tip, with the widest part measuring 3½" at bottom. Proportioned to tie handsomely into all shirt collar styles.

Shirt collar is higher in back and front for a bold, aggressive look... semi-spread style.

Handkerchiefs are of imported silk. Are designed to complement "THE TOTAL LOOK" in color and pattern, not to match tie or shirt.

Shirt body is proportionately tapered for comfort. Length of shirt reduced for maximum comfort and a minimum of fabric.

More pronounced flare starting downward from waistline. Note button stance is lower, beginning at the waist, to conform with length of jacket and present the "Hardy Amies" Shaped Silhouette.

All shirts have French cuffs.

Cuff links are placed lower on cuff than is usual on standard models. Jewelry is small and inconspicuous.

Trouser rise, for both suits and slacks, is slightly lower than standard. However, this must in no way associate the "Hardy Amies Look" with the very low rise "Mod" or "Hipster" styles of past seasons.

Coat vents on single-breasted styles have a great deal of fabric overlap. Double-breasted models have scissored side vents.

Suit jacket slightly longer in length.

All trousers are belt-looped. Belts, therefore, are very important to "THE TOTAL LOOK" concept. Suit belts are of plain black or dark brown leather. Sport slacks have solid-color fabric belts only. All belts feature a gold-colored buckle.

All hose for suits to be worn over the calf, with or without garters.

Trouser legs are slightly tapered.

Trousers are cuffless. Bottoms are cut on an angle to show maximum amount of footwear.

Footwear features a pitched heel and broad toe to emphasize the forward "TOTAL LOOK." A variety of leathers and colors is available. The Demi-boot, strapped or plain, is most important.

THE UNHERDED LOOK BY HARDY AMIES, U.S.A. SUITS FROM $100.

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If you're looking for moisturized treatments that are a little lighter, a little richer, a little faster, and a lot better for your skin

Look to Geminesse...

1 For a remarkable Light Night Cream that does twice the job...yet feels like half the weight.

This little dynamo brings your complexion to life almost immediately. With penetrating richness that's absorbed quickly by your skin, not your pillow. Non-stop richness that keeps on moisturizing long after it has vanished. Never has so little done so much.

2 For new light-weight Eye Cream that softens smile lines and signs of the times.

This is the cream that gives you exactly what you need. Because its unique formula firms without stretching or abusing fragile tissues. With a delicate balance of moisturizers and emollients that pat on without pulling. All this with a veil so transparent, the only thing you'll notice is a bright-eyed, refreshing new you.

3 For contouring Throat Cream that's absorbed by your skin after seconds of beneficial massage.

To help maintain a younger-looking throat you need more than ordinary cream. So Geminesse perfected a formula you massage in. That way your throat gets the benefits of muscle-firming exercise...*plus* the super-rich emollients important to its future. *Without a sticky after-film.* It's all part of a new breed of skin maintenance that never existed before new Geminesse.

4 For the first Cream & Water Cleanser to give you the freshness of water cleansing...plus the beauty benefits of moisture.

At last you can treat your complexion to a fresh new outlook that's clean, soft and glowing. Cream & Water Cleanser refreshes like soap and water without drying. Deep-cleans and smooths like cream without the greasy residue. Who says you can't have your cake and eat it, too!

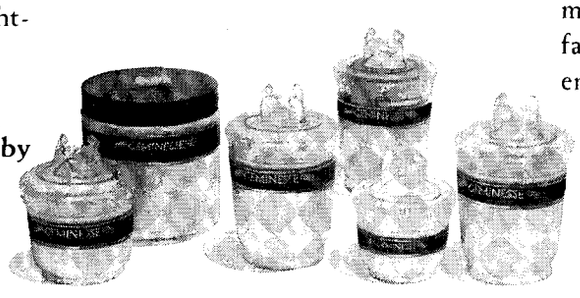
5 For the first time...a see-through Facial Mask that firms without frightening.

Because it tightens your skin and not itself (without pulling, drying or stinging). You can actually see through it as it works. Its special moisturizing formulation is another plus. And the Geminesse way of awakening your skin to a radiantly soft new way of life.

6 For a dewy light Under Make-up Moisturizer that smooths the way for a lasting flawless finish.

It holds moisture in. Dryness out. Actually veils tiny imperfections and pores so your make-up glides on smoothly. Stays fresh for hours.

If you've been looking for treatments that are lighter, richer, faster...and better...your search ends with Geminesse. Try Geminesse today in a fine department store. See for yourself how Geminesse can keep you younger looking longer...in a much nicer way.



New Geminesse Moisturized Treatments

From The Geminesse Collection of Total Moisture Treatments and Make-ups for Face, Eyes and Lips

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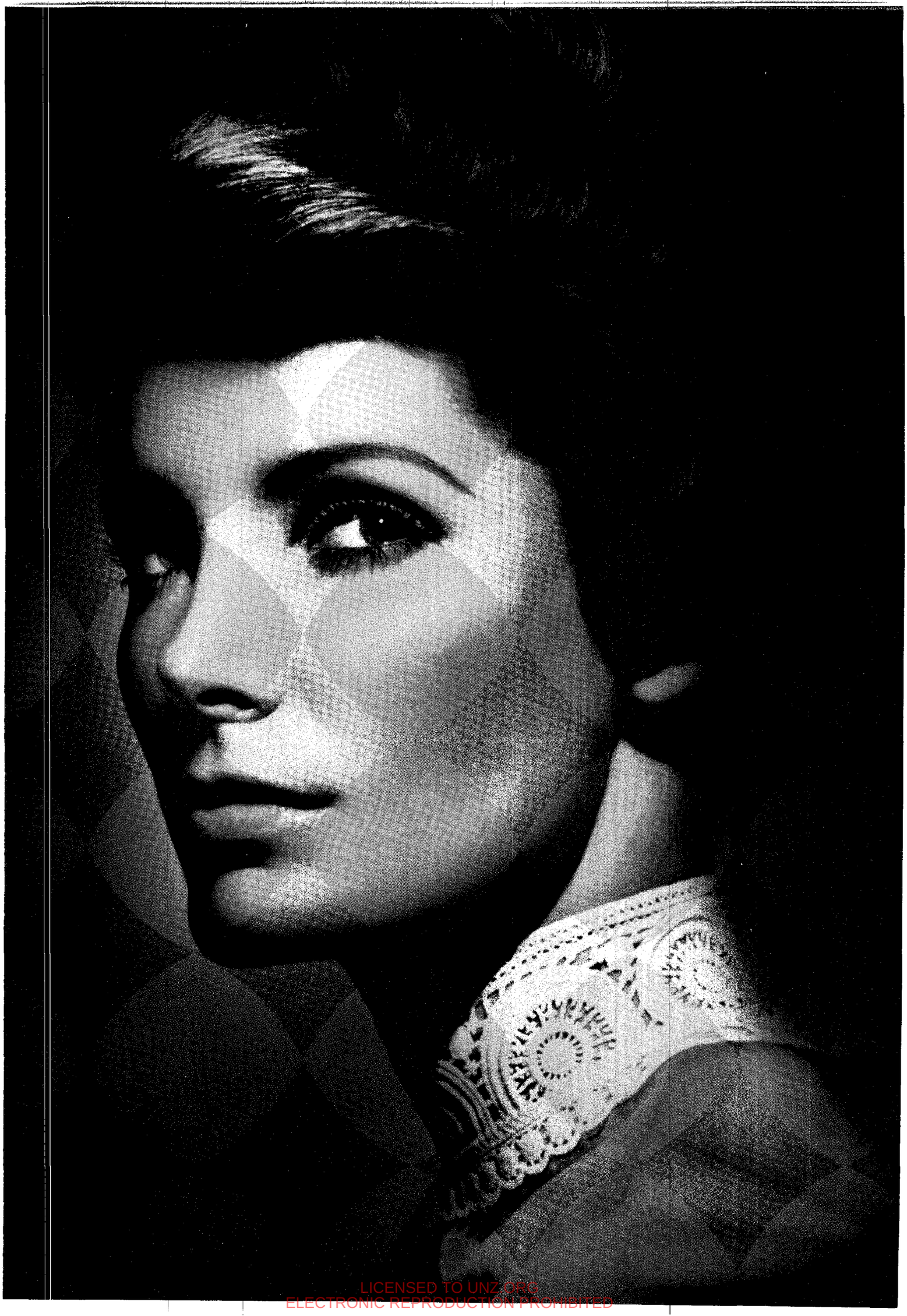

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And they're gaining fame every day for excellent tailoring and wonderful colors—
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All the baubles and blouses this suit will call for are in our collections, too!

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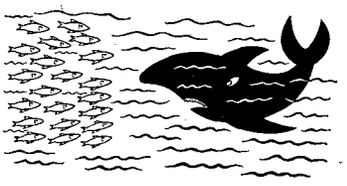
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THESE last few months have been an education for all of us in the art of facing crises. Just by living through them, we have learned that disasters, catastrophes, and cataclysms, like everything else, can come to seem merely routine after repeated exposure. This does not make the individual crises any the less perilous, any the less absurd, or any the less tragic in their consequences. But it may be that in a nuclear-armed world—where we have as much to fear from our own overreaction to provocation as from the provocation itself—the more crises we face simultaneously, the better off we are. One might consider an analogy to be found in Konrad Lorenz's book "On Aggression." Observers of underwater life have long been puzzled, Lorenz says, by the behavior of certain schooling fish, like the herring, which have no natural means of defense, but which nevertheless flock together when they are in danger,



instead of fleeing for cover in a hundred directions. Offhand, it seems that sticking together out in the open must be the worst thing the herring could do, since it provides an enemy, such as a hungry shark, with an easily visible target. But it turns out that the very size and defenselessness of the school of herring may constitute an embarrassment of riches for the would-be predator. A shark pursuing an isolated herring has no trouble zeroing in on his prey and making a dinner of it, whereas, according to Lorenz, "many, perhaps all, predators which pursue a single prey are incapable of concentrating on one target if, at the same time, many others are crossing their field of vision." The author goes on to talk about a common tendency to "reach in the line of the resultant of two equally tempting attractive forces," but what it boils down to is this: While the shark advances on a large school of herring with the intention of pursuing one, all the herring are darting about invitingly in the water, catching his eye, upsetting his timing, and, paradoxically, improving the chances of survival for all—including the predator, if we take our analogy one step further and assume that the shark is armed with nuclear weapons. A recent Gallup poll showed that only three per cent of the Americans interviewed wanted to go to war with North Korea over the seizure of our spy ship Pueblo and its eighty-three-man crew. Forty per cent were willing to use force "if necessary" to get the ship and men back, but in general the survey suggested that the man in the street was demonstrating a degree of maturity under stress that political columnists and politicians rarely give him credit for. Despite the egregious insult to American prestige (in an election year), there was no great outcry for massive retaliation, no clamor to bring the boys back "at all costs," nothing whatever that could be construed as a popular mandate to avenge the national honor. Does this mean that the majority of the Americans interviewed had carefully weighed the alternatives and concluded that the risk of setting off a nuclear holocaust was too great to warrant such action in this case? Possibly. But it is also possible that the aggressive instincts of the majority were diverted by other, equally pressing concerns, such as the imminence of a showdown at Khe Sanh, and the Vietcong offensive against the cities of South Vietnam, and even by such relatively minor concerns as the unarmed United States Navy dive-bomber shot down by Red China off Hainan Island, and the still unrecovered H-bombs that fell over Greenland, and the threat of violence in our own back yard, and the crisis of confidence in our body politic. What would the reaction have been, we wonder, if the newspapers and the television networks, and the people in our government, too, had all been free to dwell on just the Pueblo crisis, instead of being diverted by a whole cluster of crises? We may have entered a period in which it's dangerous to give a major problem the undivided attention it deserves.

Artificer

IN these dark days, when any story with a happy ending is welcome, how exceptionally welcome should be a story that has not one happy ending but two! We have such a story, and it concerns an English artist named Michael Ayrton, who, not content with successful careers in painting and sculpture, has taken up a career as an author as well. His first novel, entitled "The Maze Maker," was published here a few months ago and has received a universally favorable press. It purports to be the autobiography of

the legendary Daedalus, and Mr. Ayrton has triumphantly brought off the tricky task of seeming to speak in the authentic voice of a man who, if he lived at all, lived some three thousand years ago, under very peculiar circumstances indeed. According to tales handed down from antiquity, Daedalus was renowned for his skill in fabricating things, both large and small. Among the large works attributed to him was a subterranean labyrinth constructed for King Minos, at Knossos, in which the Minotaur was kept penned, and among the small works was a golden honeycomb, complete with golden bees, which he made as a thank offering to the Mother Goddess. Daedalus is also famous, of course, for

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having mastered the art of flying. In his novel, Mr. Ayrton maintains that Daedalus flew and survived because he accommodated himself to the thermal currents and remained respectfully wary of Apollo, and that his son Icarus flew and perished because he was a fool and trifled not only with the thermal currents but with the Sun God as well: "The god made no sound, but threw Icarus out of his embrace. . . . It has been said that I saw him fall into the sea, but I did not. It has also been said that I searched the sea for him and found his body. I searched but I did not find it. I do not know what his body became since I did not find him. I can only remember what I saw it become."

Ayrton was recently in town for a few days, and we took advantage of the opportunity for a talk with him. He is a good-looking, bearded, appropriately archaic-seeming man of forty-seven, or perhaps three thousand and forty-seven, who lives in a fourteenth-century house in Toppesfield, Essex, with his wife, who is also a writer, two cats, and, in a nearby lake, an assortment of unimportunate carp. (In the offing are three stepdaughters and four step-grandchildren.) He was born in London, on what is now the site of the Great Portland Street tube station, which he says he often passes with a ghostly sense of having been there before. His father, Gerald Gould, was a well-known journalist, and his mother was Barbara Ayrton, who was a prominent suffragette and, subsequently, chairman of the Labour Party. As a feminist, she added her name to her husband's, and their son was born Michael Ayrton-Gould; he later lopped off the Gould, as professionally clumsy. The parents were friends of Yeats, and one of Ayrton's earliest memories is of the poet coming up to his bedroom at night, seating himself on the edge of the bed beside the three-or-four-year-old Michael, and intoning, "I'll lull the child to sleep with a few ver-r-rses." For some reason, this kindly statement, and the poems that followed, used to terrify young Michael, who would pull the blankets over his head and cower, unlulled, until the great man departed.

A school dropout at fourteen, Ayrton spent a year or so with relatives in Vienna, then a couple of years studying art in Paris. He returned to London when war broke out and was designing sets and costumes for John Gielgud's production of "Macbeth" when, in 1941, he was drafted. (This was the lowest moment of the war, but Gielgud was so wrapped up in his artistic labors that, on Ayrton's telling him he had been drafted, he replied abstractedly, "Why?") Ayrton served in the R.A.F., was invalided out in 1943, and went back to painting. "I achieved quite a reputation immediately after the war," he told us. "This was embarrassingly easy to do, since we had been culturally isolated from the world for several years and a certain chauvinism gave me a temporary advantage. Subsequently, I went out of fashion as a painter, though I continue to paint and enjoy a modest success at it. I took up sculpture in earnest in the nineteen-fifties—I am a friend, if not exactly a disciple, of Henry Moore—and my things do pretty well throughout the world. I've also done a number of essays and documentary films, and I finally sat down to write my novel, because for a dozen years I have been obsessed with Daedalus, and I thought that writing about him would exorcise my obsession. What I hadn't counted on was that the book might cause other people to become obsessed with him. Now they correspond with me about him, and even if I were ready at last to let him go, I couldn't."

Which brings us to our story with the double happy ending. Ayrton, who, like Daedalus, can make an astonishing variety of things with his own hands, wrote in "The Maze Maker" a detailed account of how to construct a golden honeycomb and some golden bees. "I never dreamed I'd be given a chance to follow my instructions," he said. "A reader in New Zealand has offered to commission a golden honeycomb and bees. He will provide all the necessary gold, and, of course, a fee. What a splendid challenge it is! And, here in New York, another reader, the financier Armand G. Erpf, has offered me a far bigger commission—a stupendous commission. It is to build a maze for him at his country place in Arkville, in the Catskills. Mr. Erpf is a man of fantastic imagination; I can tell already that nothing daunts him. My maze will have stone walls six and a half feet high, so nobody can see from one passageway to the next, and the correct passage will lead into two secret inner chambers, one of which will contain a sculptured figure of the Minotaur, the other a figure of Daedalus. The maze will probably be oval, and will be about a hundred feet across. Mr. Erpf has a distinguished collection of outdoor sculpture scattered about the lawns and fields of his Arkville place, and he thinks the maze will make a fine addition. I doubt if anyone has commissioned a maze on this scale since Minos. What a patron, and what a reversal of fortune for me—not, after all, to be rid of Daedalus but to become him!"

The Sixteenth

ON a chilly afternoon last week, we walked from our office past the vacant lot that was so recently the Hotel Astor, crossed Eighth Avenue and nodded to the supplanted and soon to be demolished Madison Square Garden, and proceeded west to say goodbye to a building that has played an important role in our area for a longer period than either the hotel or the old Garden. This is, or was, our neighborhood station house, the Sixteenth Precinct, which is inconspicuously situated at 345 West Forty-seventh Street, amid a row of rooming houses—a row flanked at the east end by Congregation Ezrath Israel and at the west end by the establishment of Chic Gaylord, holster manufacturer—and which, after a hundred and eight years of almost unbroken service, is being shut down as part of a citywide consolidation that will reduce the number of precincts in the city from seventy-nine to fifty-five. Although special units will continue to operate out of the building for some months, the Sixteenth's uniformed complement—two hundred and twenty-four officers—and its area, covering the seventy-seven square blocks bounded by Forty-second Street, Fifty-second Street, Fifth Avenue, and the Hudson River, are being divided between the Fourteenth Precinct, to the south, and the Eighteenth, to the north. When we looked the matter up, we learned, somewhat to our surprise, that the West Forty-seventh Street station house is not the oldest police-precinct building in New York City—the Bedford Avenue station, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, predates it by five years—though it does have the distinction of having survived longer under condemnation than any other building we know. As far back as 1905, police surgeons were denouncing the structure—four stories of brick

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and stone—as "a menace to health," and William McAdoo, who was the Police Commissioner then, called it "damp, gloomy, forbidding, and incapable of being cleaned." All this was—and still is—true. Nevertheless, the Sixteenth, during more than a century of keeping the peace between the Runyonesque denizens of Broadway and the formidable offspring of Hell's Kitchen, has also ranked as one of the Police Department's most highly coveted assignments.

"Did you know the city's most famous cop, Broadway Johnny Broderick, worked out of here?" Sergeant Leroy McNally said as he prepared to escort us on a farewell tour of the building. The Sergeant, a dapper man, has spent thirteen of more than twenty years of service at the Sixteenth, and so has the distinction of having put in more time in the precinct than any other senior officer. "Sure, the building could be cleaner," he said reflectively as he led us up a metal spiral staircase to see the top two floors, devoted to lecture and locker rooms, and now littered with discarded equipment. "We could have used showers here, too." He paused to pick up a battered cap and sail it into a pile of discarded clothing. "But the physical limitations of the place never affected the work of the men. Morale has always been good, primarily because this has always been a very active shop. It was the kind of precinct that not every man could work in, but the cop that could work here—he'd get gaited for the city, he'd get to love it. After a few years of protecting people around Radio City and Times Square and the theatres and the Garden—why, he'd feel lost if he got put out in Queens somewhere."

On the second floor, as we passed the office of the Sixteenth Detective Squad, the Sergeant observed, "There's many a man who made detective on the strength of a good collar in the Sixteenth," and then was almost bowled over by an emerging patrolman. "The old Sixteenth is going out in style, Sarge," the patrolman said after he had apologized. "Fabisenski and Smith collared a stickup man on Fiftieth Street, we had a guy knocked down by a car on the corner of Eighth Avenue, and I never saw so many 1039s."

What, we asked, were 1039s?

"Past burglaries, discovered well after their occurrence—generally when people return to their shops or businesses in the morning," Sergeant McNally explained. In recent years, the rising number of 1039s, together with the heavy influx into the theatre district in the evening, has led the commanders of the Sixteenth to concentrate much of their manpower on the four-to-twelve platoon. "You'd get a million people in this area on a good holiday-weekend night," the Sergeant said. "They'd all have to be protected."

"You got your raise, so watch it with that damn slam-banging!"

• •

When we reached the ground floor, the Sergeant led us out a back door and pointed across an alley to another building, consisting of two tiers of boarded-up cells. "They closed these a long time ago, and we never did have our own cells again," he said. "We sure couldn't use these; they were built in 1860, and they just couldn't physically accommodate a man in the middle of the twentieth century. You'd have to stoop to enter them, and even once he got inside, a man six feet tall would be unable to stand up. They were pretty awful."

Leaving the Sergeant shuddering slightly outside the cell block, we made our way to the muster room, where we found the desk officer, Lieutenant James Kiernan, working on the final entries on the Sixteenth's blotter. "One of the good things about working here was that it kept you busy," he told us. "We'd get maybe twenty arrests on a good Friday night." He pointed out the number of the entry he was completing. "February isn't over yet, and we're past the two thousand mark," he said, with a sigh. "Oh, well, the cavalry went out of the Army, and the Sixteenth is going to go out of the New York City Police Department."

On the way back to the office, we encountered a Sixteenth Precinct officer we have known for some years. We

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"You know who I wrote in? You, Earl."

• •

asked his reaction to the closing of the station house.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked. "That I feel like crying about it?"

We said no—we just wondered how he did feel about the demise of the Sixteenth.

"It was far from being one of the up-to-date houses, with all the conveniences, but I got used to it," he said. "Now that I think about it, I *do* feel like crying."

Labials and Fricatives

THE film loop came around again on the projector, and General Kutuzov stood up to address his officers for the eleventh time. He looked tired, not because he had recited the same speech ten times in a row but because the French Army was threatening Moscow and the decision to attack or retreat was his alone. He glanced around the table at his officers and opened his mouth, and out came the fateful words "Gentlemen, I have heard your views. Some of you won't agree with what I say. But I . . . I—by the power vested in me by Russia and the Emperor—command a retreat." There was a moment of silence. Then the dubbing director, Lee Kresel, said, "All right, let's try it again. I need a breath on that second pause." The film loop came around again, and an actor who was trying to match the English sentence to the image on the screen waited for his cue. At the precise moment that the General opened his lips, the actor leaned toward his microphone, and his husky voice rang out for the twelfth time: "Gentlemen, I have heard your views."

We were seated in the control room of a sound studio at 1600 Broadway, watching the dubbing in English of the approximately seven-hour Russian film adaptation of "War and Peace." Mr. Kresel, who is fifty years old and wears a neatly trimmed Vandyke, and who works for a dubbing company called Titan Productions, had briefed us earlier on some of the fine points of dubbing. "We work like mountain goats, jumping from crag to crag," he said. "The crags are the labials and fricatives. The vowelized words don't matter—all vowels look more or less alike. But you can't mistake a labial or a fricative on the screen, so you must have one in English wherever there's one on the original sound track and the actor is facing the camera." This, he explained, means working from a special dubbing script, which not only is faithful to the sense of the original but also maintains the same distribution of labials ("b"s, "m"s, and "p"s) and fricatives ("f"s, "v"s, and "w"s) throughout. As might be expected, content usually follows form in dubbing (as long as no great violence is done to the plot or characterization). For example, when a French actress stares at her lover in a wet-lipped closeup and whispers "*Je t'aime*," the English sound track can hardly have her whispering an unsynchronized "I love you." But she may—as in an earlier Kresel-dubbed picture—be heard murmuring a passionate "You're him!"

Kresel, who writes his own dubbing scripts, begins by studying a literal translation of the original sound track, supplied by the overseas producer. Then he sits down at a Moviola viewing machine, either in his apartment in Manhattan or in his house in Southampton, and runs the entire film through once, to get the general drift, before proceeding to a painstaking search for a "peg" to hang each English sentence on. The rhythm of a phrase in the original (laced with labials and fricatives) may remind him of an English phrase with the same rhythm. Or he may seize on a foreign word that closely resembles an English word in sound. Meaning is not the prime concern at this point; the message of the sentence can always be reinforced by the vowel words that remain. Usually, it takes Kresel four or five weeks to complete a dubbing script. (He has worked from originals in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Danish, Polish, Czech, Japanese, and Bengali as well as Russian.) "War and Peace," which presented special

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problems in addition to sheer length, took him nearly four months. According to Kresel, the Russians made the movie "as though they were going to be shipped to Siberia if they weren't faithful to the book," and the "literal translation" they sent over was taken almost word for word from the familiar Oxford University Press version, by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Although this obviated the usual problem of creating believable dialogue, it imposed the even heavier burden of maintaining the flow of Tolstoyan rhetoric while shifting all those consonants around. "Fortunately, it isn't the kind of book where people remember particular phrases with great affection," Kresel said. "We do stick very, very close to the sense." (In the Maude translation, General Kutuzov addresses his officers in these words: "Gentlemen, I have heard your views. Some of you will not agree with me. But I, by the authority entrusted to me by my Sovereign and country, order a retreat.")

When Kresel finishes a dubbing script, and it has been approved by the United States distributor, he orders a print of the film cut into loops of from sixty to ninety seconds' duration and begins auditioning actors from his stable, which consists of about seventy-five regulars. The ideal dubber is an actor who has studied singing (for voice control), has sharp reflexes, and doesn't mind submerging his personality. "My own training was in the Method, and I've tried using Method actors, but they take one look at a loop and come up with their own interpretation of how the line should be read, and we can't have that," Kresel told us. "We're completely hamstrung by what's up on the screen—the facial expressions, the eyes, a nod of the head, a raised finger. Our job isn't to be creative—just believable. During an audition, I keep asking myself, 'Could that voice come out of that face?' "

Kresel himself has taken an occasional turn behind the microphone; he particularly remembers being called in to provide the sound track for a Broderick Crawford performance in "a terrible historical picture" shot abroad. His big line was "Feed her to the snakes!" For this chore he won the highest accolade a dubbing actor can expect when Paul V. Beckley wrote in the *Herald Tribune* that "although the picture is obviously dubbed, Broderick Crawford . . . seems to be reading his own lines." Dubbing is far more widespread than most moviegoers apparently realize. Hollywood pictures are often dubbed after the initial shooting to improve performances or correct mistakes, Kresel told us. "I once worked on an American Western in which an actor was brought back just to say, 'There are six men left, sir.' The line had originally been 'There are seventeen men left, sir,' but when the director got a good look at the battle scene, there were only six men moving." Pictures made in Italy are *always* dubbed—even those shot in Italian. "For one thing, the way Italian movie studios are built, every time a plane went over, the take would be ruined," Kresel explained. "And, besides, you can't keep Italians quiet on a set." Dubbing procedures in Italy tend to be somewhat lax, according to Kresel. "They'll just add a line, or change it completely, on the sound track." In the films that Kresel has worked on, he has sometimes gone to as many as sixty takes to get a speech just right.

In the sound studio, the director and his actor moved on to another film loop. In this scene, General Kutuzov was addressing an emissary of Napoleon while the camera switched back and forth between them. The first time the loop came around, the actor just listened intently to the way Boris Zahava, the Russian actor playing Kutuzov, delivered the original line. The next time around, the sound track was cut off and he read his own line aloud experimentally, trying to memorize it. (He had not seen the script prior to the recording session.) The third time around, he was staring directly at the screen, trying to fit the English words to the Russian lip movements. After the fourth reading, Kresel suggested that they try a take. A tape recorder in the control room began to whir, the actor took a deep breath, and out came the words "Your Emperor's message brought an offer of peace for us. Yet I'm sure I'd be cursed by Russia and by her future generations should I become the instigator of any such bargaining."

"I'm curious, Yogi. Do these students of yours fork over the dough first and then start meditating, or what?"

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MAN AND DAUGHTER IN THE COLD

"LOOK at that girl ski!" The exclamation arose at Ethan's side as if, in the disconnecting cold, a rib of his had cried out; but it was his friend, friend and fellow-teacher, an inferior teacher but superior skier, Matt Langley, admiring Becky, Ethan's own daughter. It took an effort, in this air like slices of transparent metal interposed everywhere, to make these connections and to relate the young girl, her round face red with windburn as she skimmed down the run-out slope, to himself. She was his daughter, age thirteen. He had twin sons, two years younger, and his attention had always been focussed on their skiing, on the irksome comedy of their double needs—the four boots to lace, the four mittens to find—and then their cute yet grim competition as now one and now the other gained the edge in the expertise of geländesprungs and slalom form. On their trips north into the mountains, Becky had come along for the ride. "Look how solid she is," Matt went on. "She doesn't cheat on it like your boys—those feet are absolutely together." The girl, grinning as if she could hear herself praised, wiggle-waggled to a flashy stop that sprayed snow over the men's ski tips.

"Where's Mommy?" she asked.

Ethan answered, "She went with the boys into the lodge. They couldn't take it." Their sinewy little male bodies had no insulation; weeping and shivering, they had begged to go in after a single T-bar run.

"What sissies," Becky said.

Matt said, "This wind is wicked. And it's picking up. You should have been here at nine; Lord, it was lovely. All that fresh powder, and not a stir of wind."

Becky told him, "Dumb Tommy couldn't find his mittens, we spent an *hour* looking, and then Daddy got the Jeep stuck." Ethan, alerted now for signs of the wonderful in his daughter, was struck by the strange fact that she was making conversation. Unafraid, she was talking to Matt without her father's intercession.

"Mr. Langley was saying how nicely you were skiing."

"You're Olympic material, Becky."

The girl perhaps blushed; but her cheeks could get no redder. Her eyes, which, were she a child, she would have instantly averted, remained a second on Matt's face, as if to estimate how much he meant it. "It's easy down here," Becky said. "It's babyish."

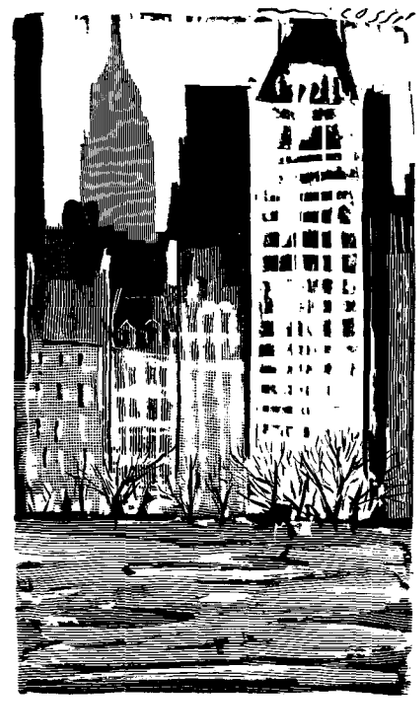
Ethan asked, "Do you want to go up to the top?" He was freezing standing still, and the gondola would be shelter from the wind.

Her eyes shifted to his, with another unconsciously thoughtful hesitation. "Sure. If you want to."

"Come along, Matt?"

"Thanks, no. It's too rough for me; I've had enough runs. This is the trouble with January—once it stops snowing, the wind comes up. I'll keep Elaine company in the lodge." Matt himself had no wife, no children. At thirty-eight, he was as free as his students, as light on his skis and as full of brave know-how. "In case of frostbite," he shouted after them, "rub snow on it."

Becky effortlessly skated ahead to the lift shed. The encumbered motion of walking on skis, not natural to him, made Ethan feel asthmatic: a fish out of water. He touched his parka pocket, to check that the inhalator was there. As a child he had imagined death as something attacking from outside, but now he saw that it was carried within; we nurse it for years, and it grows. The clock on the lodge wall said a quarter to noon. The giant thermometer read two degrees above zero. The racks outside were dense as hedges with idle skis. Crowds, any sensation of crowding or delay, quickened his asthma; as therapy he imagined the emptiness, the blue freedom, at the top of the mountain. The clatter of machinery inside the shed was comforting, and enough teen-age boys were boarding gondolas to make the ascent seem normal and safe. Ethan's breathing eased.



Becky proficiently handed her poles to the loader points up; her father was always caught by surprise, and often as not fumbled the little maneuver of letting his skis be taken from him. Until, five years ago, he had become an assistant professor at a New Hampshire college an hour to the south, he had never skied; he had lived in those Middle Atlantic cities where snow, its moment of virgin beauty by, is only an encumbering nuisance, a threat of suffocation. Whereas his children had grown up on skis.

Alone with his daughter in the rumbling isolation of the gondola, he wanted to explore her, and found her strange—strange in her uninquisitive child's silence, her accustomed poise in this ascending egg of metal. A dark figure with spreading legs veered out of control beneath them, fell forward, and vanished. Ethan cried out, astonished, scandalized; he imagined the man had buried himself alive. Becky was barely amused, and looked away before the dark spots struggling in the drift were lost from sight. As if she might know, Ethan asked, "Who was that?"

"Some kid." Kids, her tone implied, were in plentiful supply; one could be spared.

He offered to dramatize the adventure ahead of them: "Do you think we'll freeze at the top?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you think it'll be like?"

"Miserable."

"Why are we doing this, do you think?"

"Because we paid the money for the all-day lift ticket."

"Becky, you think you're pretty smart, don't you?"

"Not really."

The gondola rumbled and lurched into the shed at the top; an attendant opened the door, and there was a howling mixed of wind and of boys whooping to keep warm. He was roughly handed two pairs of skis, and the handler, muffled to the eyes with a scarf, stared as if astonished that Ethan was so old. All the others struggling into skis in the lee of the shed were adolescent boys. Students: after fifteen years of teaching, Ethan tended to flinch from youth—its harsh noises, its cheerful rapacity, its cruel onward flow as one class replaced another, ate a year of his life, and was replaced by another.

Away from the shelter of the shed, the wind was a high monotonous pitch of pain. His cheeks instantly ached, and the hinges linking the elements of his face seemed exposed. His septum

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tingled like glass—the rim of a glass being rubbed by a moist finger to produce a note. Drifts ribbed the trail, obscuring Becky's ski tracks seconds after she made them, and at each push through the heaped snow his scope of breathing narrowed. By the time he reached the first steep section, the left half of his back hurt as it did only in the panic of a full asthmatic attack, and his skis, ignored, too heavy to manage, spread and swept him toward a snowbank at the side of the trail. He was bent far forward but kept his balance; the snow kissed his face lightly, instantly, all over; he straightened up, refreshed by the shock, thankful not to have lost a ski. Down the slope Becky had halted and was staring upward at him, worried. A huge blowing feather, a partition of snow, came between them. The cold, unprecedented in his experience, shone through his clothes like furious light, and as he rummaged through his parka for the inhalator he seemed to be searching glass shelves backed by a black wall. He found it, its icy plastic the touch of life, a clumsy key. Gasping, he exhaled, put it into his mouth, and inhaled; the isoproterenol spray, chilled into drops, opened his lungs enough for him to call to his daughter, "Keep moving! I'll catch up!"

Becky's eyes and face hesitated, but she obeyed. Easily, solid on her skis, she swung down among the moguls and wind-bared ice, and became small, and again waited. The moderate slope seemed a cliff; if he fell and sprained anything, he would freeze. His entire body would become solid, impermeable, locked tight against air and light and thought. His legs trembled; his breath moved in and out of a narrow slot beneath the pain in his back. The cold and blowing snow all around him constituted an immense crowding, but there was no way out of this white cave but to slide downward toward the dark spot that was his daughter. He had forgotten all his lessons. Leaning backward in an infant's tense snowplow, he floundered through layers of powder and ice.

"You O.K., Daddy?" Her stare was wide, its fright underlined by a pale patch on her right cheek.

He used the inhalator again and gave himself breath to tell her, "I'm fine. Let's get down before I die."

"For God's sake, woman! Why do you keep asking me what I really want to do with my life? I'm a chief!"

• •

In this way, in steps of her leading and waiting, they worked down the mountain, out of the worst wind, into the lower trail that ran between birches and hemlocks. The cold had the quality not of absence but of force: an inverted burning. The last time Becky stopped and waited, the colorless crescent on her scarlet cheek disturbed him, reminded him of some injunction, but he could find in his brain, whittled to a dim determination to persist, only the advice to keep going, toward shelter and warmth. She told him, at a division of trails, "This is the easier way."

"Let's go the quicker way," he said, and in this last descent recovered the rhythm—knees together, shoulders facing the valley, weight forward as if in the moment of release from a diving board—not a resistance but a joyous acceptance of falling. They reached the base lodge, and with unfeeling hands removed their skis. Pushing into the cafeteria, Ethan saw in the momentary mirror of the door window that his face was a spectre's; chin, nose, and eyebrows had retained the snow from that near-fall near the top. "Becky, look," he said, turning in the crowded warmth and clatter inside the door. "I'm a monster."

"I know, your face was absolutely white, I didn't know whether to tell you or not. I thought it might scare you."

He touched the pale patch on her cheek. "Feel anything?"

"No."

"Damn. I should have rubbed snow on it."

Matt and Elaine and the twins, flushed and stripped of their parkas, had eaten lunch; shouting and laughing with a strange guilty shrillness, they said that there had been repeated loudspeaker announcements not to go up to the top without face masks, because of frostbite. They had expected Ethan and Becky to come back down on the gondola, as others had, after tasting the top. "It never occurred to us," Ethan said. He took the blame upon himself by adding, "I wanted to see the girl ski."

THEIR common adventure, and the guilt of his having given her frostbite, bound Becky and Ethan together in complicity for the rest of the day. They arrived home as light was leaving even the tips of the hills; Elaine had invited Matt to supper, and while the windows of the house burned golden Ethan shovelled out the Jeep. The house was a typical New Hampshire farmhouse, less than two miles from the college, on the side of a hill, overlooking what had been a pasture, with the usual capacious porch running around three sides, cluttered with cordwood and last summer's lawn furniture. The woodsy sheltered scent of

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"Things have sure come to a pretty pass! What with crime up fourteen point four per cent, a person isn't safe in his own home anymore!"

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these porches, the sense of rural waste space, never failed to please Ethan, who had been raised in a Newark half house, then a West Side apartment, and just before college a row house in Baltimore, with his grandparents. The wind had been left behind in the mountains. The air was as still as the stars. Shovelling the light dry snow became a lazy dance done without resistance. But when he bent suddenly, his knees creaked, and his breathing shortened so that he paused. A sudden rectangle of light was flung from the shadows of the porch. Becky came out into the cold with him. She was carrying a lawn rake.

He asked her, "Should you be out again? How's your frostbite?" Though she was a distance away, there was no need, in the immaculate air, to raise his voice.

"It's O.K. It kind of tingles. And under my chin. Mommy made me put on a scarf."

"What's the lawn rake for?"

"It's a way you can make a path. It really works."

"O.K., you make a path to the garage and after I get my breath I'll see if I can get the Jeep back in."

"Are you having asthma?"

"A little."

"We were reading about it in biology. Dad, see, it's kind of a tree inside you, and every branch has a little ring of muscle around it, and they tighten." From her gestures in the dark she was demonstrating, with mittens on.

What she described, of course, was classic unalloyed asthma, whereas his was shading into emphysema, which could only worsen. But he liked being lectured to—preferred it, indeed, to lecturing—and as the minutes of companionable silence with his daughter passed he took inward notes on the bright quick impressions flowing over him like a continuous voice. The silent cold. The stars. Orion behind an elm. Minute scintillae in the snow at his feet. His daughter's strange black bulk against the white; the solid grace that had stolen upon her. The conspiracy of love. His father and he shovelling the car free from a sudden unwelcome storm in Newark, instantly gray with soot, the undercurrent of desperation, his father a salesman and must get to Camden. Got to get to Camden, boy, get to Camden or bust. Dead of a heart attack at forty-seven. Ethan tossed a shovelful into the air so the scintillae flashed in the steady golden note from the house windows. Elaine and Matt sitting flushed at the lodge table, parkas off, in deshabille, as if sitting up in bed. Matt's way of turning a half circle on the top of a mogul, light as a diver. The cancerous unwieldiness of Ethan's own skis. His jealousy of his students, the many-headed immortality of their annual renewal. The flawless tall cruelty of the stars. Orion involved with the silhouetted elm. A black tree inside him. His daughter, busily sweeping with the rake, childish yet lithe, so curiously demonstrating this preference for his company. Feminine of her to forgive him her frostbite. Perhaps, flattered on skis, felt the cold her element. Her womanhood soon enough to be smothered in warmth. A plow a mile away painstakingly scraped. He was missing the point of the lecture. The point was unstated: an absence. He was looking upon his daughter as a woman but without lust. The music around him was being produced, in the zero air, like a finger on crystal, by this hollowness, this generosity of negation. Without lust, without jealousy. Space seemed love, bestowed to be free in, and coldness the price. He felt joined to the great dead whose words it was his duty to teach.

The Jeep came up unprotestingly from the fluffy snow. It looked happy to be penned in the garage with Elaine's station wagon, and the skis, and the oiled band saw, and the power mower tensely waiting for spring. Ethan was happy, precariously so, so that rather than break he uttered a sound: "Becky?"

"Yeah?"

"You want to know what else Mr. Langley said?"

"What?" They trudged toward the porch, up the path the gentle rake had cleared.

"He said you ski better than the boys."

"I bet," she said, and raced to the porch, and in the precipitate way, evasive and female and pleased, that she flung herself to the top step he glimpsed something generic and joyous, a pageant that would leave him behind.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Today Rudyard Kipling would probably have written it "A jug of wine, a slice of pizza and thou, Sophia Loren." —*Harold V. Cohen in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

And to hell with that Persian tentmaker.

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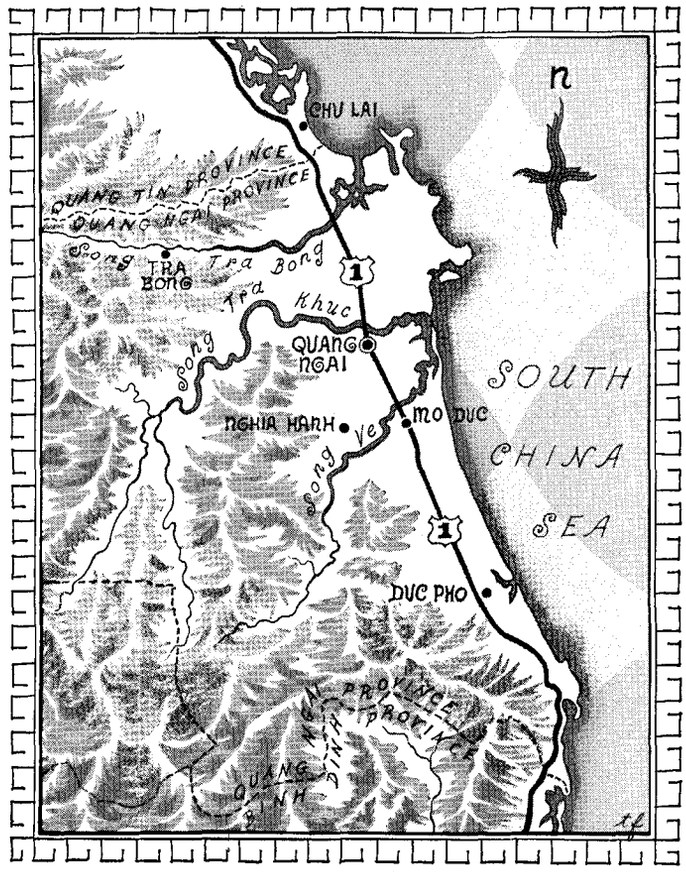
A REPORTER AT LARGE

QUANG NGAI AND QUANG TIN—I



THE following article is about what is happening to South Vietnam—to the people and the land—as a result of the American military presence. I shall not discuss the moral ramifications of that presence. I shall simply try to set down what I saw and heard first-hand during several weeks I spent with our armed forces in South Vietnam last summer. What I saw and heard had to do mostly with the destruction that was going on in South Vietnam, but at the same time I found that the peculiar character of this war tended to be defined for me by how the men in our armed forces reacted to the various special conditions of the war: the immense disparity in size and power between the two adversaries, the fact that Americans are fighting ten thousand miles from home, the fact that the Vietnamese are an Asian and non-industrialized people, the fact that we are bombing North Vietnam but the North Vietnamese are incapable of bombing the United States, the fact that our bombing in South Vietnam can be met only by small-arms fire, the fact that it is often impossible for our men to distinguish between the enemy and friendly or neutral civilians, the anomalousness and the corruption of the Saigon government, the secondary role played by the South Vietnamese Army we are supposedly assisting, the fact that the enemy is fighting a guerrilla war while we are fighting a mechanized war, and, finally, the overriding, fantastic fact that we are destroying, seemingly by inadvertence, the very country we are supposedly protecting. Like many Americans, I am opposed to the American policy in Vietnam. As I came to know the American men who were fighting there, I could feel only sorrow at what they were asked to do and what they did. On the other hand, I could not forget that these men, for the most part, thought they were doing their duty and thought they had no choice, and I could not forget, either, that they were living under terrible stress and, like fighting men in any war, were trying to stay alive and hold on to their sanity. If our country stumbled into this war by mistake, the mistake was not theirs. If our continuing escalation of the war is wrong, the guilt is surely not theirs alone. If one disaster after another is visited upon the Vietnamese people, these disasters are the inevitable consequence of our intervention in the war, rather than of any extraordinary misconduct on the part of our troops. Thousands of Americans, of course, have lost their lives or been wounded in Vietnam, many of them in the belief that they were fighting for a just cause, and some of the men I came to know in Vietnam will lose their lives or be wounded in that same belief. Some of our men have been brutalized by the war, just as I might have been brutalized if I had been fighting beside them, and just as men on both sides of all wars have been brutalized. Yet some of them have done the job assigned to them without losing their compassion for the noncombatant Vietnamese, or even for the enemy in combat. In this article, however, I am not writing, essentially, about the men in our armed forces. I am writing about a certain, limited segment of the war—about the destruction by the American forces, as I observed it (mostly from the air), of a particular rural area of South Vietnam. All of us must share the responsibility for this war, and not only the men who bear arms. I have no wish to pass judgment on the individual Americans fighting in Vietnam. I wish merely to record what I witnessed, in the hope that it will help us all to understand better what we are doing.

IN the spring of 1967, the United States Military Assistance Command in South Vietnam formed a new force, called Task Force Oregon, by assembling the 196th Light Infantry Brigade, the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division, and the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division in Quang Ngai Province, which is the fifth province south of the Demilitarized Zone along the coast of the South China Sea. The creation of Task Force Oregon, which was to operate under the command of the 3rd Marine Amphibious Force, freed elements of the 3rd Marine Amphibious Force, which had been conducting operations in Quang Ngai since May of 1965, to move north to help combat increased activity along the Demilitarized Zone. The Annamese mountain range swings close to the sea in Quang Ngai Province, and between the mountains and the sea is a strip of arable flatland eighty kilometres long, twenty-five kilometres across at its widest point, and ten kilometres across at its narrowest point. The Allied Forces divided this strip, which supports more than eighty per cent of the province's population, of approximately six hundred and fifty thousand, into four Tactical Areas of Responsibility, of roughly equal size, and assigned one each, from north to south, to the 196th Light Brigade, to a brigade of Korean Marines that had landed in Quang Ngai in the summer of 1966, to a brigade of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (abbreviated as ARVN and pronounced "Arvin" by the Americans), and to the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Division. The 1st Brigade of the

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"You're a woman. I'm a man. I'm very attractive. You desire me. That's it. Hold it."

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101st Airborne Division was reserved as a roving force that could be flown anywhere in the province by helicopter to launch surprise attacks on enemy units. The principal mission of the troops that formed Task Force Oregon was to find and kill soldiers belonging to what are called main-force units of the Vietcong (or V.C., or National Liberation Front) and to the Army of North Vietnam who were operating in Quang Ngai Province. In order to break up any fixed patterns of operation that might help the enemy to predict their movements, elements of Task Force Oregon sometimes went outside Quang Ngai, carrying their operations into Quang Tin Province and Binh Dinh Province, which are adjacent to Quang Ngai on the north and on the south.

Task Force Oregon's area of operation was part of a mountainous coastal region of South Vietnam that stretches south from the city of Hué to Binh Dinh Province, and had traditionally been known for its natural beauty and its poor, proud, and hospitable people. Because even the narrow strip of flatland that lay between the mountains and the coast in this region was too sandy for good crops, a large proportion of the villagers long ago took up other occupations, such as fishing in the South China Sea and lumbering in the mountains. Many took up home crafts, and the area became famous for silk and for mats woven of reeds that grew on the banks of the local rivers. Predominantly a rural people, the natives of these mountainous provinces spoke with a broad, flat accent that had a simple, country ring to the ears of a Vietnamese from Saigon. They were also reputed to be shorter than most other Vietnamese, and to have plain, clear features, square jaws, and bold, frank natures. As late as 1964, most of the primary schools in the area adorned their walls with the traditional Vietnamese motto "Though your clothes may be soiled, keep your honor unspotted." Perhaps because the land was too poor to provide an adequate base for large fortunes, wealthy people in these provinces were particularly conscientious about giving their children the best education possible. Before the country was partitioned in 1954, the academic standards in most parts of what is now South Vietnam were far below the standards in the North, but students from the mountainous coastal provinces were noted for giving an excellent account of themselves at Hanoi University, which was regarded as the best in the country at that time. A large number of Vietnam's most popular writers were born in the region, including the late novelist Nhat Linh, who attacked the colonial French and corrupt Vietnamese officials in novels of social protest, and later became a hero to young people in Saigon when he led a movement of scholars and students against the regime of President Diem. The mountainous inland regions of the northern provinces were populated by primitive tribes known to the French as Montagnards, who lived by burning away patches of the forest, cultivating the cleared land until the soil was exhausted, and then moving on to another site.

Historically, the people of the region were rebellious and aggressive. It was from the provinces of Quang Ngai and Binh Dinh that the rulers of the Nguyen dynasty, in the sixteenth century, launched their long drive southward; when the French began their subjugation of Vietnam, in the late nineteenth century, it was in Quang Ngai and Binh Dinh that armed resistance to French rule was strongest; and it was in these provinces, again, that peasant rebellions first broke out, in the nineteen-thirties, against Vietnamese officials who served the French. After the Second World War, when the Vietminh, the anti-colonial predecessor of the National Liberation Front, launched the revolutionary campaign that eventually expelled the French from Vietnam, Quang Ngai became a principal center of revolutionary activity, and French troops never succeeded in entering the province in force. In 1948, for purposes of fighting the revolution, Ho Chi Minh divided the nation into military zones of four types, which he called "free zones," "guerrilla bases," "guerrilla zones," and "occupied zones," and he designated the provinces of Binh Dinh, Quang Ngai, and Quang Nam (north of Quang Tin) as free zones, meaning that those areas were to be considered already "freed" from the French and from the Emperor Bao Dai. The town of Duc Pho, in the southern part of Quang Ngai Province, became one of the largest rest centers in the country for Vietminh soldiers. The women of Duc Pho had always been famous for their beauty and their fiery, independent spirit, and there was

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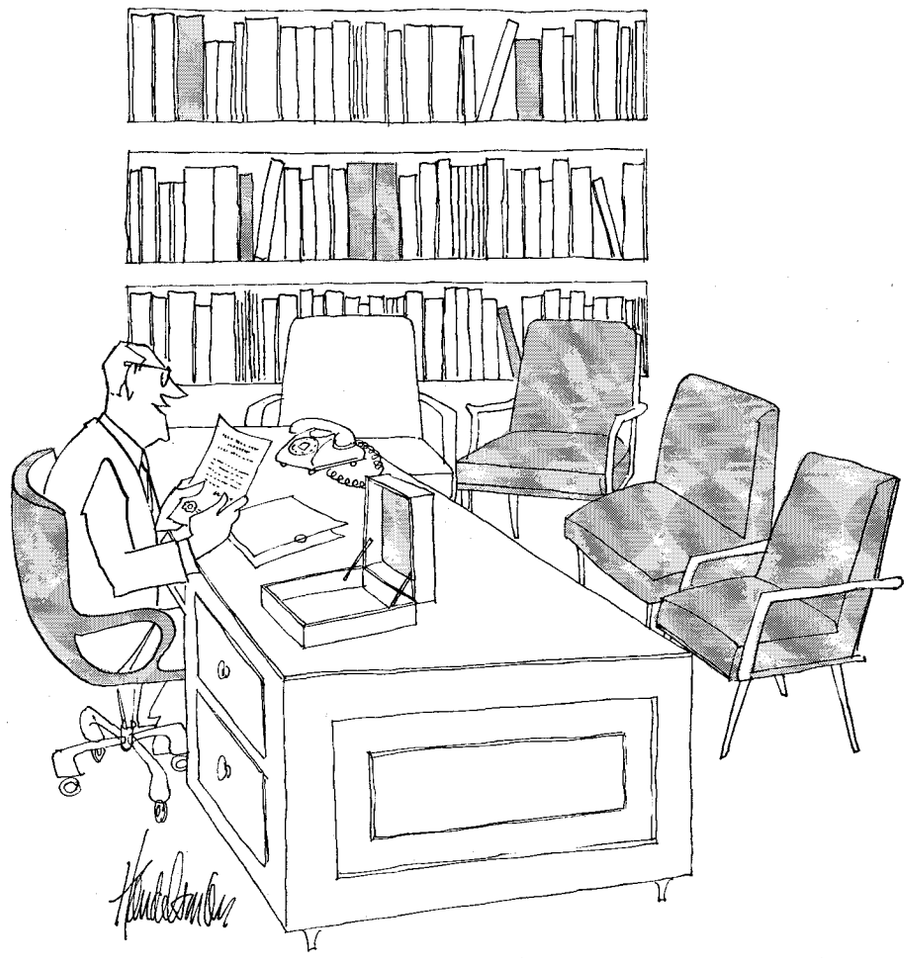
a ditty that warned the "fighting man" who came to Duc Pho to be faithful to his jealous Duc Pho girl friend or risk losing his manhood at the girl friend's hands. In 1954, when many of the Vietminh soldiers and political organizers withdrew to the North, enough of them stayed behind in Quang Ngai and the provinces adjacent to it to insure that the influence of the government in Saigon would not penetrate beyond a few of the region's larger towns. By the early nineteen-sixties, a whole generation of young people in rural areas had known no government other than that of the Vietminh and the National Liberation Front. Not only had they learned to read and write in Vietminh and National Liberation Front schools but they had also learned to sing revolutionary songs, accompanying themselves on the guitar or mandolin, in the course of a drive by the Front to teach young people to play musical instruments. In early 1962, because these provinces were known to be National Liberation Front strongholds, the government in Saigon launched its Strategic Hamlet Program with particular vigor there. The program was intended to separate the people from the Front soldiers and organizers who lived among them, and as a means of accomplishing this the government ordinarily forced the people to leave their villages and to construct fortifications and new habitations at another site. Under a *corvée* system it had devised, it made each man responsible for constructing a certain yardage of wall around the strategic hamlet. If a family refused to move to a strategic hamlet, troops of the South Vietnamese Army might burn its home and its fields; by the end of 1962 parts of Quang Ngai—particularly areas near the mountains—were dotted with the ruins of burned houses. In Quang Ngai, as in other parts of the country, this program aroused hostility toward the government in Saigon, and within two years it was abandoned, to be reconstituted later as the New Life Hamlet Program. Usually, when the government succeeded in constructing a strategic hamlet, the Front quickly reëstablished—or simply maintained—contact with the villagers at their new site, and, consequently, in almost every case the strategic hamlets themselves were under the control of the Front. Supporters of the Front often wrote mottoes on the gates and walls of the strategic hamlets. One inscription, a couplet from the classical Chinese, appeared with particular frequency. It read, "How long can the Great Wall stand/When its base is not the heart of the people?"

At the end of August, 1967, after four months of military operations, Task Force Oregon announced that it had killed, and counted the bodies of, thirty-three hundred enemy soldiers, had "detained" five thousand people, and had captured eight hundred firearms in caches or on or near the dead. It also announced that two hundred and eighty-five Americans had been killed and fourteen hundred wounded. During that August, I travelled as widely as I could in Quang Ngai Province, in order to talk with military people and civilians, and to observe what the effect of the Allied military operations had been, and I also observed several of the military operations themselves, as they were being carried out by Task Force Oregon in the northern part of Quang Ngai and just across its northern border, in Quang Tin. During my travels in Quang Ngai Province, I learned from civilian officials that since the Marines arrived, in 1965, military operations had swelled the number of people in government "refugee camps" by over a hundred thousand, bringing the official count of these people to a hundred and thirty-eight thousand around the middle of August. The American and Vietnamese officials who managed the camps estimated that about forty per cent of the province's population had passed through the camps during the preceding two years. Over the same period, the Marines, the Army, the Korean Marines, and the ARVN had destroyed approximately seventy per cent of the villages in the province—which means seventy per cent of the houses. I first became aware of this destruction when I spent several days in early August flying, as a reporter, in the back seat of one or another of several two-seat, single-propeller Cessna O-1 Forward Air Control planes (abbreviated FAC, and pronounced "Fac") that flew daily visual-reconnaissance flights over the entire heavily populated coastal strip of the province. (The FAC planes, throughout South Vietnam, were always flown by Air Force pilots.) Some of the planes flew over single districts once a day for several weeks at a stretch, and the pilots became very closely acquainted with the terrain. Whenever it was possible, I



"Having no heirs, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to Amos K. Podge, my friend and attorney, my entire estate . . ."

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checked my estimates of the percentage of houses destroyed against their estimates. In several districts, I was also able to check my estimates with the local ground commanders, although no figures of this kind were kept officially. From the FAC plane's prescribed flying altitude, which was fifteen hundred feet, I found it difficult to distinguish people, unless they were wearing their large brown conical straw hats, but I could easily distinguish houses and the remains of houses. The houses in Quang Ngai had been loosely grouped in groves of trees that stood out like dark-green islands in an expanse of lighter-green or yellow rice fields. From the air, the roofs of houses that were still standing appeared as dark-brown squares; the ashes of houses that had been recently burned appeared as gray squares; and the rain-washed clay foundations of houses that had been destroyed more than a month or so earlier appeared as red or yellow squares. When houses had been burned by troops on the ground, their walls—of clay-and-bamboo or stone—were usually still standing, but the walls of houses that had been bombed or bulldozed were flattened, or strewn over the rice fields. The pattern of destruction was roughly the same throughout the densely populated area of fields and villages lying between the mountains and the sea. Villages remained standing in a long belt a few kilometres wide bordering Route 1, a partly paved two-lane road running the full length of the coastal strip and approximately bisecting it. The rest—with certain exceptions, which I will mention—had been destroyed.

In Binh Son, the northernmost district of Quang Ngai Province, beyond a belt about two kilometres wide along the road, the houses that had stood on the flatland to the west of the road had been destroyed all the way down to the Song Tra Bong ("*song*" is a Vietnamese word for "river"). In the Song Tra Bong Valley, which had formerly been cultivated as far as about fifteen kilometres inland, between the mountains, the houses on the north side of the river had been destroyed as far as about ten kilometres inland. Beyond this, deep in the mountains, the town of Tra Bong, which had a population of several thousand and was also the site of a large Special Forces camp, remained standing. The Special Forces camp stood apart from the village, on a small hill. Bare of trees and grass, the camp was ringed by several rows of barbed wire, outside which were fences of sharpened bamboo poles, with rows of zigzagging trenches outside these. Inside all this was a cluster of low, heavily sandbagged huts with tin roofs. To the east of Route 1, in Binh Son District, beyond the belt of undestroyed houses along the road, seventy or eighty per cent of the houses had been destroyed all the way to the sea. South of the Song Tra Bong, in Son Tinh District, which was the Tactical Area of Responsibility of the Korean Marines, the situation was much the same. Along the south side of the Song Tra Bong, there was a Revolutionary Development project near the village of An Diem, about five kilometres west of the road, and the houses remained standing along this stretch of the river, although, as I have noted, the houses right across it on the north side, in the Tactical Area of Responsibility of the 196th Light Brigade, had been destroyed. On the coastal side of Route 1 in Son Tinh—again excepting the belt of a few kilometres along the road—from eighty to ninety per cent of the houses had been destroyed all the way to the sea. Along the Song Tra Khuc, which marks the southern border of Son Tinh District, the houses remained standing as far as ten kilometres away from the road on the mountain side, but beyond that, starting at the point where the river valley begins to wind between the mountains, they had been destroyed. Within one wide bend of the river, which described a full horseshoe, I could see networks of trenches that had been built by the National Liberation Front running down the center of many villages, and sometimes linking two or more of them. Throughout the province, I saw the black entrances to caves and networks of tunnels, which the entire population used as bomb shelters, and which the N.L.F. used as bunkers, hiding places, and escape routes, but in this bend of the river they were particularly numerous. Still deeper in the mountains, the village of Phuoc Tho remained standing, next to a Special Forces camp on a hill. All the houses of the village were crowded together in a square a hundred metres on a side, which was surrounded by a trench, and single houses out in the fields had been razed. This indicated that Phuoc Tho had been converted into a strategic hamlet.

Like most of the province, the valley of the Song Tra Khuc was spotted with craters of all sizes. Craters from artillery fire, which were a yard or two wide, peppered the rice fields and the former villages, and craters from delayed-fuse bombs, which were as much as thirty feet across and seven feet deep, and many of which had filled with water, dotted the landscape with little ponds. Anti-personnel bombs, which explode on contact, had made shallow craters that spread out in rays across the fields, like giant yellow asterisks, and napalm strikes had blackened the fields in uneven splotches. What had formerly been dense woods on the mountainsides that rose up from the cultivated valley in a series of delicate ridges were just as badly torn up.

The two districts to the south of the Song Tra Khuc—Nghia Hanh and Tu Nghia—which were the ARVN's Tactical Area of Responsibility, were the least heavily destroyed of Quang Ngai's districts. Quang Ngai City formed the center of a large undestroyed pocket that extended eastward all the way to the coast and, in places, extended westward along the south bank of the Song Tra Khuc almost all the way to the mountains. In the southern half of Nghia Hanh District, however, there had been considerable destruction near the mountains. To the south of these two least heavily destroyed of the province's districts, and divided from them by the slow-moving Song Ve, are Mo Duc and Duc Pho Districts, which were the Tactical Area of Responsibility of the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Division and were the most heavily destroyed of the province's districts. Except in four small areas, from ninety to a hundred per cent of the houses in these two districts had been destroyed, along Route 1 as well as away from it. The less heavily destroyed areas consisted of an intact stretch about four kilometres in diameter around the village of Mo Duc; a strip about seven kilometres wide extending north from the town of Duc Pho along the western side of Route 1 for about five kilometres, where about half the houses remained standing; the southernmost fifteen kilometres of the coastline, where, again, about half the houses remained standing; and, finally, a region three or four kilometres long and wide around the Song Tra Kau—a small river just north of Duc Pho—and near the mountains, where about sixty per cent of the houses remained standing. As I flew over the coast of Mo Duc District, where over

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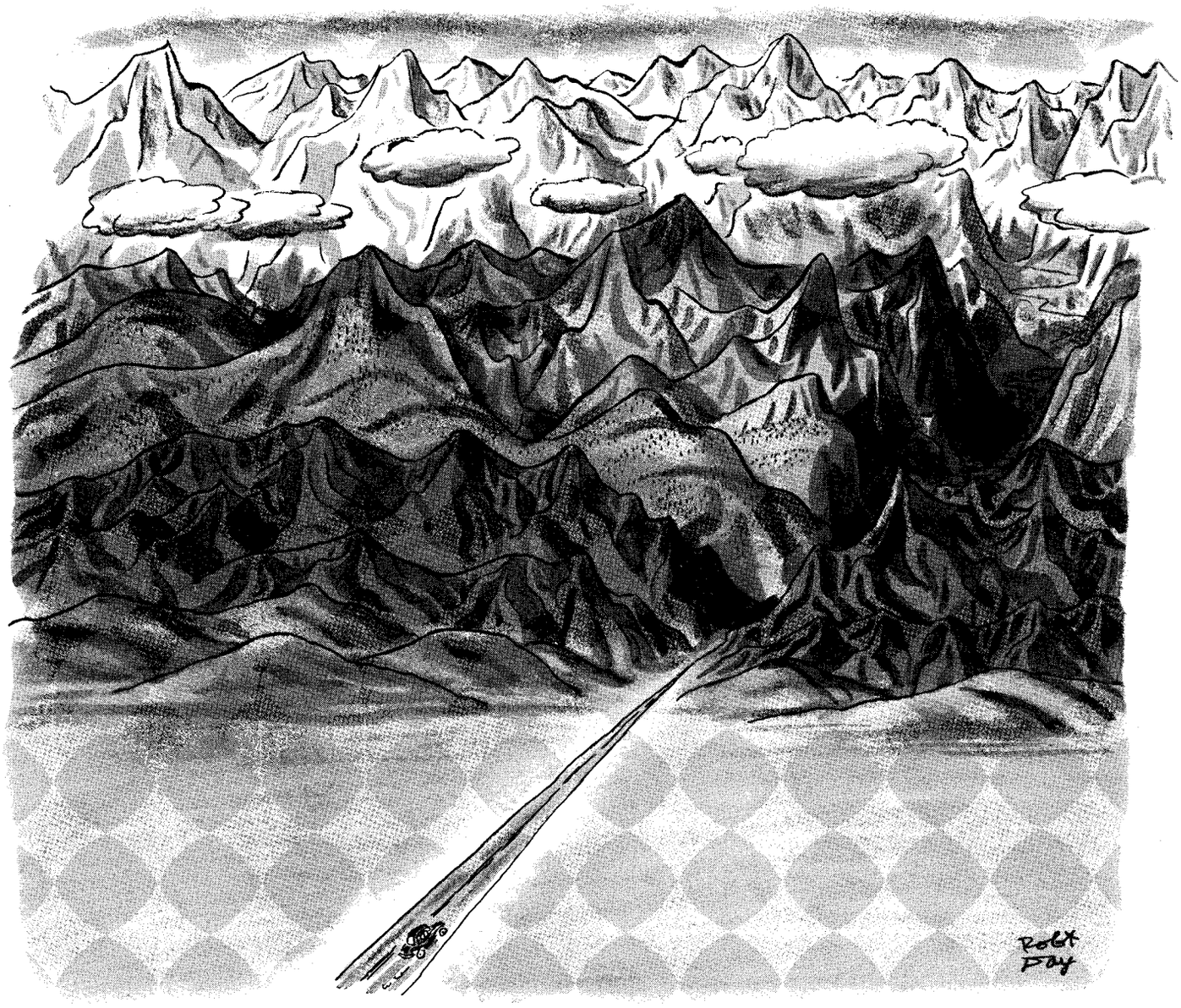

"Good Lord! No wonder prices west of them are slightly higher!"

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ninety per cent of the houses had been destroyed, I asked the pilot about the people who had lived there, and he answered, "All the personnel that were down there were pretty much V.C."

The villages had been destroyed in many ways and in a great variety of circumstances—at first by our Marines and later by our Army. In accordance with the local policy of the 3rd Marine Amphibious Force, a village could be bombed immediately and without the issuing of any warning to the villagers if American or other friendly troops or aircraft had received fire from within it. This fire might consist of a few sniper shots or of a heavy attack by the enemy. Whatever the provocation from the village, the volume of firepower brought to bear in response was so great that in almost every case the village was completely destroyed. A village could also be destroyed if intelligence reports indicated that the villagers had been supporting the Vietcong by offering them food and labor, but in such a case the official 3rd Marine Amphibious Force rules of engagement required that our Psychological Warfare Office send a plane to warn the villagers, either by dropping leaflets or by making an airborne announcement. Because it was impossible to print rapidly enough a leaflet addressed to a specific village and specifying a precise time for bombing, the Psychological Warfare people had largely abandoned leaflet drops as a method of warning, and had begun to rely almost completely on airborne announcements. There was no official ruling on when troops on the ground were permitted to burn a village, but, generally speaking, this occurred most often after fire had been received from the village, or when the province chief had given a specific order in advance for its destruction. In some cases, the villagers had been removed from an area in a big-scale operation and then the area had been systematically destroyed. By the beginning of September, there had been two large Army operations of this kind. Five thousand inhabitants of the valley of the Song Ve were made to leave their homes. In Binh Son District, along ten kilometres of coastline south of the former village of Tuyet Diem, five thousand people were "extracted." But for the most part the destruction occurred sporadically and piecemeal, without a guiding plan. Although most

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"Well, don't just sit there. Xerox something."

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of the villages in the province had been destroyed, the destruction of villages in large areas was not ordinarily an objective of the military operations but was viewed as, in the words of one official, "a side effect" of hunting the enemy.

WHEN I attempted to find a record of what the Marines had done in Quang Ngai during their two years of operation before Task Force Oregon arrived, I met with very little success. The Information Officers of the units in Task Force Oregon were unable to name any operations that had been conducted by the Marines, and they did not possess any record of casualties, enemy or friendly. Several times, in August, while I was flying over areas where the remnants of fields, forests, and villages were densely pockmarked with half-overgrown craters from the days of Marine operations, I asked the Forward Air Control pilots what operations had been launched in the areas, but they were unable to tell me when, or why, the areas had been bombed.

I met one man who had worked as a Psychological Warfare Officer with the Marines when they first arrived in Duc Pho. He said that for the first month they had been unable to travel five hundred yards beyond their camp without running into heavy enemy fire. After receiving reinforcements, they had moved out farther but had still been unable to penetrate many areas. When the Marines had developed a system in which they took reprisals against the rural people by bombing villages that were thought to be giving support to the National Liberation Front, Leaflet No. 244-286-67 announced this system to the villagers. Its title is listed in a catalogue of Psychological Warfare leaflets used by the Marines and by Task Force Oregon in Quang Ngai as "Marine Ultimatum to Vietnamese People," and its target is listed as "Civilian Population." The text of the leaflet, like that of all such leaflets, is printed, of course, in Vietnamese. On one side there are two cartoon drawings. The first shows several soldiers of the Vietcong setting up a mortar position near a thatch-roofed house while another soldier leans out of a window firing an automatic weapon. A woman holding a child by the hand stands next to the house. Under the picture, a caption reads, "If the Vietcong do this . . ." The second picture shows an Air Force jet pulling out of its dive over the house. An explosion in front of the house has thrown the soldiers and the woman and her child to the ground, and the house is aflame. In the foreground, a man lies on the earth, clutching his chest. Streams of blood flow from his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and ears. The rest of the pamphlet is in black and white, but this blood is printed in red ink. The second caption, completing the unfinished sentence of the first, reads, ". . . your village will look like this." On the other side is a text reading:

DEAR CITIZENS:

The U.S. Marines are fighting alongside the Government of Vietnam forces in Duc Pho in order to give the Vietnamese people a chance to live a free, happy life, without fear of hunger and suffering. But many Vietnamese have paid with their lives and their homes have been destroyed because they helped the Vietcong in an attempt to enslave the Vietnamese people. Many hamlets have been destroyed because these villages harbored the Vietcong.

The hamlets of Hai Mon, Hai Tan, Sa Binh, Tan Binh, and many others have been destroyed because of this. We will not hesitate to destroy every hamlet that helps the Vietcong, who are powerless to stop the combined might of the G.V.N. and its allies.

The U.S. Marines issue this warning: THE U.S. MARINES WILL NOT HESITATE TO DESTROY, IMMEDIATELY, ANY VILLAGE OR HAMLET HARBORING THE VIETCONG. WE WILL NOT HESITATE TO DESTROY, IMMEDIATELY, ANY VILLAGE OR HAMLET USED AS A VIETCONG STRONGHOLD TO FIRE AT OUR TROOPS OR AIRCRAFT.

The choice is yours. If you refuse to let the Vietcong use your villages and hamlets as their battlefield, your homes and your lives will be saved.

Peaceful citizens, stay in your homes. Deny your support to the V.C.s.

After a reprisal bombing had been carried out against a village, the Marines sometimes showered it with Leaflet No. 244-068-68. Its title is listed as "Your Village Has Been Bombed," and its target, again, as "Civilian Population." The second picture on the leaflet entitled "Marine Ultimatum to Vietnamese People," which shows the house aflame and the people dead, occupies one whole side of this leaflet. The caption reads, "THE VIETCONG CAUSED THIS TO HAPPEN!" On the other side, the text reads:

ATTENTION VILLAGERS:

1.—Your village was bombed because you harbored Vietcong in your village.

2.—Your village was bombed because you gave help to the Vietcong in your area.

3.—Your village was bombed because you gave food to the Vietcong.

4.—We warned you about the bombings because we did not want to hurt innocent villagers.

5.—Your homes are damaged or destroyed because of the Vietcong.

6.—Your village will be bombed again if you harbor the Vietcong in any way.

7.—You can protect your homes by coöperating with the G.V.N. and the Allied Forces.

8.—Tell the G.V.N. and the Allied Forces where the Vietcong are, so they can protect you.

9.—The G.V.N. and the Allied Forces will drive the Vietcong away from your villages.

10.—The G.V.N. and the Allied Forces

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will help you to live in peace and to have a happy and prosperous life.

Both the Marines and, after them, Task Force Oregon had originally envisaged a system in which warnings would be issued to the villagers before bombing their village. Most officers I spoke with said that they delivered such warnings whenever they could. The fourth item in the above leaflet and similar passages in many other leaflets concerned with bombings refer to warnings that would allow "innocent villagers" to flee the village. But in practice, of course, when such warnings were delivered, any of the enemy who might be in the village also took the opportunity to leave or to hide underground. And if the enemy had left the village, the bombing became exclusively a reprisal against houses, with no military objective. Rather than carry out a bombing of this kind, which had virtually no chance of killing any enemy soldiers, the American forces often took the course indicated in the "Marine Ultimatum to Vietnamese People," and bombed "immediately," to increase the chance of killing some of the enemy—even if it also increased the chance of killing villagers—and of thereby preserving the partly military character of the target.

Another leaflet, No. 244-055-68, which was ordered by the 1st Marine Regiment, and, like the others, had as its target "Civilian Population," shows a photograph of a field of rubble with a few blackened poles protruding from the earth at odd angles in the foreground. The caption reads, "IF YOU SUPPORT THE VIETCONG . . . YOUR VILLAGE WILL LOOK LIKE THIS." The text on the back reads:

The U.S. forces have joined with the forces of South Vietnam to rid your villages of Vietcong agents and protect your lives. The Vietcong hide among innocent women and children in your villages to fire upon troops and aircraft. If the Vietcong in this area use you or your village for this purpose, you can expect death from the sky. Do not let your lives and your homes be destroyed. Do not let the Vietcong be the reason for the death of your loved ones.

Report all Vietcong locations immediately. Once the Vietcong are eliminated, peace will come to South Vietnam. Help the G.V.N. help you!

In preparation for some of their ground operations, the Marines dropped Pamphlet No. 44-65, whose title is "Marines Are Friends of Civilians." One side shows a tall Marine shaking hands with a small Vietnamese peasant. The caption is "The U.S. Marines are the friends of the Vietnamese people." The text on the other side reads:

The Marines are here to help you. Do not run from them! If you run, they may mistake you for a Vietcong and shoot at you. Stand still and the Marines will not harm you. Tell this to your friends.

At least once, the Marines announced to the press the accidental bombing of what they called a "friendly" village, but they did not mention the intentional bombing of any "unfriendly" villages. The New York *Times* ran the following story on September 28, 1966:

Two United States Marine Corps planes bombed a friendly village in South Vietnam by mistake yesterday, killing 28 mountain tribesmen and wounding 17, a Marine spokesman said today.

The bombing also destroyed about 100 houses in the village, which is in Quangngai province about 350 miles north of Saigon.

The village was under the control of the South Vietnamese Government, the Marine spokesman said, and was outside the target area for the attack mission to which the two Marine planes had been assigned.

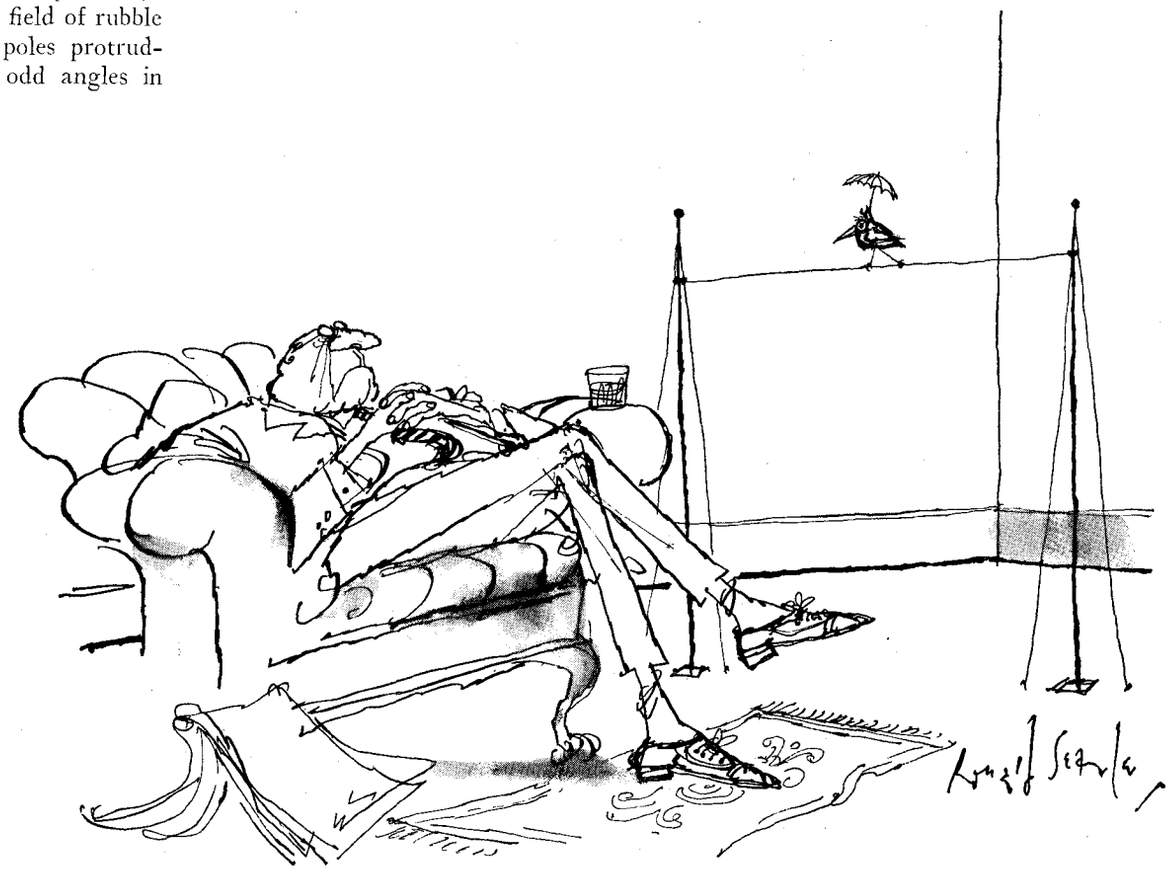
Marine evacuation helicopters went to the village and evacuated the wounded to a Government hospital in the nearby city of Quangngai.

The victims were montagnards—the nomadic hill people who furnish large numbers of fighters to help the allied cause.

The Marine spokesman said the village also contained some Government soldiers and their families. . . .

An air strike is not over after a single large explosion that covers the whole target; rather, it involves eight or nine low passes by several fighter-bombers and usually takes from ten to fifteen minutes to complete. Because the pilots of the small propeller Forward Air Control planes observe every pass and help the fighter-bomber pilots adjust for inaccuracies, it is virtually impossible for the full ordnance of an air strike to land on a village simply through poor aim. It may be stated that the accidental bombings that are reported in our press have occurred either because a strike intended for an "unfriendly" village was mistakenly delivered to a "friendly" village or because the Army misjudged the "friendliness" of the village actually bombed. In the case of the bombing reported in the *Times*, the presence of the ARVN soldiers gave incontrovertible proof that the bombed village had been in the "friendly" category.

Task Force Oregon continued the



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RUNNING

1. 1933

(North Caldwell, N.J.)

What were we playing? Was it prisoner's base?
I ran with whacking keds
Down the cart-road past Rickard's place,
And where it dropped beside the tractor-sheds

Leapt out into the air above a blurred
Terrain, through jolted light,
Took two hard lopes, and at the third
Spanked off a hummock-side exactly right,

And made the turn, and with delighted strain
Sprinted across the flat
By the bull-pen, and up the lane.
Thinking of happiness, I think of that.

2. PATRIOT'S DAY

(Wellesley, Mass.)

Restless that noble day, appeased by soft
Drinks and tobacco, littering the grass
While the flag snapped and brightened far aloft,
We waited for the marathon to pass,

We fathers and our little sons, let out
Of school and office to be put to shame.
Now from the street-side someone raised a shout,
And into view the first small runners came.

Dark in the glare, they seemed to thresh in place
Like preening flies upon a window-sill,
Yet gained and grew, and at a cruel pace
Swept by us on their way to Heartbreak Hill—

Legs driving, fists at port, clenched faces, men,
And in amongst them, stamping on the sun,
Our champion Kelley, who would win again,
Rocked in his will, at rest within his run.

3. DODWELLS HILL ROAD

(Cummington, Mass.)

I jog up out of the woods
To the crown of the road, and slow to a swagger there,
The wind harsh and cool to my throat,
A good ache in my rib-cage.

Loud burden of streams at run-off,
And the sun's rocket frazzled in blown tree-heads;
Still I am part of that great going,
Though I stroll now, and am watchful.

Where the road turns and debouches,
The land sinks westward into exhausted pasture.
From fields which yield to aspen now
And pine at last will shadow,

Boy-shouts reach me, and barking.
What is the thing which men will not surrender?
It is what they have never had, I think,
Or missed in its true season,

So that their thoughts turn in
At the same roadhouse nightly, the same cloister,
The wild mouth of the same brave river
Never now to be charted.

You, whoever you are,
If you want to walk with me you must step lively.
I run, too, when the mood offers,
Though the god of that has left me.

But why in the hell spoil it?
I make a clean gift of my young running
To the two boys who break into view,
Hurdling the rocks and racing,

Their dog dodging before them
This way and that, his yaps flushing a pheasant
Who lifts now from the blustery grass,
Flying full tilt already.

—Richard Wilbur

• •

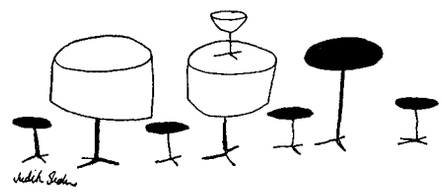
Marines' practice of dropping leaflets threatening to destroy villages that supported the Vietcong. Leaflet No. 244-279-67 uses the two-frame cartoon of a house being bombed, with the caption "If the Vietcong do this . . . your village will look like this," that appears on the "Marine Ultimatum to Vietnamese People." The text on the back reads:

The military forces of the G.V.N. and the free world have no desire to harm the innocent people of Vietnam who are willing to live in peace. However, if the criminal Vietcong are allowed to hide in your house, both they and your house will be destroyed.

Another leaflet shows a soldier of the Vietcong on his knees, in the foreground, being shot at simultaneously by six jets, two helicopters, two artillery pieces, a tank, and four infantrymen. The caption is "WE MUST DESTROY THE VIETCONG TO HAVE PEACE." The back reads:

The U.S. forces have come to help the G.V.N. rid your village of the Vietcong who enslave you. If you allow the V.C. to hide in your hamlet, you can expect destruction from the air from mortars and artillery. Do not let your hamlet be destroyed. Point out the V.C. who bring death and destruction to you and your home.

Other leaflets that were available to Task Force Oregon for adaptation to its area publicize and condemn damage caused by the Vietcong. Leaflet No. 244-492-67, whose title is "Message to the V.C. from the Citizens of Phong Dien District," shows a photograph of a building with half its roof blown off. The caption reads, "The Buddhist school at the Phong Dien Refugee Center lies in ruin following a senseless V.C. attack on the 15th of May, 1967." The text on the back reads:



A Message to the V.C.:

We the citizens of Phong Dien District will never be won over to such a cause as yours. A cause that advocates the murder of our people and your people. We the citizens of Phong Dien beg each of you who have been duped by the V.C. propaganda to think of the sorrow you have created and forsake this alien cause. Would it not be better for you to join with us in building our great fatherland under the peaceful flag of the G.V.N.?

The Citizens of
Phong Dien District

The citizens of Phong Dien first became aware of this message when air-

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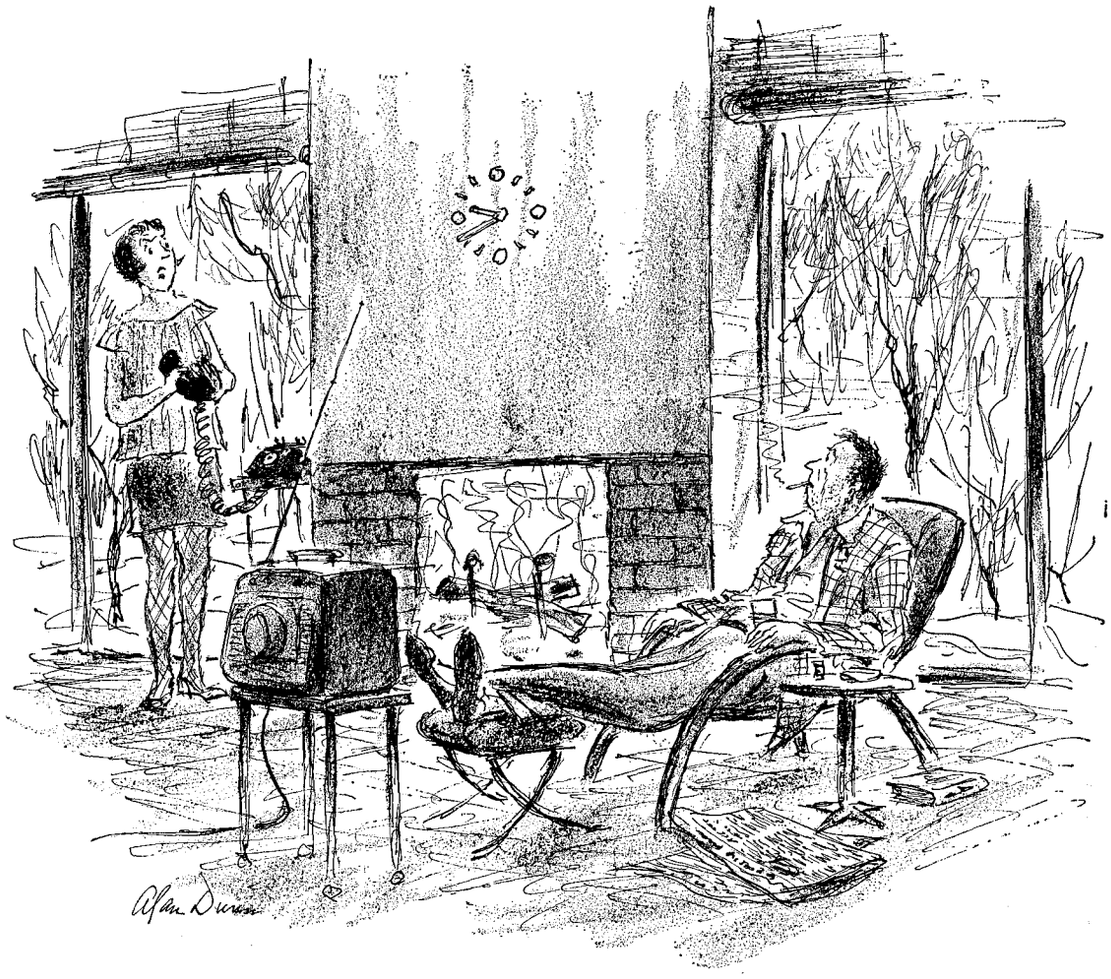
planes dropped it by the tens of thousands over their district.

A number of leaflets issued very detailed instructions to the population just before an operation began. On one side of Leaflet No. 244-099-68, which is titled "Instructions to the Citizens of Binh Son District," there is a map consisting of a single line, which represents a five-kilometre stretch of road, and four dots, which represent the villages of Tan Hy, Long Ve, Dong Le, and Phuoc Hoa, from left to right along the road. A red line forms a long, narrow rectangle enclosing the area between the villages of Tan Hy and Phuoc Hoa, which are at opposite ends of the map. The instructions on the back read:

ATTENTION CITIZENS OF BINH SON DISTRICT:

The area framed in red on this map is a danger zone. No one may be in this area except on the road. You may not leave the road inside this area. Enter and leave this road outside of the danger zone. Anyone caught within 300 metres of the road between Tan Hy and Phuoc Hoa may be fired upon.

You must follow the instructions of the G.V.N. The G.V.N. cares about the welfare of the people. The G.V.N. does not want you and your loved ones to be hurt. Obey the laws of your G.V.N.



"Your office won't take 'the general malaise' as an excuse."

• •

One almost decisive disadvantage of using leaflets such as this one was that, even if the instructions were coherent and clear, only a tiny minority of the peasants were literate enough to read them at all, and virtually none of the peasants could read maps. When the American Psychological Warfare Officers composed leaflets that told the peasants to flee Communism and come to Saigon government camps, or told them, as one leaflet did, to reject "the Chinese Communist master of the Vietcong," or ordered them to make a choice between the National Liberation Front and the Saigon government, or advised them to boil water before drinking it, it was easy for these officers to forget that, although the enemy was tough and experienced and smart, the majority of the peasants—particularly the women, the children, and the aged—were people who had spent their lives almost wholly within tiny farming communities, and who had no knowledge of the Saigon government's system of camps, of the Chinese Communists, or of the rules of modern hygiene that were described in the leaflets. Often, in addition to assuming literacy and a familiarity with world conflicts on the part of the peasants, the leaflets took it for granted that the peasants shared with the authors of the leaflets a broad range of assumptions about such things as the legitimacy and benevolence of the Saigon government and the criminality of the National Liberation Front.

IN late August of 1967, I spent several days in Quang Ngai's southernmost districts, Duc Pho and Mo Duc, which were the Tactical Area of Responsibility of the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Division. First, I visited the brigade headquarters at the Duc Pho base to ask the officers and men of the 3rd of the 4th what resistance they had met from the enemy and how effective they judged their operations to have been, and to ask what had become of the two hundred thousand people who had lived in the two districts before the villages had been destroyed. In a briefing, an officer told me that although few American units had suffered heavy casualties in any single battle, they had suffered heavy casualties over a period of months in hundreds of small encounters with the enemy. He said that from the twenty-second of April to the middle of August a force of eight hundred combat troops directly exposed to enemy fire had suffered six hundred and ten casualties, including a hundred and twenty killed in action. Another officer present put in, "A platoon sergeant can pretty much expect to get hit within three or four months." The briefing officer told me that in the same period the 3rd of the 4th had killed eighteen hundred and seventy-five of the enemy, and captured five hundred and sixty-six firearms. For a month or so, the brigade had kept a tally of what it called "military structures destroyed," but then it had apparently lost interest in these figures, for it had let the statistic of "3,128 military structures destroyed" stand for over a month on a chart in the com-

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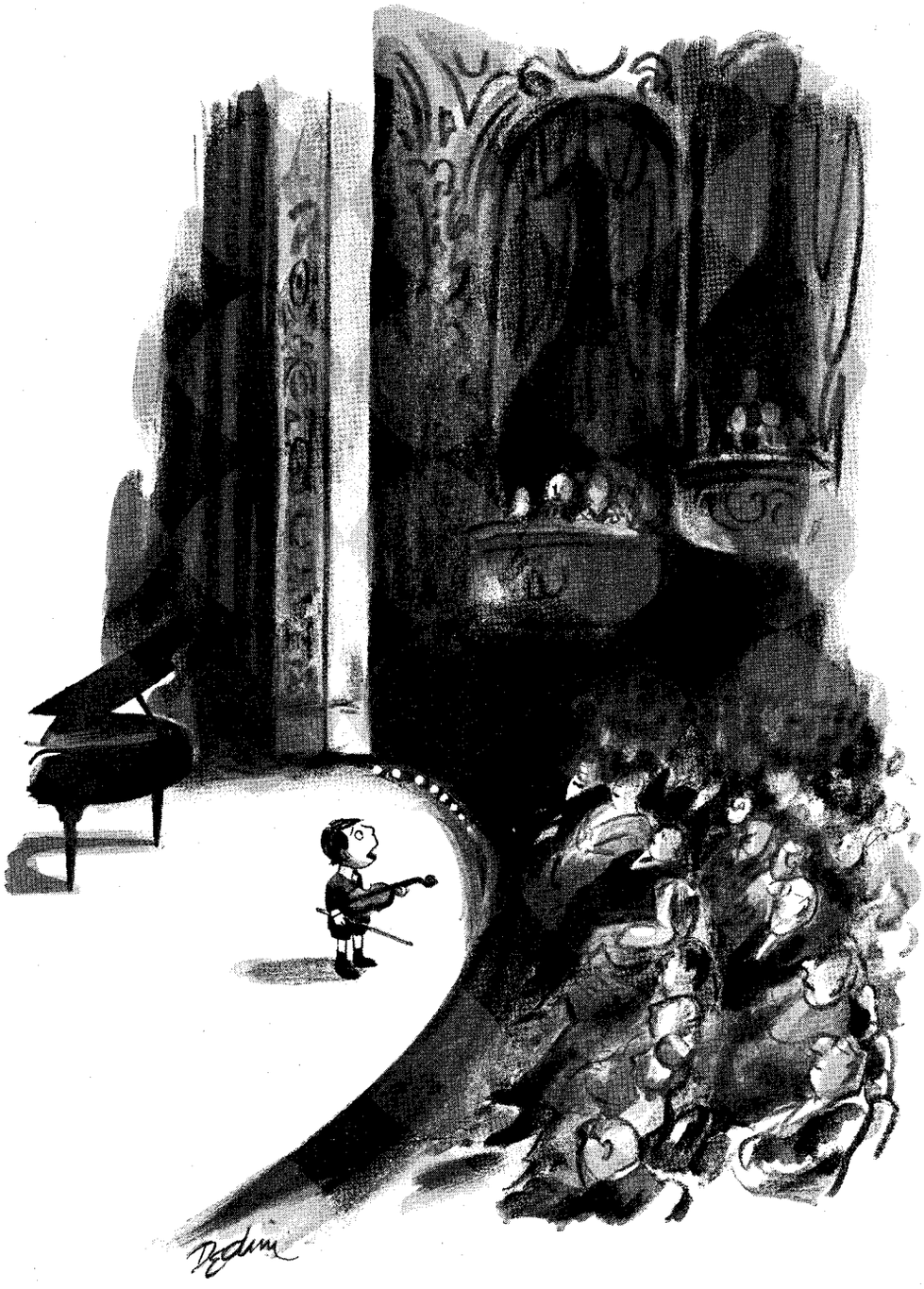
manding officer's briefing tent, without bringing it up to date. "We just stopped keeping track after the first month," the briefing officer said.

A high-ranking officer expressed deep concern over the situation in Duc Pho and Mo Duc Districts. When I asked him what had happened to the people living in the two districts, he told me, "We estimate that there are a hundred thousand people living in Duc Pho. We have about twenty thousand living in refugee camps and twenty-eight thousand more living in towns along Route 1; these are our safe areas. That means that we have about fifty-two thousand people still living in zones that we send harassment-and-interdiction fire into through the night. And there has been no attempt to provide security for any of the villages there. We pull out of a village a few hours or days after we go in. Except for the towns of Mo Duc and Duc Pho and the strip of coastline that stretches south from here—it's only about one-half destroyed—these districts are pretty well torn up. The question is: Where do we go from here? ARVN troops are supposed to be doing the Pacification—to go into a village after we have gone through it—but they just can't do it. They aren't here. But, I mean, don't get the idea that we are the only people doing this. Have you been down in Binh Duong Province? The 1st Cavalry Division has wiped out every village it got sniper fire from down there. We're so damned stuck on this body count. If only people could get their minds off that for a while and look at the four hundred defectors, which are the really important thing. But I'll tell you one thing: We haven't been winning any hearts and minds out there, that's for sure. And, you know, the ARVN—they don't care what you destroy. General Hoang Xuan Lam, the commander of I Corps, came down to look at these districts, and when he saw how the place was torn up, he just said, 'Good! Good! They are all V.C. Kill them!' " The officer made a dour face and shook his head. "We sometimes call off strikes because women and children are there. As far as I'm concerned, this idea that women and children are V.C. just doesn't go. A few months ago, we moved a lot of people out of their villages in helicopters before we burned the places, but when we got those villagers to Duc Pho the refugee people said they just couldn't handle them, because they already had too many people for the amount of food and tin roofing they had, so they released the people we'd moved in, and those people went back out there to live underground."



"Before I begin, I'd like to remind you all that I'm only five years old."

I asked the officer whether he thought the 3rd of the 4th had found an effective way of furthering American war goals in South Vietnam.

Instead of answering, the officer returned the question to me. "What would *you* do with this mission, and this size force in this area?" he asked.

A Psychological Warfare Officer who had worked with the 3rd of the 4th related, "You'll think I'm pulling your leg, but sometimes when we'd planned an air strike on a village, the day before, or the week before, or something, the FAC would be flying over there and notice *people* walking around. You see, that was an area where there wasn't *supposed* to be any people. They wasn't *supposed* to be there. So we would go up there on a chopper an hour before the strike and tell the people to *didi* on out of there." "*Didi*" is Vietnamese for "get out," and is a standard word in American pidgin Vietnamese. "And you'd see 'em puttin' their little sticks on their shoulders, and gettin' their buffalo, and *didi*-in' out. It worked. The 3rd of the 4th was real good about that. Sometimes it don't happen that way. A lot of units will just say 'Unpopulated area—screw it!' and put in the air

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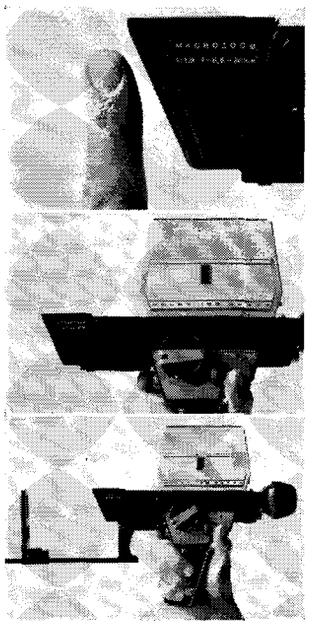

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strikes. But, like I say, the 3rd of the 4th was real good—understandin' the people, and all. The rule is that you have to send a Psy War plane over a village before you hit it unless you get fire, and then you can hit it right away, without askin' anybody. Of course, every once in a while the guys on the ground might burn a couple of hootches that they wasn't supposed to, but that happens everywhere." "Hootch" is military slang for a Vietnamese house. "When they been out in the field a while, they get a little short-tempered, if you know what I mean. You can hardly blame them. This is the toughest damn war we ever fought. In most wars, you could just walk through the place and shoot up everything, but here you can't tell. You just don't know who's with you and who's against you."

One night, I visited the 3rd of the 4th's Fire Direction Center, and learned that on the Duc Pho base alone the brigade had three batteries of six howitzers each and one battery of two eight-inch guns and two 175-mm. guns. A major who was on duty that night told me that there were several ways of deciding on targets. Ground troops could call for artillery fire at any time, and these requests were given the highest priority. But by far the most frequent type of fire was that known as harassment-and-interdiction fire, or h.-and-i. fire, which the major described to me as "a kind of intelligence fire." He went on to explain, "It's not really worthwhile blasting the place through the night. So we just put a shot in now and then. Sometimes we'll get a specific target for h.-and-i. fire, but just as often they'll give us a block five or ten kilometres on a side. At one time or another, we've had these blocks just about everywhere in the district, except along Route 1 in places." The major also told me, "We don't have any unobserved fire. We can put a round through the window of your house if we want to. And I want you to know that we clear everything we fire with the province chief."

I asked what the procedure for obtaining clearance was.

"The province chief marks out the areas where we can't fire without his special permission," he answered, speaking the words "province chief" with extreme gravity. Then he guided me over to a map of Duc Pho and Mo Duc Districts and directed my attention to three strips along Route 1, each about three kilometres wide, that were circled in red. Together, they constituted about forty-four square kilometres of a total of approximately five hundred square kilometres of densely populated flatland between the sea and the mountains that was within the range of guns in the two districts. "Here's the thing that's really important—here's the thing that I want you to see," the major said. "These are the areas for the protection of the friendly Vietnamese civilians. Unless our troops receive fire, we can't shell these areas without specific permission from the Vietnamese province chief."

Black circles on the map showed the outer limits of each battery's range of fire. The circles overlapped to cover the entire populated area. Little green dots, designating targets for harassment-and-interdiction fire, were speckled over the whole map except for the three no-fire zones. There were several large green squares, indicating blocks to be "covered" by harassment-and-interdiction fire over a period of days. There was one red box, about two kilometres wide and four kilometres long, around an area consisting of rice fields along with several villages. The major explained that this was a "free-fire zone." Most officers referred to areas that were hit regularly by harassment-and-interdiction fire as "free-fire zones," but at the artillery center, since almost the entire populated territory in the two districts was being hit by harassment-and-interdiction fire, the men had recently restricted the application of this term to a few isolated areas. In its new, narrower definition, it meant simply a harassment-and-interdiction zone where the target was considered particularly "lucrative," and was therefore to be hit quickly with a particularly heavy volume of fire.

I had observed artillery fire from a FAC plane, and had seen that the first few rounds were usually from two hundred to three hundred metres off target. I asked the major about this.

"Yes," he said. "The first few rounds are about two hundred or three hundred metres off, but then the forward observer tells us how far off we are, and we can adjust it to a pinpoint."

I asked what the margin of safety for ground troops was, in average circumstances.

"A thousand metres," he answered. "In tight situations, we'll put it in as close as four hundred or six hundred metres, but that's real hairy. That's the real danger zone."

A chart on the wall listed eight types of fire and the number of missions that

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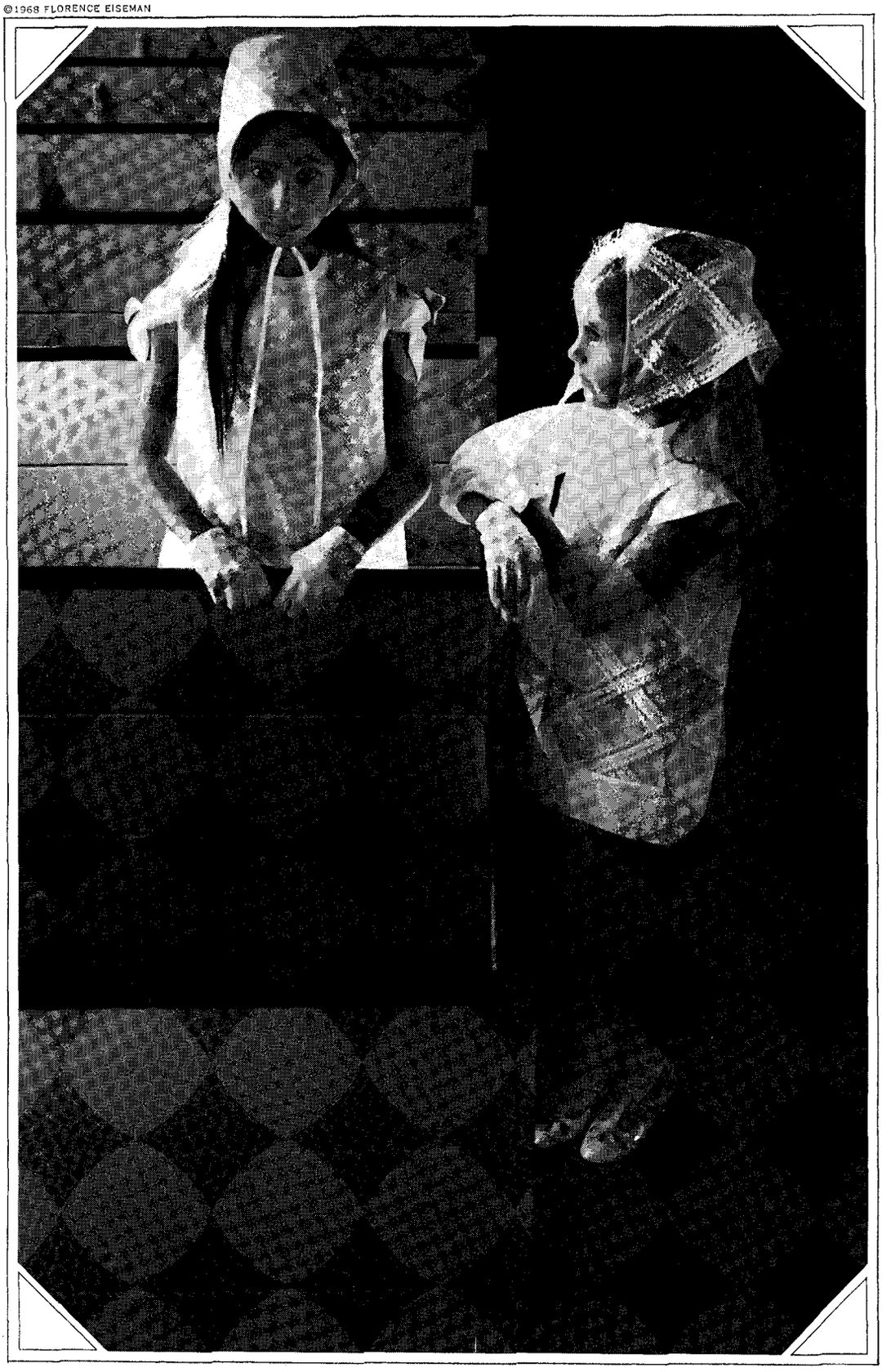

Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

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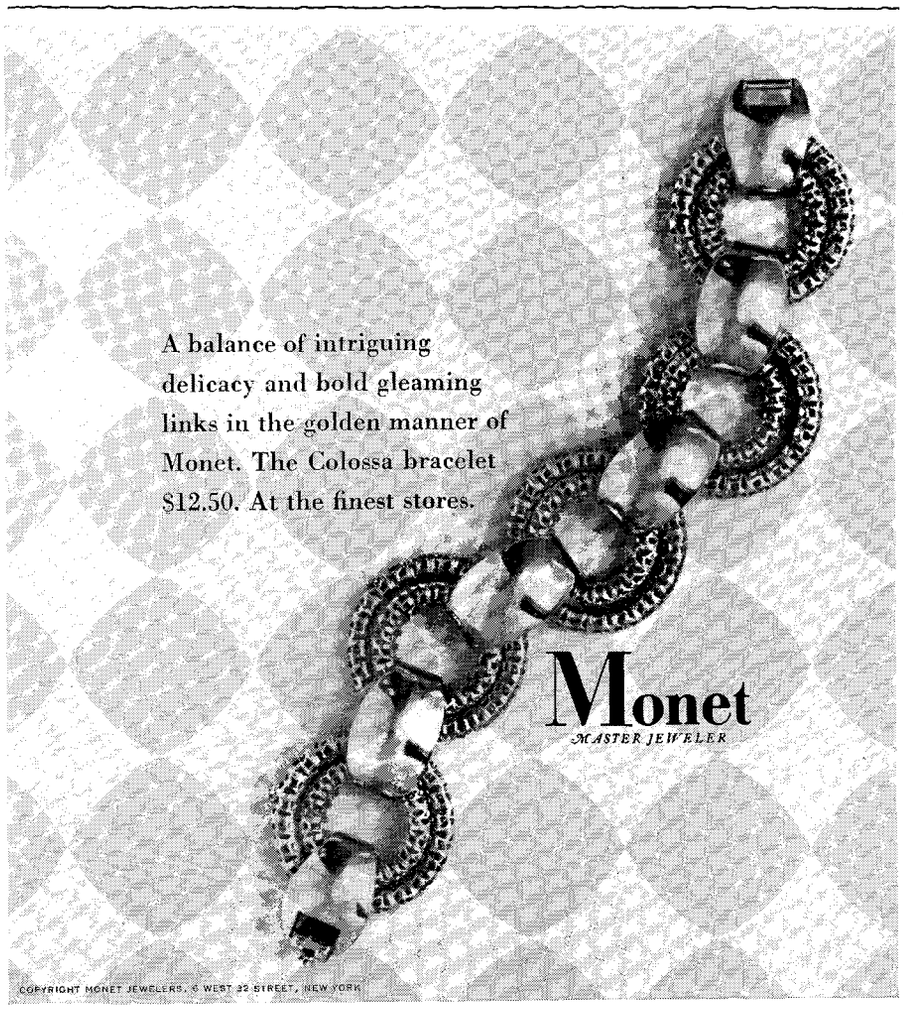

had been fired in the three and a half months since the 3rd of the 4th had arrived in Duc Pho and Mo Duc Districts. (A mission averaged nine shells.) From top to bottom, the chart read:

Type of Fire	Number of Missions
Registration	266
H & I	6266
Destruction	7
Prep	30
TOT	109
WA	66
Defensive concentration	328
Others	44

I asked the major to explain the differences between the types of fire.

"Registration fire is to check the accuracy of the gun," he replied. "We pick a spot that's easily recognizable both on a map and from the ground or air. Then we set our guns to what *should* be right, and when we see how far off the shells land we adjust the gun's aiming device to correct any inaccuracies. Junctions of streams provide good, clear targets for registration fire. So do road junctions, but we sometimes have trouble getting clearance for those." He laughed. "H.-and-i. fire can originate with just about anyone, and we just make a general clearance check for that. That is, we check to see if there are any friendlies in the area." By "friendlies" he meant United States or Korean or ARVN troops. He continued, "Destruction fire is when someone says 'I want that bunker.' A specific point on the ground. Some kinds of fire are considered on target within about three hundred metres of the coördinate. 'Prep' is preparation fire. It's the fire we put on a landing zone before the troops go in. 'TOT' fire means 'Time on Target' fire. It's a kind of artillery surprise attack. We set all our batteries on the same target, decide on a time, and then fire them all out at once. 'WA' means 'Will Adjust.' This is fire where they want to make sure where it goes, so they have a forward observer, or someone else, who actually observes where the shells are landing, and tells the battery how far off they are."

I asked the major whether this meant that other types of fire went unobserved.

"When I said that all fire was observed, what I meant was that someone always sees the target sometime before it's hit," the major answered, and he went on, "Defensive concentration fire is put down all around the company when they are bedding down for the night. First, we put in some check rounds to get the fire on target, and then, if there is trouble

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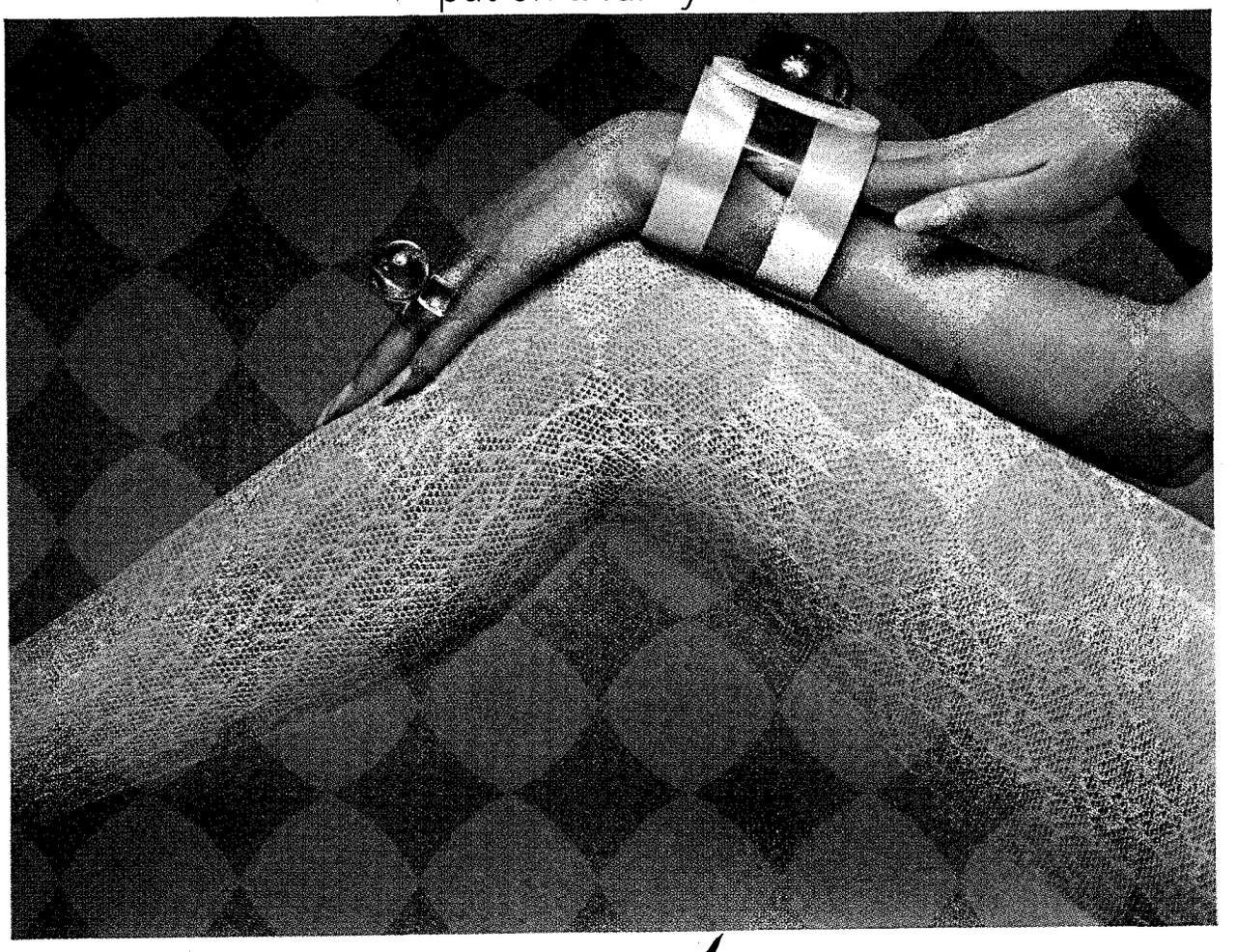

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later at night, the gun is already adjusted and the fire is there."

In the three and a half months since the 3rd of the 4th had arrived, the batteries at Duc Pho alone had fired 64,044 shells into the populated flatlands of Mo Duc and Duc Pho Districts. (This figure does not include shells fired by the Navy from the South China Sea, or shells fired from batteries taken out into the field to supply direct support to operations.) Another chart listed the number of enemy "KIA" (for "Killed in Action") and "WIA" (for "Wounded in Action") credited to each of the batteries. "We just keep this count for ourselves," the major explained. "Actually, we don't get any credit for the kills. The ground troops get all the credit for the kills." He said that the most commonly used shell, the 105-mm., would kill anything within a radius of thirty-five metres on unobstructed flat ground, and the largest shell, the 8-inch, would kill anything within a radius of seventy-five metres under the same conditions.

An article in the August 16th edition of the *Screaming Eagle*, the weekly newspaper of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, gives an indication of the freedom with which artillery has been used in Duc Pho District. The headline is "RED LEGS CELEBRATE ON ENEMY" ("Red Leg" is the radio call sign for "artillery"), and the article reads:

DUC PHO (2/320-IO)—What began as a ceremony to fire its 250,000th round turned out to be a fire mission for the 2nd Bn., 320th Arty. recently.

On a mountain-top overlooking the Song Ve river valley, B Btry. was poised for the ceremony. Lt. Col. Andrew Bolcar, Knoxville, Tenn., stood near the 105 howitzer, lanyard in hand. Nearby the color guard stood at attention, flags blowing in the breeze. The ceremony was about to begin.

Then a message came up from the fire direction center. B Co. of the 2nd Bn., 327th Inf., had made contact with the enemy and needed artillery support. Commands were given and adjustments made on the gun sightings. Colonel Bolcar pulled the lanyard and the 250,000th round was on its way to enemy positions.

"There couldn't have been a better way to fire a milestone round than at the enemy," said Bolcar.

The *Screaming Eagle* does not say where the two-hundred-and-fifty-thousandth round was headed before the decision was made to fire it at the enemy.

That same night, to make further inquiries about the estimated fifty-two thousand people who still lived in areas that were being shelled with artillery

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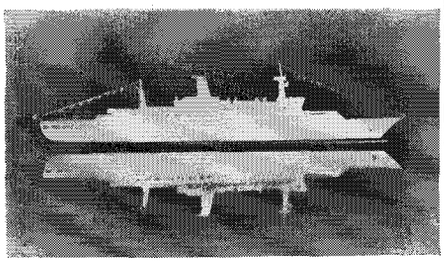

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fire in Duc Pho, I visited Captain Converse B. Smith, who was in charge of the 3rd of the 4th's Civil Affairs Office. Captain Smith, a tall, blond, heavy-boned ex-professional boxer, told me that the Marines had "generated ten thousand refugees" in Duc Pho before the 3rd of the 4th arrived, and that operations of the 3rd of the 4th had swelled the number to twenty thousand. "We haven't been able to do any resettling yet," he said. "The district doesn't have enough troops. We can't secure areas yet. The trouble is that we weren't included in the plan for Pacification and Revolutionary Development for 1967. When Task Force Oregon came, the money wasn't available at the provincial level. They didn't think that we would be ready for it yet. But these districts are ready now for a tremendous Pacification Program. Those people who are still out there had a choice. If they want to come into the secured area, they can come in."

I asked him about the people who had been brought into the camps and then released again.

"We never turn away anyone who says that he *wants* to stay," he answered. "But what are we going to do? When our boys get into a fight, we can't just let the women and children get killed out there, so we bring them in. They are taken to the police and talk to the refugee people, but some of them are inevitably ticked off, and take their sticks on their shoulders and go on back. A lot of times, villagers will allow the V.C. to fight from their village, but they are released again after they are taken and interrogated, even though we *know* that they are V.C. A couple of times, we took the same people out of the same general area three or four times, but they didn't lock them up. We *know* they are all V.C., but the interrogators let them go back again."

I asked Captain Smith whether he expected the villagers to support our Army.

"It boils down to this—they've got to make a decision, one side or the other," he said. "We're here to support the government of South Vietnam, and they are the citizens, and if they want to end this war and get the V.C. killed *they've got to decide*. They can tell us when the V.C. come into the village. They have to stop giving the V.C. food and letting the V.C. fight from their villages. Many Vietnamese get apathetic. This is a feeling that unfortunately many people have in this country. We've got the same problem back in our country. We're spilling blood over here, but a lot of the people don't seem to care."

I asked Captain Smith how he expected a villager to inform on the Vietcong to our soldiers when we could not protect him in his village afterward.

"We have a secret informing system," the Captain replied. "We have many secret contacts. The V.C. don't know about it. And the people have had a chance to come to the government-controlled areas if they wanted to. It is up to them to tell us."

THE commonest tactic of large-scale American military operations in Quang Ngai was to suddenly lift troops in on all sides of a reported enemy unit in an attempt to close a trap on it and destroy it. By the end of August, the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division had attempted three times in Quang Ngai, and also once in Quang Tin, to trap a large enemy force in this way—first in Operation Malheur I, next in Operation Malheur II, then in Operation Hood River, and, finally, in Operation Benton, this last being in Quang Tin—but in each case the trap had closed empty, and the brigade had had to measure the success of the operation by the amount of small-unit fighting it encountered, which was often considerable. In Duc Pho and Mo Duc Districts, the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Division had been fighting on a different principle. Instead of conducting large sweeps according to a detailed plan, it had been sending many company-size units into different parts of the field simultaneously and maneuvering them according to day-to-day assessments of the situation in each small area. On the briefing maps, the paths of a half-dozen units twisted, turned, and doubled back on each other. By the end of August, all the units were operating in an area where most of the villages had already been destroyed, and a great part of their effort consisted in searching for the enemy in networks of tunnels that honeycombed the area.

This area included the region in which it had been estimated that there were still some fifty-two thousand people living, and because these people used the tunnels as their dwellings, and also hid in them when air strikes, artillery fire, or ground fire alerted them to the approach of American troops, the greatest problem that the 3rd of the

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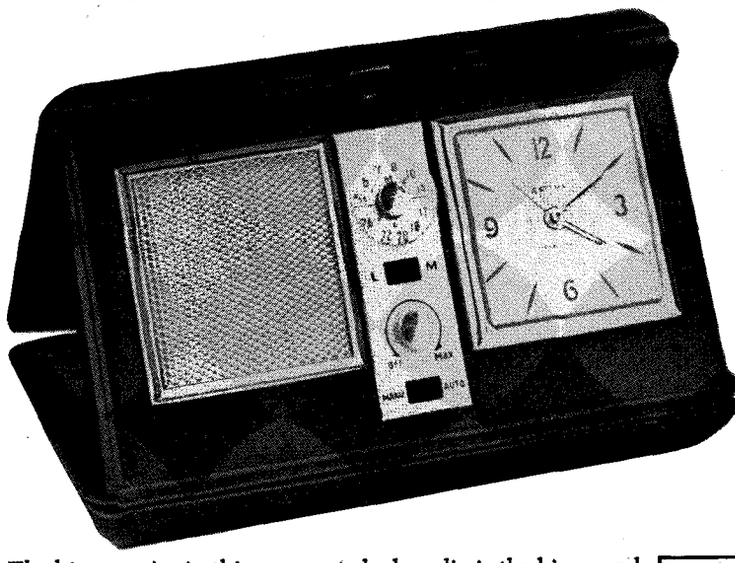

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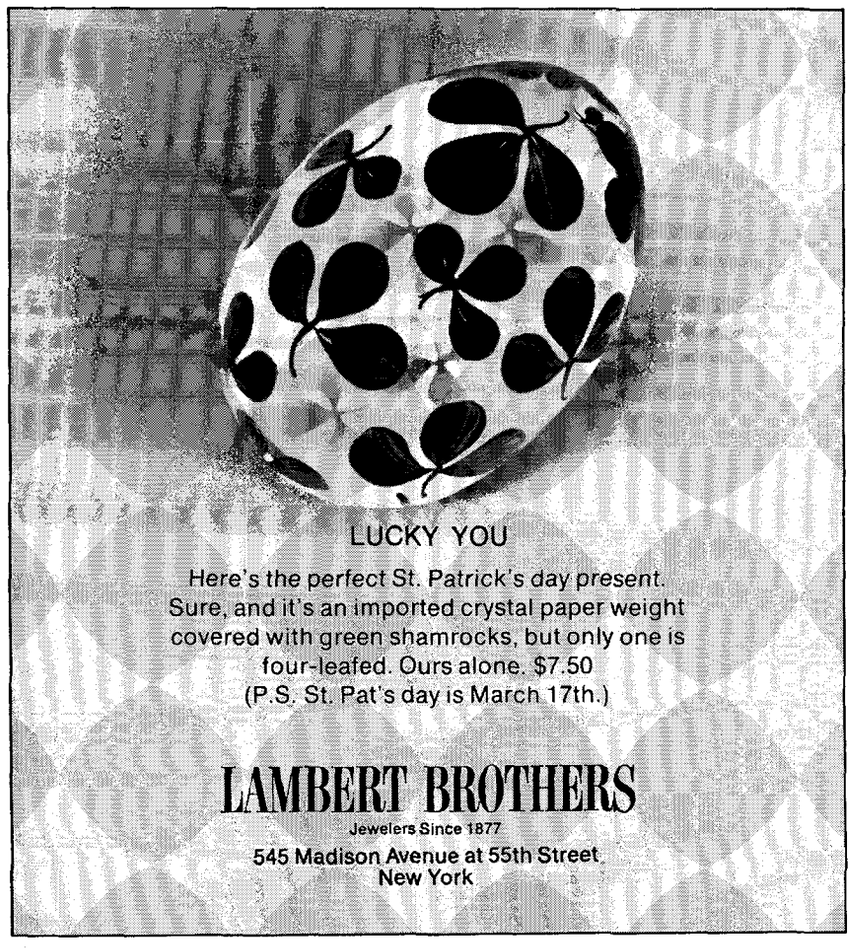

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4th faced in conducting tunnel warfare was to distinguish enemy soldiers from civilians. Furthermore, the reprisals against the villages had impelled a number of women, old people, and children to take up arms against our troops. Many Vietnamese of the district threw their lives away in desperate, impossible attacks on our troops—attacks that were apparently motivated by pure rage. I heard one officer tell wonderingly of two old men who had rushed a tank column carrying only rifles. "That's when I stopped worrying about shooting the old men," he added. A G.I. told me that he had discovered an old woman trying—and failing—to fire a machine gun at his unit while two small children attempted to guide the ammunition belt into the firing chamber. In the mountain valleys, there had been several cases of attacks with bows and arrows.

Of the civilians in general, an officer related, "We've had tremendous difficulty in hunting them out of the tunnels. We usually try to persuade them with loudspeaker teams to come out, but they just won't. So sometimes we pump tear gas into the tunnel and then blow the place up. I remember once there were several people in the tunnel and we sent down two V.C. defectors in front of our tunnel rat." "Tunnel rat" is a nickname given to American soldiers—usually small soldiers—who have been chosen to enter the tunnels to search for supplies and for the enemy. "After they had gone down about two levels, someone in there fired on them. They came out and we talked some more with loudspeakers, but whoever was down there wouldn't come out. We must have blown half of that hillside away."

After the teller of the story said this, another officer, who had been listening, leaned over the table and said hurriedly, "Of course, we knew that there were some hard-core V.C. down there with those people."

The first officer continued, "Often the local V.C. will be armed with only one hand grenade. Once, we made an announcement into a tunnel and a grenade flew out and killed one of our soldiers. Then a kid about fourteen years old ran out, and we shot him. The grenade was all he had. But I guess he had completed his mission. He had killed an American."

In the *Screaming Eagle*, which relates each week's most dramatic combat stories, there appeared on August 30th an account of one of the 1st of the 101st's tunnel-warfare episodes during the period when this brigade was con-

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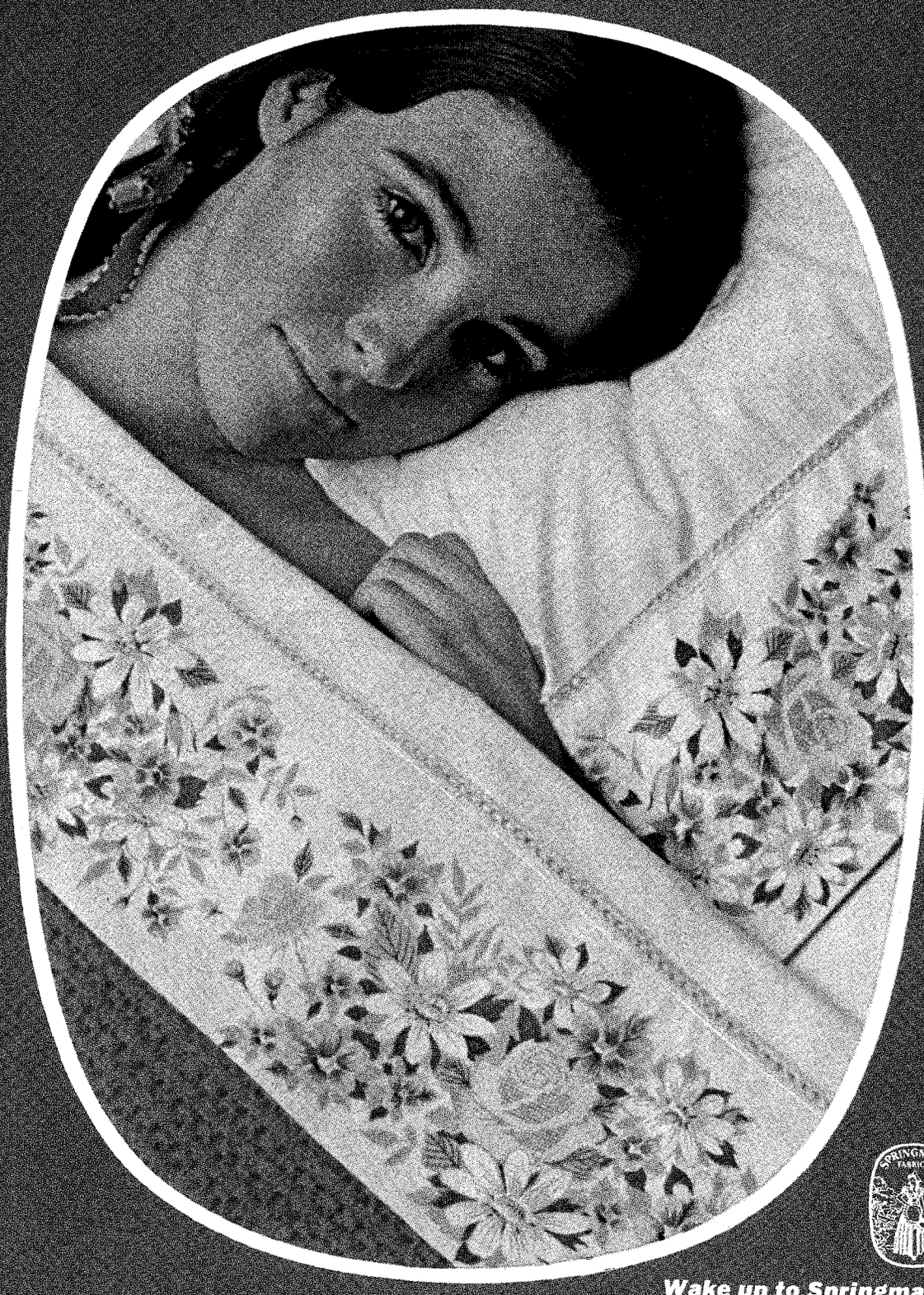

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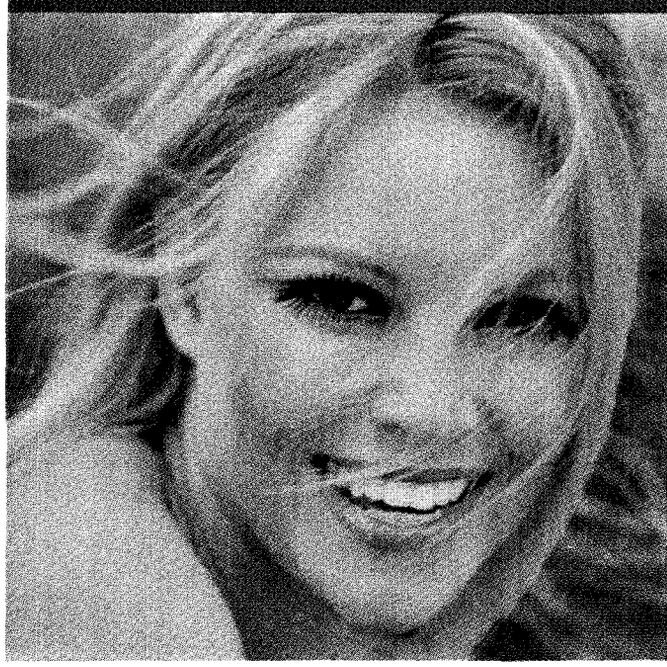

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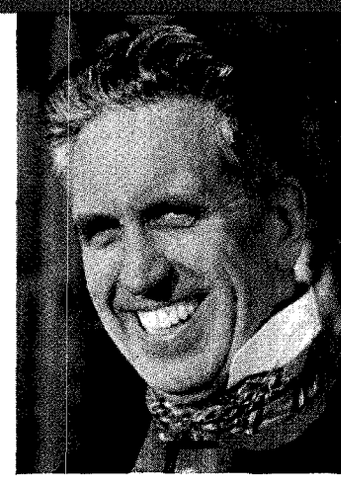

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ducting Operation Malheur I. Under the headline "CONG YANKS CONG," it read:

In a day-long hide and seek contest, paratroopers of the 101st Airborne matched Communist resistance with American determination and won the prize—feet first.... Spec. 4 Donald R. Kinton, Kreole, Miss., entered the cave and the quartet began enlarging the hole in the cave floor.

Once the hole was expanded, Kinton, armed with a lighted torch, crawled into the tunnel.

He saw a VC about to pull the pin on a grenade. Kinton thrust the burning torch into his face and scrambled out of the tunnel.

The grenade was a dud.

Disgusted with the stubborn enemy, the paratroopers dropped several grenades into the tunnel opening.

When the smoke and dust cleared away, one VC crawled out of the hole and surrendered....

Legari [Pfc. Vito Legari, West Islip, Long Island, New York] decided to enter the tunnel for a look around. An enemy bullet zipped by his head.

The paratroopers pulled back to map new strategy. Third Platoon joined them in suggesting tactics they hoped would force the stubborn enemy to surrender.

A Claymore [a mine that can be aimed to project steel pellets in a given direction] was set off in the tunnel opening.

The VC responded by throwing out a grenade.

Another dud.

The prisoner was sent back to the tunnel opening where he tried to talk his comrades into surrendering.

Nothing happened.

In contempt, Staff Sgt. James A. Ross, Canton, Ohio, dropped another grenade into the tunnel and brought the prisoner back again to persuade them to surrender.

One of the hesitant VC responded, bringing two weapons with him. He explained there was one Viet Cong left in the tunnel and two dead.

Apparently, the report of one remaining stubborn VC was too much for Mr. Pham Minh Cong, interpreter working with "A" Company.

In anger, Mr. Cong threw his helmet to the ground, went into the tunnel and came back dragging the last VC by his heels.

It had taken nearly all day to capture the three prisoners, but it was worth it. The platoon had captured an area VC commander, his assistant, 70 pounds of documents, more than 700 pounds of rice, a typewriter, and medical supplies.

In conversations and in the *Screaming Eagle* I found very little hatred for the enemy expressed. More often, I heard expressions of respect, especially when the enemy was compared to the Vietnamese we were supporting and working with. Nonetheless, most officers spoke of very high morale among our troops. The August 16th edition of the *Screaming Eagle* ran an article on the high morale of some veteran

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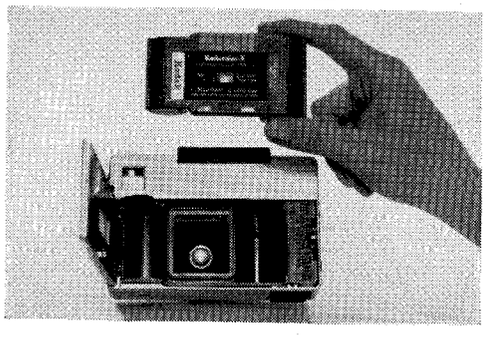

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troops which gives a picture of an attitude that the 101st's leadership regarded as a good one for the troops to have toward their work and the war. The article reads:

Duc Pho—Three paratroopers of the 101st Airborne have the unusual distinction of serving two continuous years in the same unit under seven different commanders. Each has extended his tour of duty in Vietnam a minimum of two times.

Staff Sgt. James Howard, Detroit, Staff Sgt. Pablo Gonzales, San Antonio, and Spec. 4 Roger W. Drought, Janesville, Wis., have been with Troop A of the 2nd Sqdn. (Abn), 17th Cav. since the 101st arrived in Vietnam in July, 1965.

"We sailed over on the USNS General Leroy Eltige," said Drought. "The trip took 22 days and, as I recall, we ran out of fresh water."

The three men have been everywhere in Vietnam the 101st has been sent. They agree the stay at Tuy Hoa, one of the 25 locations occupied by the Screaming Eagles, was the best.

"Tuy Hoa was great," said Drought. "There was a nice beach, a nice town, and plenty of action in the field."

The constant moving doesn't bother them.

"It's just another day's work," said Gonzales. "I've been doing it now for 20 years."

"You get used to it," added Drought. "You even begin to look forward to the moves."

Each paratrooper has seen seven troop commanders come and go. "They've all been good commanders and we have a great unit," said Gonzales. "But then we're prejudiced, having been in it for two years."

Why do men extend tours in Vietnam? The three paratroopers each had their reasons.

"Work here is better than the spit and polish of stateside duty," said Drought. "Here you can see more results of your work."

Howard believes soldiering in Vietnam to be more realistic. "When you go on alert here," he says, "it's the real thing."

Gonzales, close to retirement, thinks Vietnam is the place for a career soldier to be. "I just felt I should finish my Army career here," he said.

The three paratroopers have seen friends leave and return.

"Right now there are guys back in the brigade who have come back," said Drought. He plans to extend again and, perhaps, again.

"I encourage a man to stay if it can benefit his career," said Howard, whose tour is up in August, but [who] is considering staying. "But then no one has ever really tried to talk me into going home," he smiled.

Most of the American soldiers I met in Vietnam supported the war effort as a whole, but I also met a number who expressed doubts. One evening in late August, at the Duc Pho base, I joined a group of four draftees who had entered a small shack to get out of a heavy rain that had continued all day and was turning the base into a sea of mud. They were engaged in a lively argument about the war. Two were deeply disturbed by the war, one was doubtful about certain aspects of it, and one supported it enthusiastically. The conversation was being carried on principally between the two men who were most deeply disturbed—Brandt and Sproul, I will call them. The man who supported the war—I will call him Dehlinger—only looked up occasionally from a pistol he was cleaning to interject a few remarks. The fourth man, whom I will call Jackson, also had comparatively little to say.

"When I got here, some of the villages were wiped out, but quite a lot were still there," said Brandt, a private from California. "Then every time I went out there were a few less, and now the whole place is wiped out as far as you can see. The G.I.s are supposed to win the people's confidence, but they weren't *taught* any of that stuff. I went through that training, and I learned how to take my weapon apart and put it back together again, and how to shoot, but no one ever told me a thing about having to *love* people who look different from us and who've got an ideological orientation that's about a hundred and eighty degrees different from us. We don't understand what they're thinking. When we got here, we landed on a different planet. In Germany and Japan, I guess there was a thread of contact, but even when a Vietnamese guy speaks perfect English *I* don't know what the hell he's talking about."

"No one has any feelings for the Vietnamese," said Sproul, a private from Texas. "They're lost. The trouble is, no one sees the Vietnamese as people. They're not people. Therefore, it doesn't matter what you do to them."

"We interrogate our prisoners in the field, and if they don't coöperate that's it," said Brandt. "Our prisoners are usually people that we have just picked up in a hamlet that should've been cleared. But there are insufficient facilities for the people in the refugee camps, so they come back, and they're automatically considered V.C. Then we give it to 'em."

"Those V.C.s are hard to break," said Sproul. "One time, I seen a real vicious sarge tie a V.C. upside down by the feet to the runners of a chopper and drag him three thousand feet in the air, swinging out over the paddies. When he came down, hell, he was blabbering it. Another time, I seen them get a bunch of V.C.s in a chopper. They push out one first, and then

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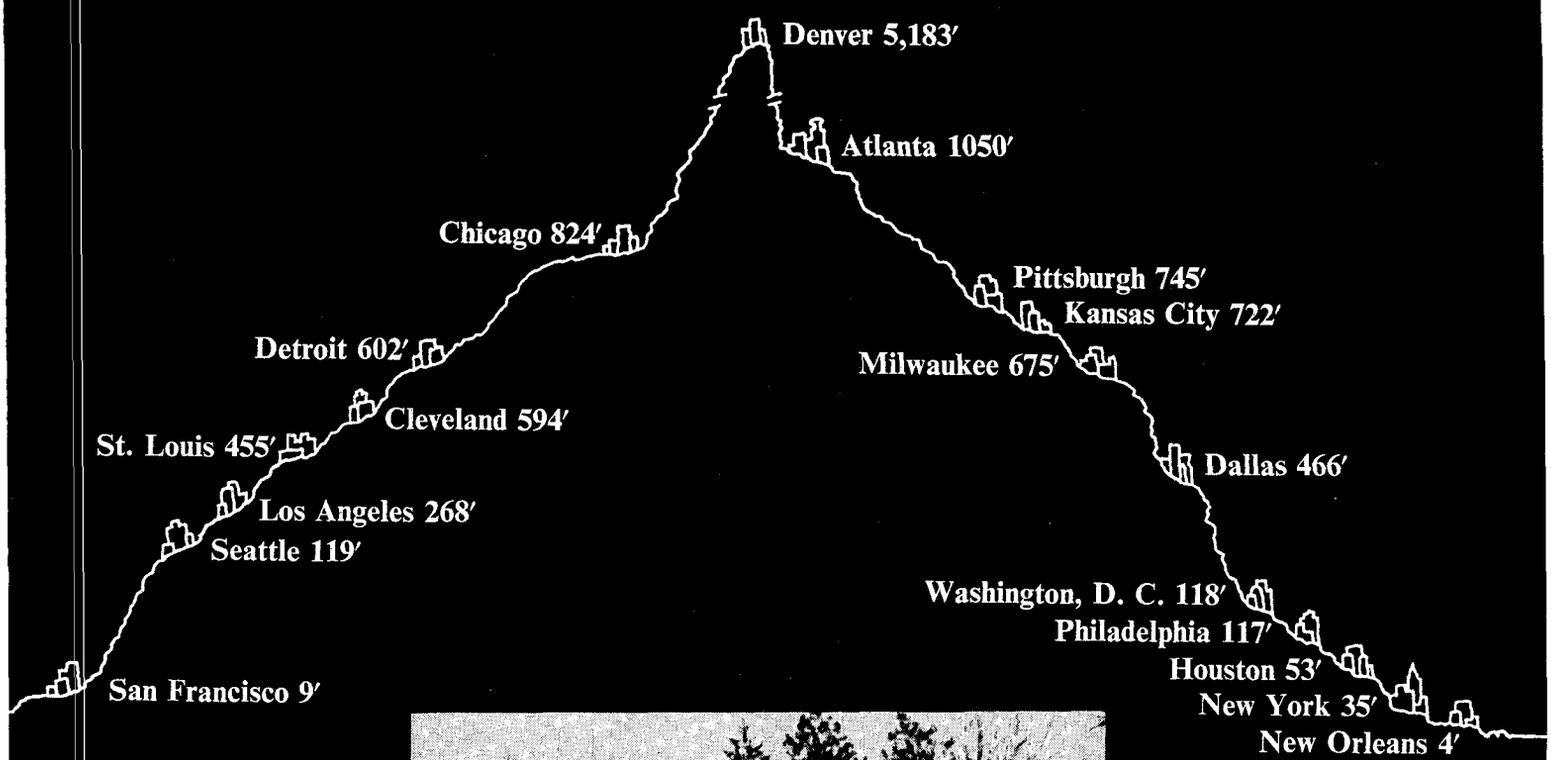

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tell the others that if they don't talk they go out with him. And they talk."

I asked Sproul what he was going to tell people about the war when he returned to the United States.

"Maybe when I go home I'll just crawl back inside myself, and not say a word," he answered. "Things are so violent nobody would believe it. And I don't want to die of frustration trying to convince them."

(The remark "They wouldn't believe it back home" was one that I heard almost every day in Quang Ngai, from the many who supported the war as well as from the minority who did not. While I was riding in a jeep at the Chu Lai base, the driver, who had spent time in the field, suddenly turned to me and said, "You wouldn't believe the things that go on in this war."

"What things?" I asked.

"You wouldn't believe it," he said, with finality.

"What kind of things, then?" I asked.

"You wouldn't believe it, so I'm not going to tell you," he said, shaking his head to show his determination not to tell me. "No one's ever going to find out about some things, and after this war is over, and we've all gone home, no one is ever going to know."

I could not persuade him to elaborate.)

In response to what Sproul had said, Jackson, who was from Georgia, spoke up. "I know. I've seen all that stuff. I've seen the G.I.s out in the field get angry and beat people up—women and all—but I just turn myself off. I know it's wrong, but I just don't say anything about it."

The conversation in the shack turned to the question of whether we should be in Vietnam at all. Sproul thought we should not be. Brandt was unhappy with the war, but he was afraid that we might have to fight another war somewhere else if we didn't fight this one. Jackson thought we should drop nuclear bombs on North Vietnam, and on China, too, if necessary, rather than continue to fight what he saw as an unwinnable war in South Vietnam.

When Communist China was mentioned, Dehlinger looked up to say, "They killed a Red Chinese at Kontum."

"How do you know he was a Chinese?" Brandt asked.

"They can tell by the way they look."

"Well, how did they know he was a *Red* Chinese?"

"Any old Chinaman comes from

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China, doesn't he?" Dehlinger answered, and he went on to say, "I've seen about forty dinks get zapped in the field, and I can tell you that I want to get out there and pop some more dinks!" The four soldiers all laughed at this sudden resolute declaration.

A few minutes later, Brandt said, "Yesterday, I was out on a Medevac"—a Medevac is a helicopter that carries the wounded from the field to hospitals—"and three civilians had got shot up real bad. There was a little boy and two women. One of them was really messed up. She had three or four major bandages. But they were just chuckin' her onto the helicopter like cordwood. There was a strap hanging down from the ceiling of the chopper with a buckle on it, and it slapped the woman in the face as they tossed her in. Now, some G.I. could have pushed that buckle aside and *then* put her in, couldn't he? And her blanket blew off, leaving her sort of half naked. Now, you'd think that some G.I. would have put that blanket *on* again. But no. I remember once, when I was on a ski slope, I broke my leg. It was excruciating! I remember when the guy came along to take off my boot he was real careful not to cause me any more pain, and I really remember that. You really remember kindness when you're really suffering. Like if someone does something nice for you when your mother dies. That's when you really remember it. They drop those millions of leaflets, but they won't put on the blanket."

ON August 19th, I flew in a "bubble," or OH-23, helicopter over the northern twenty kilometres of the coast of Duc Pho and Mo Duc Districts, and had a chance to view at first hand the areas I had seen on the Duc Pho artillery maps and had been discussing with the men of the 3rd of the 4th for the last several days. The OH-23 seats two people inside a clear-plastic bubble that affords a view in all directions except through a small steel plate underfoot and through the seat backs. The engine sits, uncovered, directly behind the bubble, and supports the long rotor blades on a metal shaft; behind the engine a thin, sticklike tail supports a small rear rotor. The machine rests on narrow metal runners. Originally, the Army had brought the OH-23 to Vietnam strictly for reconnaissance flights, but the 3rd of the 4th had converted it into a gunship by dangling an automatic weapon by a piece of wire in the open doorway on one side of the bubble. The OH-23

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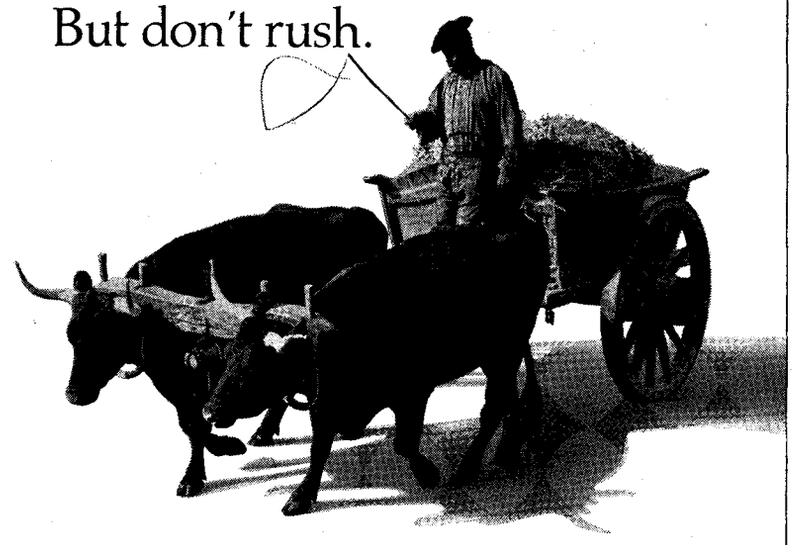

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pilots, who were Army men, went out daily over the destroyed, but still inhabited, areas on what they called "squirrel-hunting missions," to find the enemy and either kill them with the dangling machine gun or call for artillery fire. They informed me that in the course of three months their body count had reached fifty-two, which was more than the larger Huey gunships of the 3rd of the 4th could claim for that period. "The Huey has to start its run on a target from much farther away than we do, and has to pull off sooner, and it can't fly low at all," a young pilot told me while I was talking with a group of OH-23 pilots.

I asked whether they considered everybody who remained in the destroyed areas to be one of the enemy.

"They've had a chance to get out," the pilots' commanding officer answered. "But they're not *all* V.C., I guess. Sometimes they just go back to their fields. But anyone of military age is a pretty sure bet as a V.C. It's definitely a V.C.-controlled area. We've got shot at in that area ever since we got here. A lot of times, you see a guy taking a shot at you and a woman and kid are standing right nearby. I used to hesitate to call artillery strikes on them, but I'm getting over that now."

The purpose of the flight I went on was only to convey me from the Duc Pho base to the city of Quang Ngai, but the pilot offered to take me on a detour over the areas where he and his fellow-pilots hunted the enemy. Since there was no gunner aboard, it would not be possible to fire on anyone the pilot might identify as a Vietcong soldier during our flight. We left shortly after five o'clock—about half an hour before sunset. Flying in the bubble gives one an entirely different sensation from flying in any other aircraft. In contrast to the Huey helicopter, a ten-passenger craft that takes off and lands slowly and hesitantly, like a boat leaving or approaching a pier, the bubble seems to leap effortlessly into the air, like an elevator in a modern office building. Aloft, you find that as you face forward or to either side no part of the helicopter is visible except the control panel at the front, the tiny floor, and the edge of your seat, which sticks out several inches beyond the edge of the floor. Most helicopters fly over the landscape, above the treetops and house roofs, but the bubble flies *within* the landscape—often among the trees and level with the houses, when they are not too close together. Above rice fields, it easily skims along at an altitude of six or eight feet. Flying in this tiny, agile craft, with all the machinery out of sight behind you, you feel a tremendous freedom to go wherever you please—as though you could alight on a tree branch, like a bird, or fly right in at the door of someone's house and then out through a window.

As we flew east toward the coast, I saw that the destroyed area began on the outskirts of the base. Tracks made by tanks, bulldozers, and armored personnel-carriers crisscrossed the red-earth foundations of the houses; not even the ruins were left standing. We soon passed beyond these former villages and arrived over a wide belt of rice fields lying between Route 1 and the coast. The fields were covered with craters but were still cultivated; people wearing the loose black garment of the Vietnamese peasant were bent over at work in the rows of rice. The fields were littered with scraps of paper, which covered the field divides and had sunk into the shallow water between them. The pilot explained that these were Psychological Warfare leaflets. (An average of a million leaflets were being dropped on Quang Ngai Province every day.) We crossed a tree line at the eastern edge of the rice fields and entered an area where the homes of between twenty and thirty thousand people had been loosely grouped in villages along a coastal strip that was about twenty kilometres long and four kilometres wide. The houses along this strip had been destroyed almost without exception. In the coastal area of Duc Pho District, approximately two-thirds of the houses had clay-and-bamboo walls with thatched roofs, and the rest had stone walls with red tile roofs. Where soldiers had set fire to a house on the ground, the back-yard garden and fence, the well, the hedge, the stone gateposts, and the surrounding palm glade or bamboo grove remained standing, but the house that had provided a focus for this setting, and had received the shade of the trees, was missing; only a square of ashes and debris remained on the foundation. In places where the villages had been shelled, bombed, or strafed, the destruction had not been so selective. "General-purpose" bombs had sent out hails of steel fragments and shock waves, and, near their craters, the upward force of the blasts had torn off the leafy tops of the palm trees, leaving

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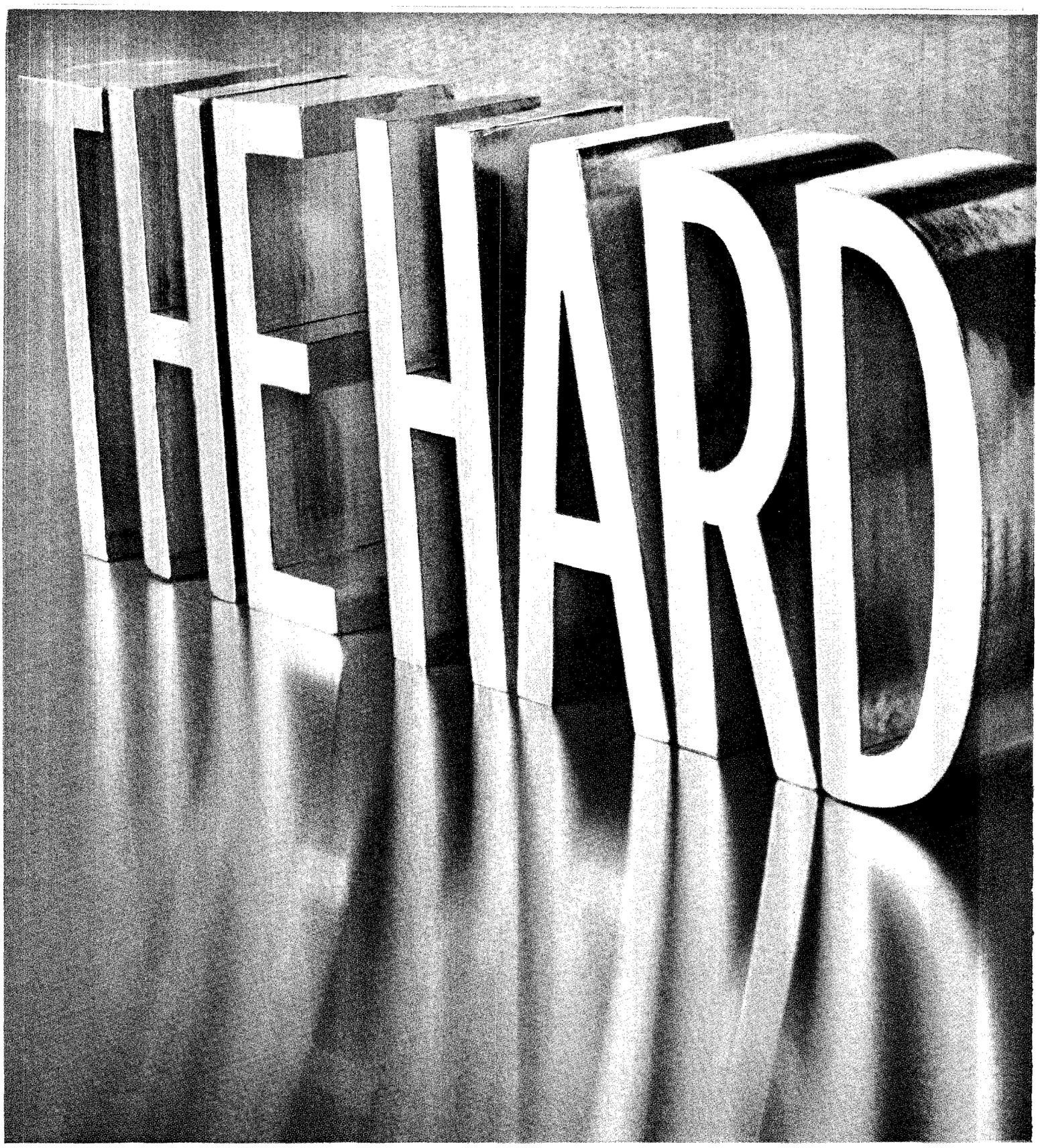

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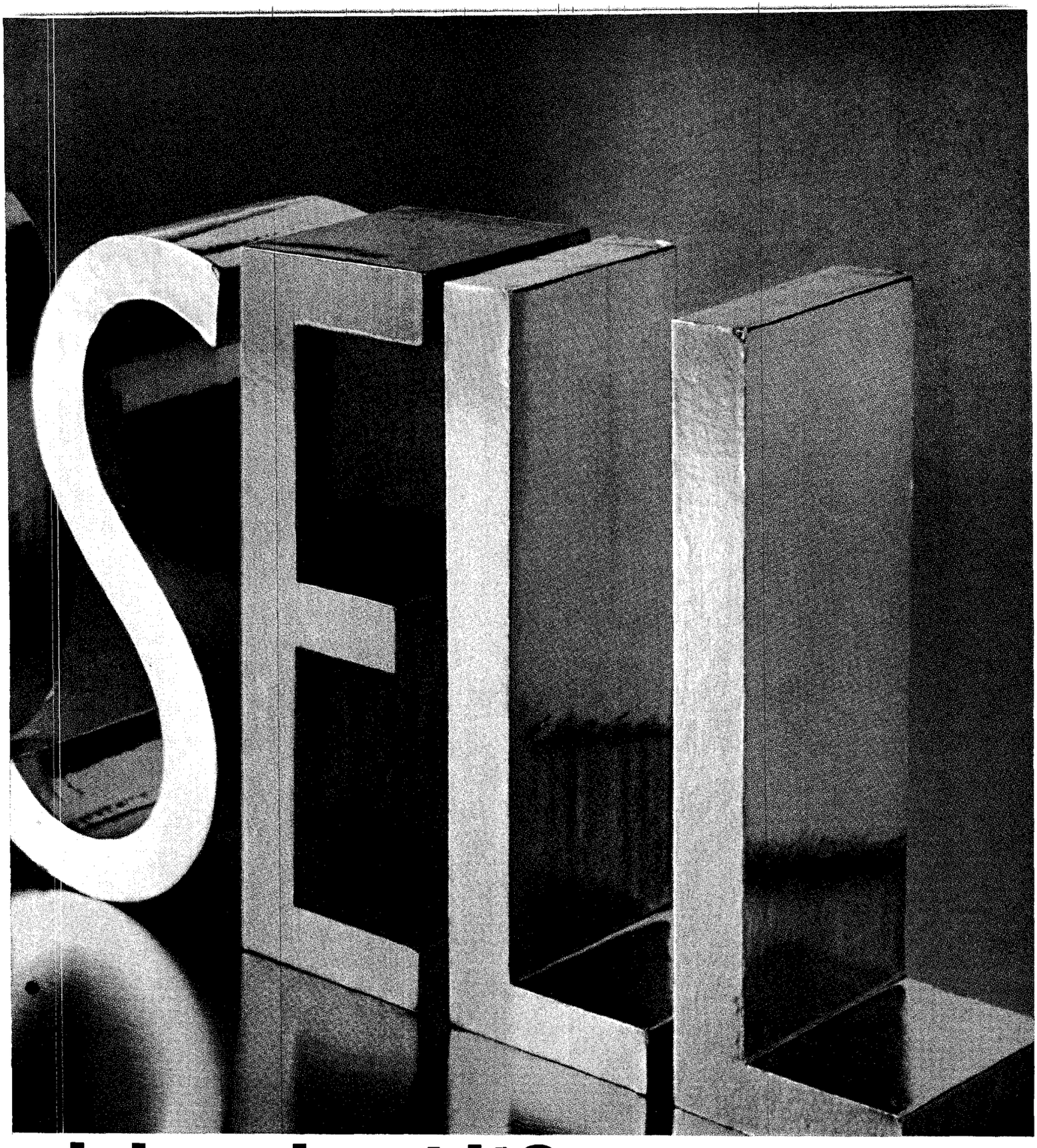

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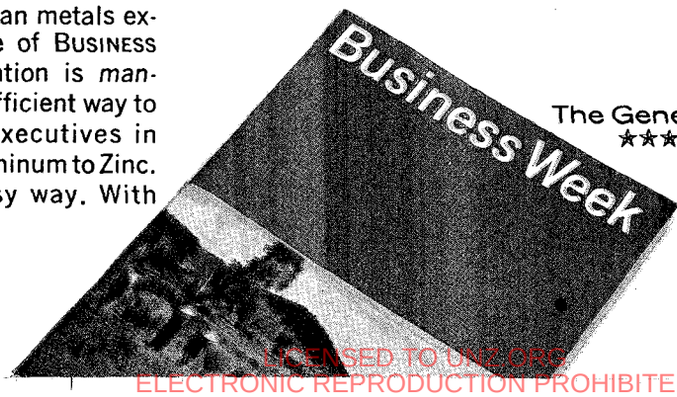

The General Magazine of Business
★★★★★

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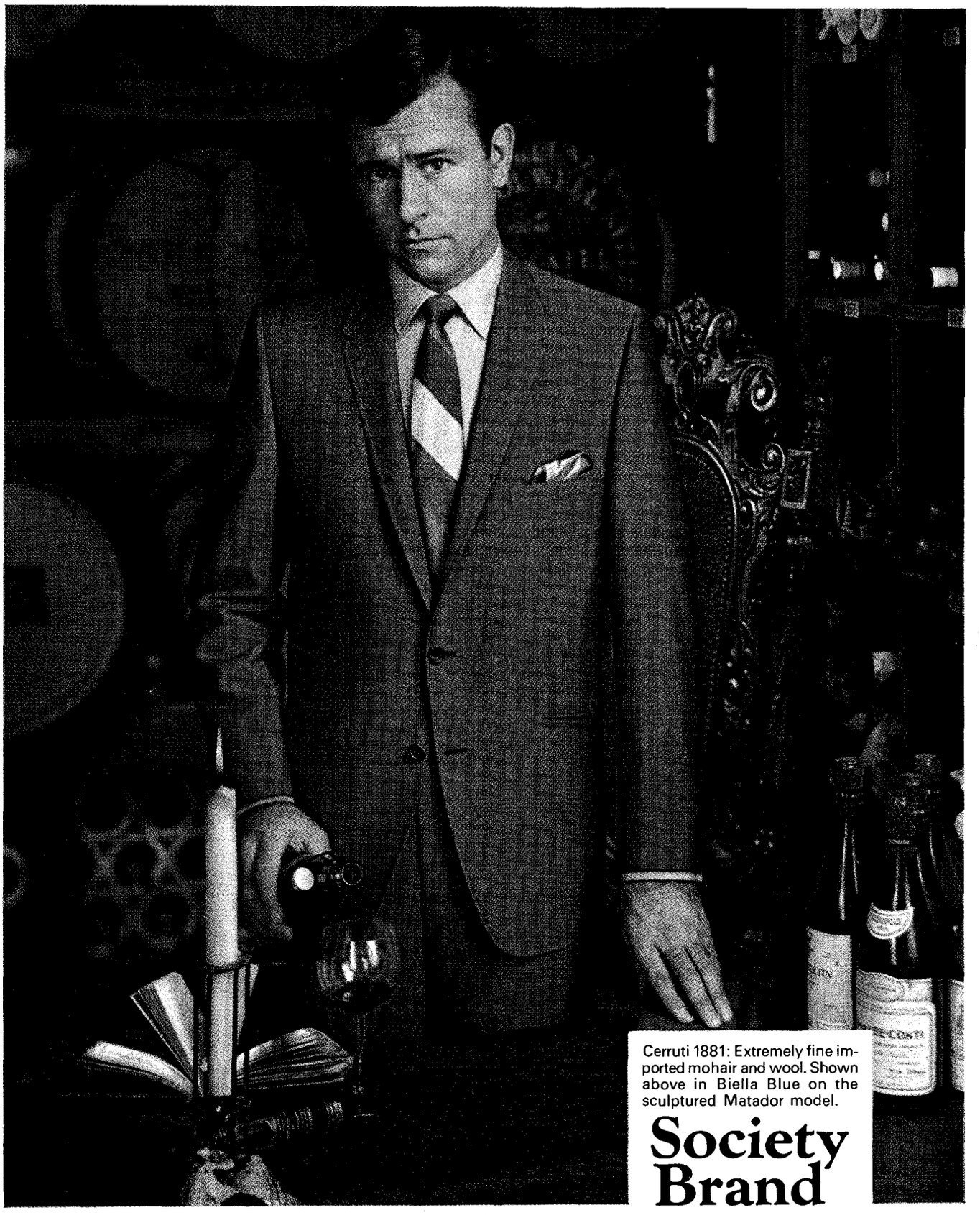
A would-be wine connoisseur told us that 1881 was a good year for Cerruti. When we pointed out that Cerruti 1881 was a fabric found in Society Brand suits, he switched to sarsaparilla.



Cerruti 1881: Extremely fine imported mohair and wool. Shown above in Biella Blue on the sculptured Matador model.

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only the trunks standing, with their shattered tips pointing at the sky. Shrapnel had cut down many trees halfway up their trunks, or lopped off their branches, or, in places, thrown whole trees fifty or a hundred yards into adjacent fields. In places where napalm had been used, the yards and fields were blackened and leafless in large splotches. Many artillery and bomb craters were partly filled with leaflets that had been carried across the fields by winds. It did not appear that the destruction had been carried out systematically. The ruins of most of the villages displayed the marks of many methods of destruction. Knowing that the artillery often simply "covered" large areas several kilometres on a side with harassment-and-interdiction fire over a period of days, I found the senseless-looking pattern of craters—dotting the open fields as well as the tree lines and the villages—more understandable. Tanks and armored personnel-carriers had cut their own roads through the landscape. Apparently, the drivers had chosen to travel through the fields rather than use the existing roads, which were likely to be mined.

The families who had returned from the camps, or had just stayed on in the area, lived underground. The dark mouths of their caves dotted the tree lines of the back yards. As we flew overhead, whole families sitting in the yards of destroyed houses tilted their heads up and froze in position to watch us out of sight. It was nearly six o'clock now, and many families were crouching around fires, cooking their dinners. Pots, bedding, and a few pieces of furniture lay out in the yards. In some places, the spindly frames of tiny huts had appeared. Everywhere there were mounds of hay about three feet high, and I later found out that these were small, wall-less individual sleeping shelters consisting of straw thatching mounted on sticks. Some people had built their straw shelters out in the center of the fields, away from trees and bunkers—perhaps because they knew that our Army, believing all bunkers and caves to have been constructed by the Vietcong as fortifications, treated them as prime military targets. Firewood, most of it beams from the destroyed houses, lay about in piles. Children played in the dust, and generally there were far more children, women, and old people in sight than men. Small boys were riding in from the fields on the backs of water buffalo. The pilot noticed artillery shells sending up puffs of whitish smoke in several spots near one edge of these fields, and

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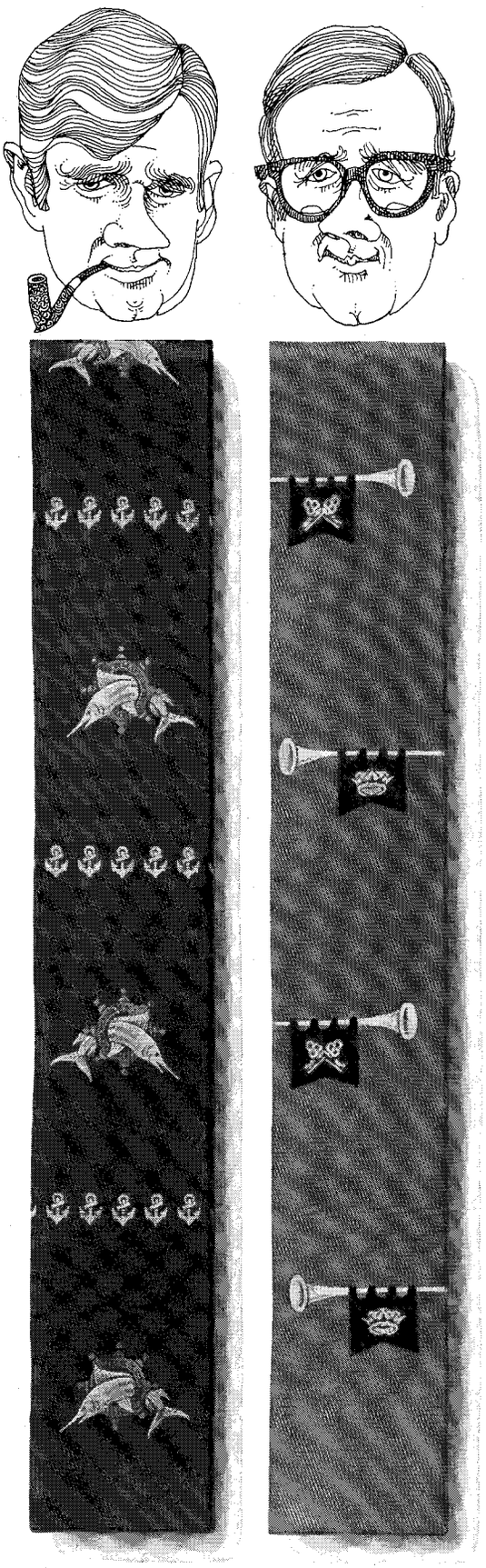

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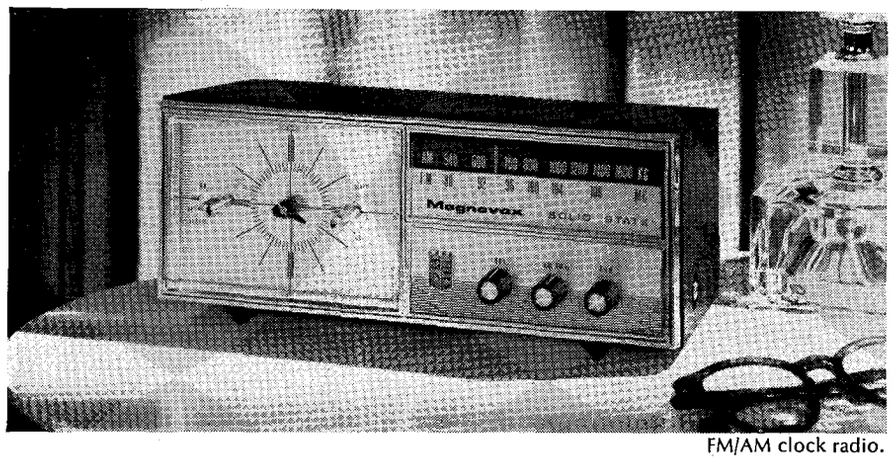

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took care to skirt the area by about a kilometre. The people below continued to work outside their shelters and did not show any sign of noticing the artillery shells that were exploding nearby. The pilot flew the bubble out over the rice fields, and we raced across them at a height of fifteen feet. He pointed out a few scraps of twisted metal and machinery lying in a scorched circle in one of the fields and said that his helicopter had been shot down there a month before. He and his gunner had landed without injury. Once they were on the ground, guerrillas had shot at them from a tree line, and they had fired back. Fifteen minutes later, they had been rescued by another helicopter. A minute or so after he'd pointed out the spot where he crashed, he performed one of the bubble's many aerial stunts. He raced toward the tree line and then, when it seemed that we would crash into the trees, suddenly brought the helicopter sharply upward and arrested its forward motion, so that it rolled up over the trees and house ruins and came to a stop in the air as though it had been caught head on by a blast of wind. As we floated slowly just above the half-destroyed trees, the pilot exclaimed, "Look! There's one!" In a rising tone of tense excitement, he continued, "See? See? He's hiding!" I looked down and saw a youth crouching on a path next to a line of trees. The pilot wheeled the bubble and headed it back toward the youth, who then stood up and began to chop at a log with an axe. "See? Now he's pretending to be working!" the pilot said. An instant later, he cried out, "Look! There's another. She's hiding! See how she's hiding?" I looked down and saw that as our bubble drifted in a slow arc a woman in black edged carefully around a thin tree, always keeping on the opposite side of the trunk from the bubble.

We flew inland to the other side of Route 1, where the villages had also been destroyed. Rushing low across the darkening landscape, we passed over a field of tall grass, and the pilot said, "I killed four there. They ran for a bunker, but they didn't make it." We came to a destroyed village that had stood in the shade of rows of trees. A line of smoke rose from an orange dot of flame in a thicket, and the pilot said, "There's a V.C. havin' his supper. There shouldn't be anyone down there. He shouldn't be there." We began to fly a meandering seaward course down the Song Ve, which marked the boundary between the 3rd of the 4th's Area of Responsibility and

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the South Vietnamese Army's Tactical Area of Responsibility. A naked boy stood washing a smaller naked boy in a broad bend of the river, which was clear, with a sandy bottom. The two froze and watched as our helicopter passed over them. The spans of two bridges lay twisted in the river. On the south bank, where the 3rd of the 4th had been operating, piles of bricks and ashes and skeletons of blackened poles stood on the foundations of houses, and the fields were brown or black, or had gone wild, but on the north bank, where the South Vietnamese Army had been operating, the trees and fields were full and green—it might have been a different season there—and the houses remained standing, next to their vegetable gardens, yards, and palm trees. As we returned toward Route 1, we crossed over to the north bank. Smoke from supper fires rose from dark courtyards. People carrying loads on shoulder poles walked homeward down the sides of the road, and girls glided down other roads on bicycles. When the pilot set me down on a small helicopter pad within the American Advisory compound on the edge of Quang Ngai City, night had fallen. Inside the compound, all was American, and there was nothing to indicate that I had not magically been set down within the United States itself.

The buildings of the compound were of white clapboard, and neatly ordered, and the busy sound of conversation floated out of a brightly lit dining hall, where food was being served buffet style. Soldiers and civilian advisers with fresh shirts and neatly combed hair laughed and chatted as they entered an air-conditioned movie theatre. I went into the officers' bar and sat down next to a table of officers who were singing as they drank. Their voices were loud and unrestrained, and they banged their glasses on the table to keep time. The lyrics of one of the songs—a song that was apparently meant, in part, to ridicule the idea that civilians are unnecessarily killed by our air strikes, and one that I was to hear again, in many variations, during my stay in Quang Ngai—went:

> Bomb the schools and churches.
> Bomb the rice fields, too.
> Show the children in the courtyards
> What napalm can do.

IN June, while the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division was operating in Duc Pho District, the men of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, whose motto is "No slack," moved to the northwest to launch Operation Malheur II. (The 1st of the 101st named this operation and its predecessor Malheur after a town in Oregon, and not because the word means, in French, "misfortune," or "woe.") Operation Malheur II was the first of a series of three operations in which the 101st moved progressively northward through the three large river valleys that open out into the coastal lowlands of Quang Ngai. (Operation Malheur I had been in Duc Pho.) By killing enemy units in this area, and turning it into a harassment-and-interdiction-fire zone, the 101st hoped to impede the flow of supplies and men between the guerrillas in the lowlands and the guerrillas in the mountains. Malheur II was launched in the valley of the Song Ve, which winds between the mountains for ten or fifteen kilometres. The first step was to move some five thousand people living in the valley to sites nearer the coast, where camps were to be built. The villagers were transported by helicopter, and they were permitted to bring whatever possessions they could carry in their arms.

As in all operations in which American troops evacuated large numbers of civilians from an area of operation, the 101st was faced, in Malheur II, with the task of rapidly categorizing each person according to his estimated degree of involvement in the National Liberation Front. The categories, from the most suspect to the least suspect, were "confirmed V.C.," "V.C. suspect," "V.C. supporter," "detainee," "refugee," and "defector." But in conditions like those prevailing in Malheur II—with the Army Intelligence people working with no more than a half-dozen interpreters and having only a few days to sort out more than five thousand people in an area where the South Vietnamese government had maintained no presence for over a decade and had no knowledge of the people, and where women, children, and old people had been known to take up arms with the N.L.F.—it was virtually impossible, in most cases, for the Army to determine a person's involvement in the N.L.F. It is fair to say that in most cases the Army decided what category a person was to be put in on the basis of what the Army was doing to him at that moment or had just done to him. When the troops entered a village and rounded up the villagers

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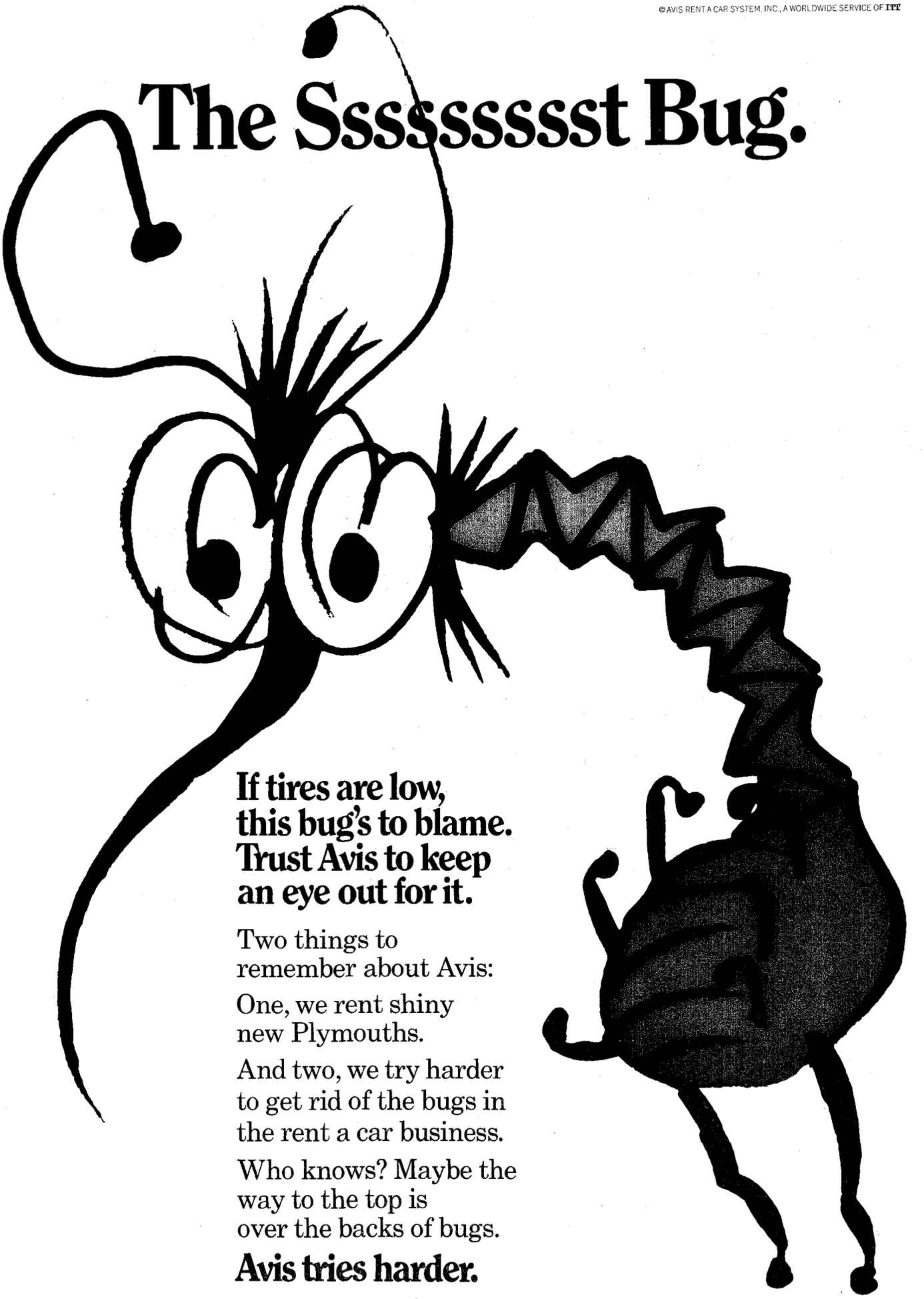

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for evacuation, they categorized the villagers as "V.C. supporters" or "V.C. suspects," and categorized the village as "100 per cent V.C.," but when the same villagers were removed to a camp the Army categorized them as "refugees." By the same token, a Vietnamese who had been shot by our troops was almost invariably categorized as a "confirmed V.C." (The soldiers had a joke that ran, "Anything that's dead and isn't white is a V.C.") The practice that had grown up of judging the guilt of a Vietnamese by what we happened to do to him could be clearly seen in the Army's use of the category "detainees." A "detainee" was theoretically a person whose degree of participation in the N.L.F. was unknown and who had been detained simply for interrogation. But in Malheur II the 101st listed the number of "detainees" (there were six hundred and thirty-one) along with the number of enemy killed and prisoners of war taken, as though by detaining them the Army had proved them to be members of the N.L.F. Matters were further confused by a wide overlapping of terms, and extreme ambiguity in their usage. The terms "detainee," "V.C. suspect," and "refugee" could all refer to the same person, depending on how the local commander chose to see him, although the terms were kept separate on statistical charts that were sent to Saigon. In Malheur II, all the "refugees" could certainly be said to have been "detained," and while they were in their villages their area was considered hostile and they were considered to be "V.C. supporters." In the field, the terms "V.C. suspect" and "V.C. supporter" were often used interchangeably. When a man was deemed to be a particularly suspicious "V.C. suspect," the usual procedure was to tie his hands behind his back, tie a sandbag over his head, and send him to an interrogation center. Finding him in this prisonerlike condition, the next people who dealt with him tended to treat him as a confirmed supporter of the enemy, and he was lucky if he escaped torture and imprisonment.

While Malheur II was going on, the 101st organized a project that appealed greatly to the men's sense of humor—a cattle drive. They rounded up more than a thousand head of cattle and water buffalo and began to drive them down the valley toward the camps to which the people had been moved. The project took much longer than had been expected, however; after six days the cattle had travelled only sixteen of the twenty

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kilometres to the camps. Sick of cattle driving, the 101st turned the herd over to a unit of South Vietnamese local-defense soldiers, or Popular Forces, who stole about two hundred of them and drove the remainder to the stockades near the camps. Some days later, the theft was discovered, whereupon American troops returned and shot many of the stolen cattle.

A brigade press release recounted the evacuation and cattle-drive phases of the operation as follows:

> More than 5,000 residents of the Song Ve River Valley west of here regained their identity with the Republic of Vietnam government as Vietnamese and American military units concluded the largest civil affairs operation ever launched in Quang Ngai Province. . . .
>
> As the villages were evacuated, the joint military force collected cattle and livestock, initiating the second phase of the operation by driving the herd to Nghia Hanh. While helicopters whisked the villagers to Nghia Hanh, paratroopers began the cattle-drive. They dubbed the overland route "The Chisholm Trail," and cries of "head 'em up; move 'em out" echoed through the valley. The Vietnamese forces sang folk songs; the paratroopers replied with western tunes. Private First Class Gary M. Nichols, Wynne, Ark., a dozen hours away from a degree in veterinary medicine, administered to the herd and calves born during the trip.

For release to the press, the brigade selected a photograph that showed soldiers herding the cattle through large paddy fields where young, recently transplanted rice shoots were showing only a few inches above the water, and supplied it with a caption that read, "Rice paddies, not plains." In conversation, officers of the 101st often displayed warm amusement and delight at the idea of transplanting such a typically American thing as a cattle drive into a Vietnamese setting of rice fields.

Several weeks after the completion of Operation Malheur II, I flew over the Song Ve Valley in a FAC plane, and observed that all the houses there had been destroyed. The pilot told me that troops of the 101st had destroyed them after the people had been evacuated. He also pointed out that the fields had turned uniformly brown, and explained that Operation Ranch Hand—the organization that carries out defoliation—had sprayed the valley.

A few days later, I asked the Information Officer of the brigade how the destruction had taken place.

"I'm afraid you've got your information wrong there," he answered. "We didn't destroy that valley."

I told him that I had just flown over

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the area and had observed that it had been destroyed.

"I don't know about that, but we didn't destroy the valley," he said.

I asked how he accounted for its destruction.

"Well, when we left the valley, it was standing," he said. Then, after a long pause, he added, "We had no *plan* of destroying the valley. But then Charlie went back in there, and we had no choice about it, so we inserted two battalions back into the valley, and then it got destroyed in the process of denying it to the enemy."

The Information Officer at the Task Force Oregon headquarters expressed complete astonishment when he heard that the villages in the valley had been destroyed. "That's a new one on me," he said.

I often found that American officers tended to ignore some of the results of their operations—such as the destruction of the villages in a large area—or even to deny them, if these results hadn't been envisaged in the original optimistic plans they had made for the districts they were operating in.

WHEN the villagers from the Song Ve Valley were landed at the empty lots in Nghia Hanh, where shelter was theoretically to be provided soon, they became part of what was at that time an officially registered population of a hundred and twenty thousand dispossessed people in Quang Ngai Province—people whose minimum needs of shelter and food had not yet begun to be met. In late June, Mr. Ernest Hobson, who held the civilian post of provincial adviser for refugees in Quang Ngai, under U. S. AID, had written in the monthly *Statistical Annex to the Special Joint Report for the Province of Quang Ngai:*

> The most significant problem in the area of refugee service this month was brought about by the military operation of Task Force Oregon, in which the Refugee Service was called upon to specifically support a military action.... The mounting problems of inadequate staff, both VN and American, Logistics, and funds cannot be met without substantial emergency assistance from both regional and national headquarters.... The aforementioned military action has exceeded camp construction for new refugees. 500 additional units are needed in Nghia Hanh alone.

At the time the people from the Song Ve Valley arrived, there was a severe shortage of emergency rations, and, because of an administrative mix-up, the Army did not release until almost a week later some sixty-two tons of rice it had collected in the valley. After four days without food, a number of people who had been placed in a field directly beside one of the storehouses of captured rice attempted to break into it at night. The Army responded with tear-gas grenades, and two twelve-year-old boys were killed. At the end of August, two thousand families in the camps, some of them from the Song Ve Valley, were still without shelter of any kind. In early August, Deputy Ambassador Robert Komer was alerted to the situation by television and newspaper reports, and he wrote a letter, dated August 15th, to Dr. Nguyen Phuc Que, the Saigon government's Commissioner for Refugees. The letter was copied and distributed to some officials in I Corps. (I Corps is the military designation of the five northernmost coastal provinces of South Vietnam.) It read:

> I am sure you agree that the refugee situation in I Corps is serious.
>
> At least one half of the refugees in South Vietnam are in I Corps. There is an intense concern in the U.S. and particularly in our Congress about the details of the situation in I Corps. There have been several newspaper stories and TV reports during the past week in the U.S. on the I Corps situation. I am afraid that the refugee problem in I Corps is outstraining G.V.N. capability to deal with it. There is a shortage of aluminum roofing and other shelter material accentuated by inadequate airlift capability. There is critical need for emergency rice rations. We are told that less than 50% of the refugees have received Temporary Relief Payments; less than 25%, Resettlement Assistance; and that the special commissariat on refugees is seriously hampered by lack of interest on the part of many province officials.

The Ambassador went on to suggest a system in which a high priority would be given to the transportation of supplies for dispossessed people in I Corps.

Dr. Que, in turn, placed the responsibility for the crisis on the United States Army. On October 13th, a U.P.I. dispatch reported Dr. Que as saying that at some of the camps in I Corps "the food shortage is so severe starvation is a threat." The dispatch continued:

> Dr. Que complained that he frequently gets only a day's advance warning when U.S. military operations suddenly create thousands of refugees.
>
> He said he can make no arrangements for receiving the refugees—sometimes in groups of 10,000 at a time—when he is not told beforehand.
>
> He said 14 military operations so far this year have generated about 300,000 refugees.
>
> "Only at the last moment—maybe a day or two before—do I receive a phone call: 'Dr. Que, there will be 10,000 ref-

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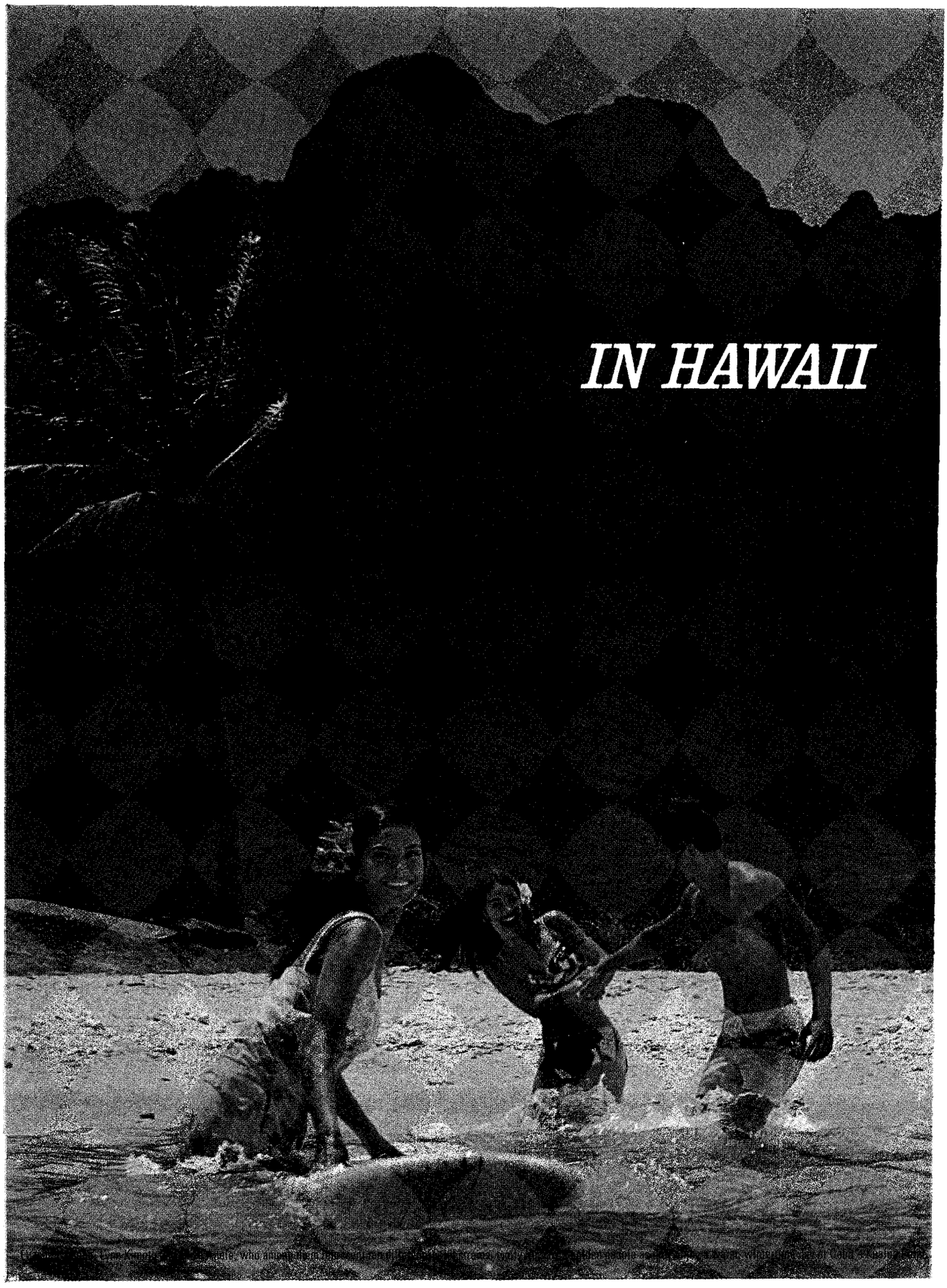

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Martha Miyahira, native of Yokohama before her marriage to a Hawaii Japanese, and her Honolulu neighbor, Mary Ann Cavanagh, originally from Michigan, take their children on shopping expedition through Ala Moana Center, an exciting complex of 155 shops — one of the largest in the world.

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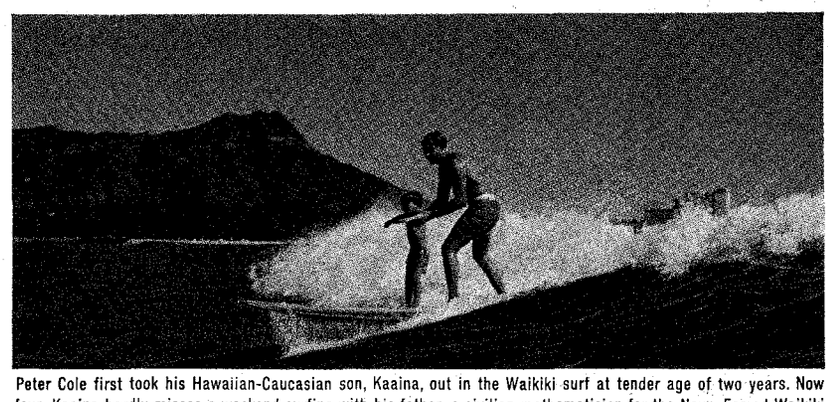
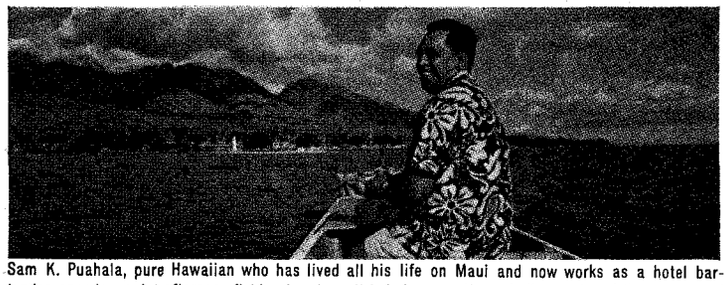
You'll never forget the days you spend with them



Peter Cole first took his Hawaiian-Caucasian son, Kaaina, out in the Waikiki surf at tender age of two years. Now four, Kaaina hardly misses a weekend surfing with his father, a civilian mathematician for the Navy. Famed Waikiki Beach, the birthplace of surfing, is the Pacific's most glamorous resort area, with a wide variety of modern hotels.

Martha Carrell, 24-year old beauty of Guamanian-Hawaiian-Caucasian parentage, studies for a master's degree in speech at University of Hawaii by day. After dark, she dons grass skirt of a Tahitian hula dancer and joins excitement of Waikiki's varied nightlife scene.



Sam K. Puahala, pure Hawaiian who has lived all his life on Maui and now works as a hotel bartender, spends a quiet afternoon fishing for ulua off Lahaina, one-time whaling center of the Pacific and first capital of Hawaiian Islands, a short distance from the luxury hotels at golden Kaanapali Beach.

Dela Cuesta sisters, La Verne Akiko, 13, and Karen Fumiko, 16, Honolulu schoolgirls of Japanese-Filipino-Spanish descent, wear traditional kimonos for a Japanese "bon dance," one of many ethnic celebrations which give Hawaii year-round festival atmosphere.

Donna "Kim" Ching, vivacious Kauai Chinese teenager who's a freshman at Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, takes a summer swim at the Garden Isle's beautiful Haena Beach, one of scores of lush, tropical beaches found throughout all the Islands of Hawaii.

Joanne Brown and Melvin Park, first and fifth-grade schoolmates in Hilo, play midst some of the exotic orchids for which state's biggest island, Hawaii, is famous. She is Filipino-Hawaiian-Portuguese; he is Korean.

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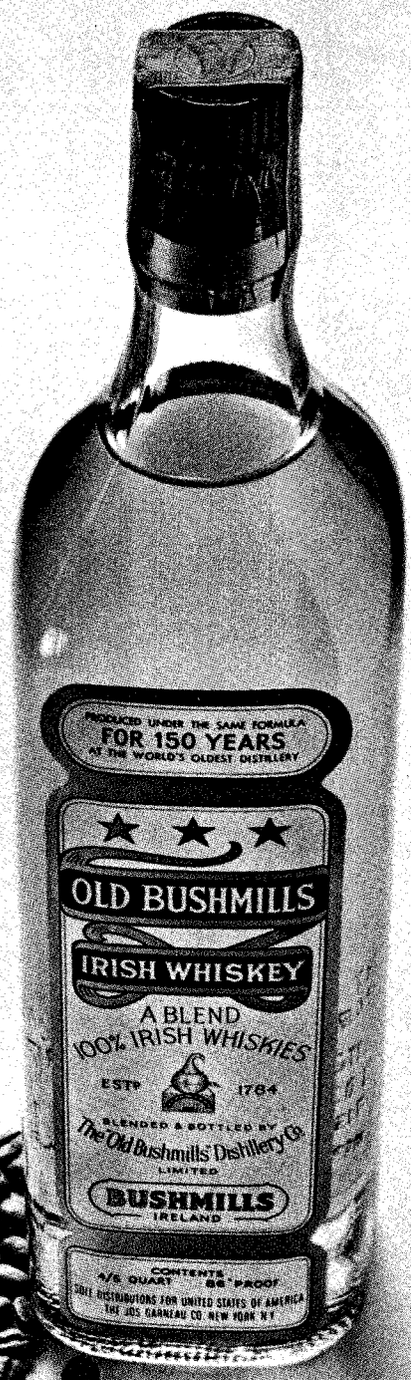
Old Bushmills' new recipe for Irish Coffee.



Forget the coffee.

Remember: Old Bushmills is lively and light. Splash it with water or float it in ice cubes or spritz it with soda, if you must. But please, have your coffee on the side.

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ugees for you tomorrow at such and such a place.' "

From the "Refugee Relief Operational Handbook," which lays down the countrywide rules for dealing with the dispossessed in South Vietnam, I learned that the term "temporary relief payment" referred to food and money that were supposed to be given as an emergency provision to people who had arrived at the camps. The handbook states, "The official rate of temporary relief payment, regardless of age and ethnic origin, is VN $10 [about eight cents] per refugee a day. Temporary relief allowances may be paid either wholly in cash or partly in cash and partly in rice." In short, Deputy Ambassador Komer's statement meant that, as of August 15th, over half the people in government camps in I Corps, who numbered more than a half million, had received no food from our government, or the Saigon government, since their arrival in the camps. After the letter had been sent, some emergency assistance was given to I Corps. But between June, when Mr. Hobson wrote his emergency plea, and the end of August the number of people dispossessed by military operations had increased by 31,888 in Quang Ngai alone, and the crisis had become more acute. To help relieve the food shortage in the camps in Duc Pho District, the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Division collected as much as half a ton of leftovers from its mess halls several times each week and distributed this food at nearby camps.

In speaking of the people in the camps, American officials usually avoided any direct reference to the manner in which these civilians were dispossessed, and referred only to "refugees generated," or "refugees from Communism," or "people freed from V.C. domination." The slogan "Two million refugees have voted with their feet for the G.V.N." has become one of the clichés of the war, and the American Office of Civil Operations includes many of these camps in its reports on the number of "secure hamlets." In his August report, Mr. Hobson stated the problem in different terms:

From June 13, 1967 to date, we have received a total of 31,888 new refugees as a direct result of allied military operations. Most of these new refugees were in fact evacuees. The meteoric rise in the number of refugees severely taxed the G.V.N.'s capabilities to deal with the situation. There exist serious shortages in rice, U.S. commodities, and roofing material. Region and Saigon find themselves hard-pressed to overcome the critical shortage in roofing material before the onset of the rainy season. Presently there

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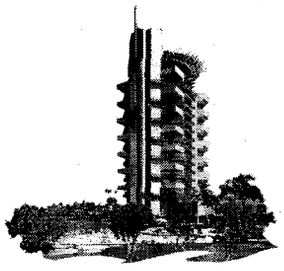

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are approximately 2,000 families without adequate housing of any kind.

The June sheet of a mimeographed report called *General Refugee Situation in Province*, which is put out by the South Vietnamese provincial government, classified some 80,000 of 122,680 "refugees" as "scattered," which meant that they had not received shelter within the camps. This sheet stated that there were 122,680 people in or around the camps and that they had been supplied with 573 latrines, 33 schools, and 27 medical dispensaries, or 1 latrine for every 214 people, 1 school for every 3,000 children (calculating the number of children as roughly two-thirds of the "refugees"), and 1 medical dispensary for every 4,543 people. These facilities were not evenly distributed among the camps. Out of 68 camps, 50 had no schools, 46 had no latrines, and 42 had no medical dispensary. Of the 573 latrines, 471 were in camps in Son Tinh District, with the remaining 102 distributed over all the other districts.

An estimated fifteen per cent of the people in the sixty-eight camps were able-bodied men. There were a few jobs available to the women of the camps, mostly on American bases. A number of women became waitresses in the American mess halls, and a number were employed to fill and carry sandbags for the construction of fortifications. All these women were paid a salary. At both the Duc Pho base and the Chu Lai base, prisoners of war also filled sandbags, and were made to labor on fortifications. On the bases, it was a very common thing to see a gang of Vietnamese women out in the sand dunes, filling and carrying sandbags in the hot sun, while an American soldier sat near them holding an M-16; once, on the Chu Lai base, a mine was discovered built into a wall of sandbags that a gang of these dispossessed Vietnamese women had constructed near an ammunition depot. A number of the young women of the camps became part of the population of prostitutes who catered to the Americans. (A town that was right in front of the gates of the Chu Lai base was considered so insecure that the servicemen visited its bars and its prostitutes only between eight and eleven o'clock in the morning.) The few able-bodied men in the camps could find occasional work breaking rocks on the bases. All jobs on the bases were filled according to a daily-pickup system, and workers were hired or laid off as the Army's construction needs changed. Another small group of people from

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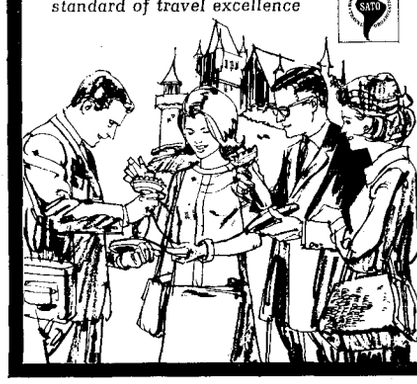

the camps made baskets or curios for the G.I.s to buy as souvenirs. However, all these kinds of work occupied, at most, only a few hundred of the people. The rest remained idle.

Shelter in the camps consisted, typically, of long parallel rows of barrack-shaped, unwalled, floorless frames made of poles and roofed with tin. The people listed as "scattered" slept under low roofs of thatching propped up on poles, or out in the open. Some people built shacks of cardboard boxes, on which the same markings would be repeated again and again. (The walls of several houses read "COMBAT MEAL COMBAT MEAL COMBAT MEAL" from top to bottom.) Because food was a greater necessity than shelter, some of the camp dwellers sold their allotment of tin roofing to people in Quang Ngai City in order to get money for rice, whose price had risen enormously as a result of the sudden increased demand from the camps and the concomitant drop in local production following the abandonment of the land. Provincial and district officials also stole a considerable quantity of tin and sold it in the towns. The main streets of Quang Ngai City glittered with illegal new tin roofs. It was these new tin roofs that alerted American refugee advisers to the fact that much of the tin was not being used in the construction of shelters for the people in the camps. The best-developed camps were some that, in coöperation with American and Vietnamese authorities, were run, and also financially assisted, by the Cao Dai sect of Buddhists. As in the other camps, the shelters were laid out in straight, barracklike rows with treeless aisles running between, but here they usually consisted of clay walls on bamboo frames, and no one slept uncovered. The people in these camps, unlike the rest, had been supplied with a small amount of government land to farm.

The "Refugee Relief Operational Handbook" outlines standard procedures that officials in the Refugee Division of the Office of Civil Operations in Saigon had devised for dealing with the people in the camps. In the handbook's plan, two stages are outlined—Temporary Camps, and Resettlement. Section I-B of Chapter 3 of the handbook lists a number of facilities as "mandatory" for every hundred families in the temporary camps—twenty latrines, one classroom, and two wells, for example. Section I-C of the same chapter lists several temporary-camp activities, including "collective activities, civic action, and civil operations, solidarization of refugees, orientation in democracy," and "vocational training," but in Chapter 4, entitled "Resettlement," the report notes, "Under no circumstances will the construction of vocational training centers be permissible. Arrangements should be made to use government or private housing . . . to avoid unnecessary budget drain." Section II, which is headed "Refugee Registration Procedure," requires that a specialist take fingerprints and photographs of all "unidentified persons." Section IV of Chapter 3 specifies that the temporary relief payment of ten piastres a day may be given for one month, and that an extension of one month may be made "in case local insecurity still prevails, or the construction of resettlement centers has not been achieved in time." Section IV-B lists people in the following categories as eligible for temporary relief payments:

1. Refugees from insecure areas and regrouped in temporary camps.
2. Non-native applicants for temporary shelter [who] should be interrogated for background data and home province-leaving reason. Details of previous relief status should be obtained via a cable from the province of origin for assessment and action. Meanwhile, they are granted provisional shelter at a refugee camp and commodity support only.
3. Dependents of cadres . . . and Popular Forces elements . . . coming from insecure areas. . . .
4. Dependents of V.C. elements, for humanitarianism's sake; however, the local authorities should keep track of their whereabouts for possible subversive activities.

Although payments to people in the temporary camps are supposed to last only two months, at the longest, the handbook notes that in what are termed "old temporary camps" additional wells and latrines may be needed.

In the second stage outlined in the handbook—"Resettlement"—the people in the temporary camps are envisaged as returning to a normal existence in new villages, with jobs, proper houses, and an effective system of security to protect them from Vietcong influence. Several methods of resettlement are listed. Of "Return to Village," the first method mentioned, the handbook states, "This is the best resettlement formula. However, the home village should be completely pacified and absolutely secure to eliminate the chance of a second exodus." If the displaced people are from another province, the "host province" may give them temporary relief payments only if it has

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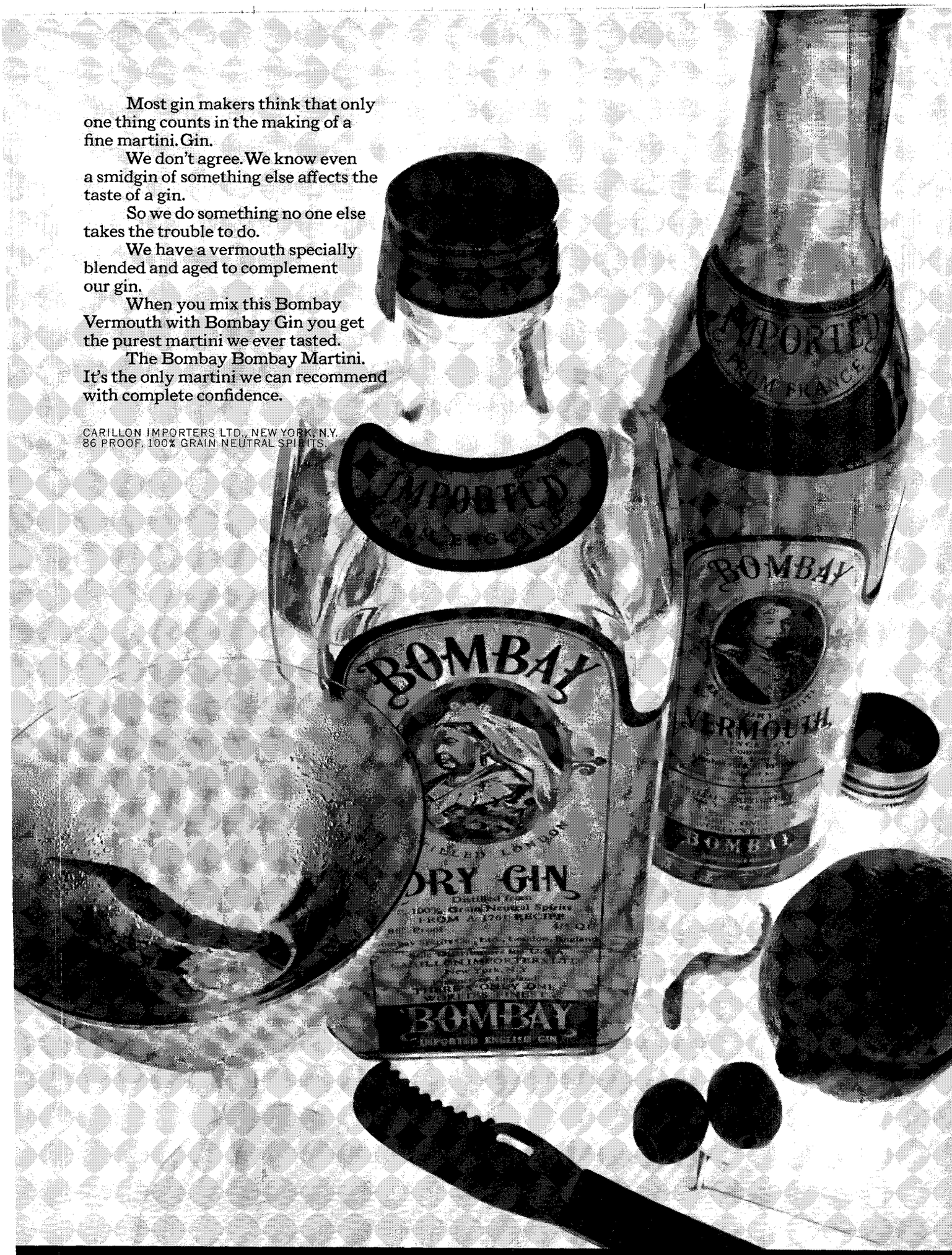

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Someone like Robert Thorne would have to come along and do things differently. Thank goodness.

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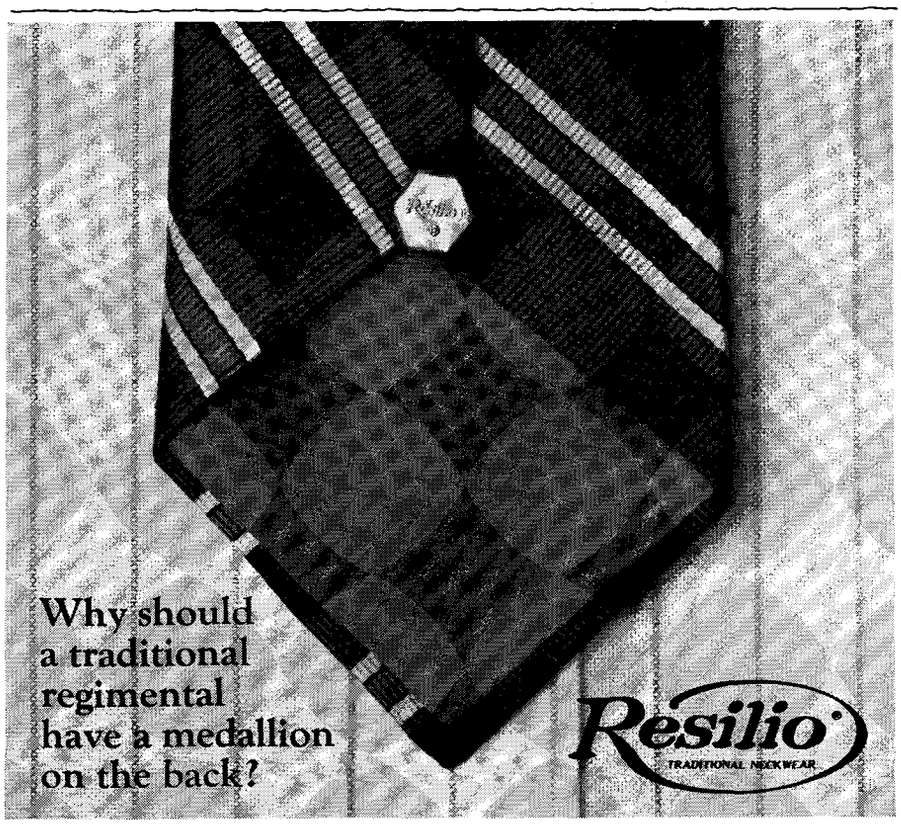

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received confirmation from the original province of "the honesty of their escape from Communism." A second method of resettlement is titled "Resettlement in Temporary Camps." The handbook says, "If there are no locations favorable to resettlement in a given province or Autonomous City, refugees will be resettled at their temporary camp. In this manner, the temporary housing unit they have occupied to date now becomes their own and the local administration is excused from paying them VN $5,000 resettlement housing allowance." Chapter 4, Section II, Paragraph 2 specifies that resettlement sites "should have easy access by surface and a vast potential which will endure a flourishing economy."

At several points, the handbook makes it clear that people who have been victimized by the Vietcong are to be treated more generously than people who have been victimized by American military operations or natural disasters. In Chapter 5, which concerns "disaster relief assistance," the handbook specifies that if a person over eighteen is killed by "V.C.s" his family is to receive four thousand piastres, but if he meets his death in any other way—and the handbook lumps all other ways together under the heading "Caused by Carelessness"—his family is to receive only three thousand piastres. At the end of this chapter, the handbook states, "The above assistance is only applicable to refugees who have been receiving temporary relief or been permanently resettled for a period of less than one year. In excess of this time limit they are considered as having recovered a normal life."

Late in August, I spoke with Mr. Hobson, a stocky Negro administrator who holds an M.A. in business administration and who before coming to Vietnam as the provincial adviser for refugees had spent several years as a parole officer in the United States and had worked on youth projects in Harlem. "We have completely dropped the ball on these refugees," he told me. "These people have been neglected or abused since they arrived. Right now, I have five thousand people with no roof over their heads. We just don't have the manpower and supply. Of course, these are the worst camps. Our two best camps are supported by the Buddhist sects. Most camps have situations where ten families live in the space for one. And the people have no jobs. Eighty-five per cent of the refugees are women, children, and old people. If they get any land to farm,

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it's usually the worst land, because government land is always the worst. We've been trying to get a job-training program going, but the basic problem is that this is not an industrial country and there just plain aren't any jobs for these people. You can't take some hundred and twenty-five thousand people off their land in an agricultural province and expect them to make a decent life for themselves around the towns. In the Song Ve Valley operation, for the first time, we got a little bit of Psy War in, so at least the people had a faint idea of what was coming, but that was only because of our insistence. Before that, there was *nothing*. Those people didn't know *why* they were getting kicked out, *where* they were going, or *what* was going to happen to them. You wouldn't believe the contradictions in the situation here. If I told people about this back in the States, they'd say I was lying. And every situation is different. No two camps are the same and no two operations are the same. And every one is being carried on separately from the others. The Army suddenly just tells us that five thousand people are going to arrive, with no possessions and no food. It's like a band where everybody's trying to play a solo at the same time—you know what kind of music that makes."

Later, I saw one of the Psychological Warfare leaflets that had been dropped over the Song Ve Valley. On one side is a photograph of a man and his wife, each holding a small boy. All four members of the family are smiling at the camera. The caption reads, "I, Trinh Su, and my family have resettled in the Nghia Hanh resettlement camp, where we have received sufficient aid from the G.V.N. I advise you to follow instructions of the U.S. Army in Nghia Hanh and you will live in safety, as we do." On the back, the text reads:

People of the Song Ve Valley, the G.V.N. urges those of you that are still living in the mountains to come down and move to Nghia Hanh. There you will be protected and cared for by the G.V.N. and Allied Forces. Your friends who have moved to Nghia Hanh have received food and medical care. At Nghia Hanh you will be safe. There will be shelter for you and your family. Those of you who choose to remain in the area will be considered hostile and in danger.

Eventually, I talked with one of the men who took photographs for such leaflets. He was an American private about six feet four inches tall and very stout. "We make funny faces and kind of horse around to get them to laugh or smile," he told me. "We were try-

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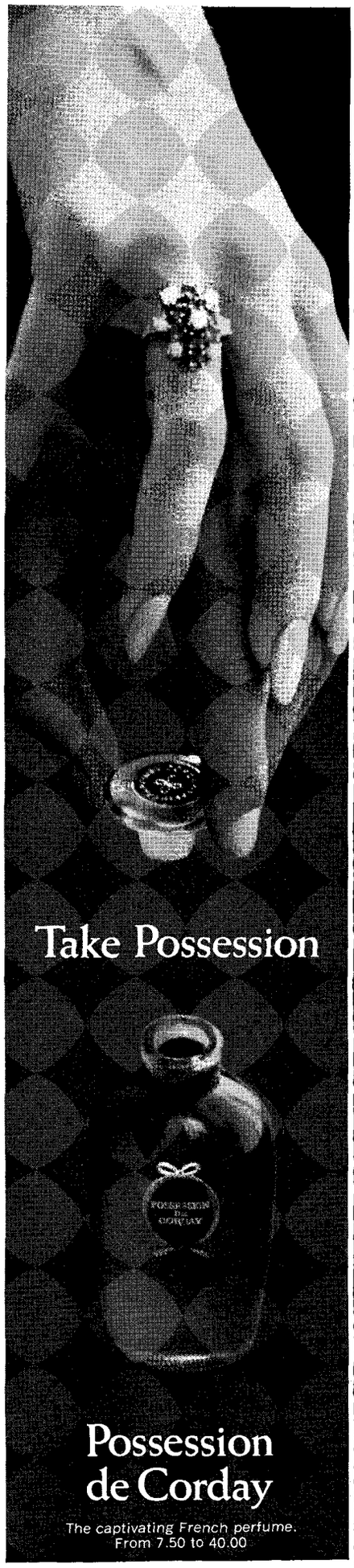

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ing to get one old buzzard about sixty years old to laugh, but he just stood there without cracking a smile, no matter what we did. But then I was climbing up a stepladder to shoot a picture, and I kind of slipped and fell off it, and you should have seen the old bastard laugh then!"

Before I left Mr. Hobson, he explained to me that one of his greatest problems was finding out which foods were suitable for preparation in the camps. After rice, the principal staple in the American relief supply was bulgur wheat. Mr. Hobson had discovered, however, that the people in the camps, even when they were hungry, sold the wheat to pig farmers—partly because they disliked the taste of wheat gruel but mainly because it took too much firewood to cook the wheat. There was a great scarcity of firewood, particularly in the camps, and to use several days' supply of grass and twigs to prepare one meal of bulgur wheat spelled hunger as surely as using up a week's supply of rice in one day. Mr. Hobson said, "It's hard for us Americans to tell what is good for the Vietnamese. For instance, it's hard to tell the difference between a rich man and a poor man. They don't have any washing machines or fancy houses. The difference might just be a motor scooter out front. So to the G.I.s everyone looks poor."

Mr. Hobson credited his continuing education in Vietnamese customs to his assistant, a Mr. Te, for whom he expressed high respect. "Mr. Te is going to make a real Vietnamese gentleman out of me someday," he said, half to me, half to Mr. Te. "And the first thing that's got to go is my loud laugh. I've got a loud laugh, and Mr. Te says that's the No. 1 problem. But I've got to be myself, so I'll have to become a gentleman *with* my loud laugh." He gave his loud laugh.

Later in our talk, he said, "I ask you, if we can't win the allegiance of a captive audience in these camps, how are we going to win their hearts and minds out in a hamlet way off in the boonies somewhere? The big shots want to move everyone all around. They say, 'The Montagnards gotta learn to live in the lowland, the farmers gotta learn to live in the towns.' The trouble is, they have no heart. They just plain have no heart."

I said I had noticed that statistics on refugees in the province listed tens of thousands of people as having been "resettled."

Mr. Hobson explained that this had all taken place under the "Refugee Relief Operational Handbook" provisions for "Resettlement in Temporary Camps." "All that resettlement is just paperwork," he said. "We're supposed to give each family five thousand p's"—that is, piastres—"as a resettlement housing allowance, so they can build a new house, but what we do is say, 'O.K., this place we've built for you is now *permanent*, it's *yours*, so you don't get the five thousand p's.' Another way of doing it is to put in a village chief and give the camp a *name*. Then it can be treated as a village or a hamlet. Of course, the place has to meet certain criteria, but basically it's paperwork. What it means is that the place goes out of the hands of the Special Commissariat for Refugees and into the hands of the Ministry of Social Welfare—which is *also* me!" Mr. Hobson again gave the laugh that was holding him back from becoming a Vietnamese gentleman. But he quickly became silent, and shook his head. "I don't have time to find out where they're coming from," he said. "All I can do is try to get them some food and put roofs over their heads, because otherwise they haven't got a damn thing going for them."

On October 6th, a British physician who had worked in Quang Ngai's civilian hospital—there is just one in the entire province—for over three years wrote in a report that health conditions in the camps "differ from camp to camp," explaining:

> More established [camps] are a little better. They usually have a pseudo nurse, toilet, and well. Disease, poverty, and malnutrition common.
>
> New camps: poor water and toilet facilities, little money, little food, housing poor, cold, and again disease and malnutrition common.
>
> Recent camps: hovels, no housing, tents, camp in the open, no water, no toilets, no money, no food, diseases like dysentery, malaria, malnutrition, infectious hepatitis, plague an everyday occurrence. Many people die—average 2 to 3 a week—from any of the above causes. Now with the rainy season starting their immediate future is terrible indeed. Of this category there are approximately 5,000-10,000 in the province.

AT the beginning of 1967, American officials in Vietnam, both military and civilian, commonly expressed the view that the "generation of refugees" was an unfortunate but unavoidable consequence of conducting effective military operations. By August, most officials were declaring that the removal of people from their original homes and villages was in itself a

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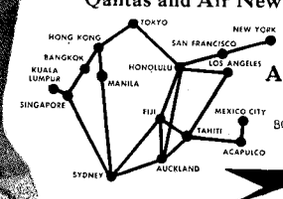

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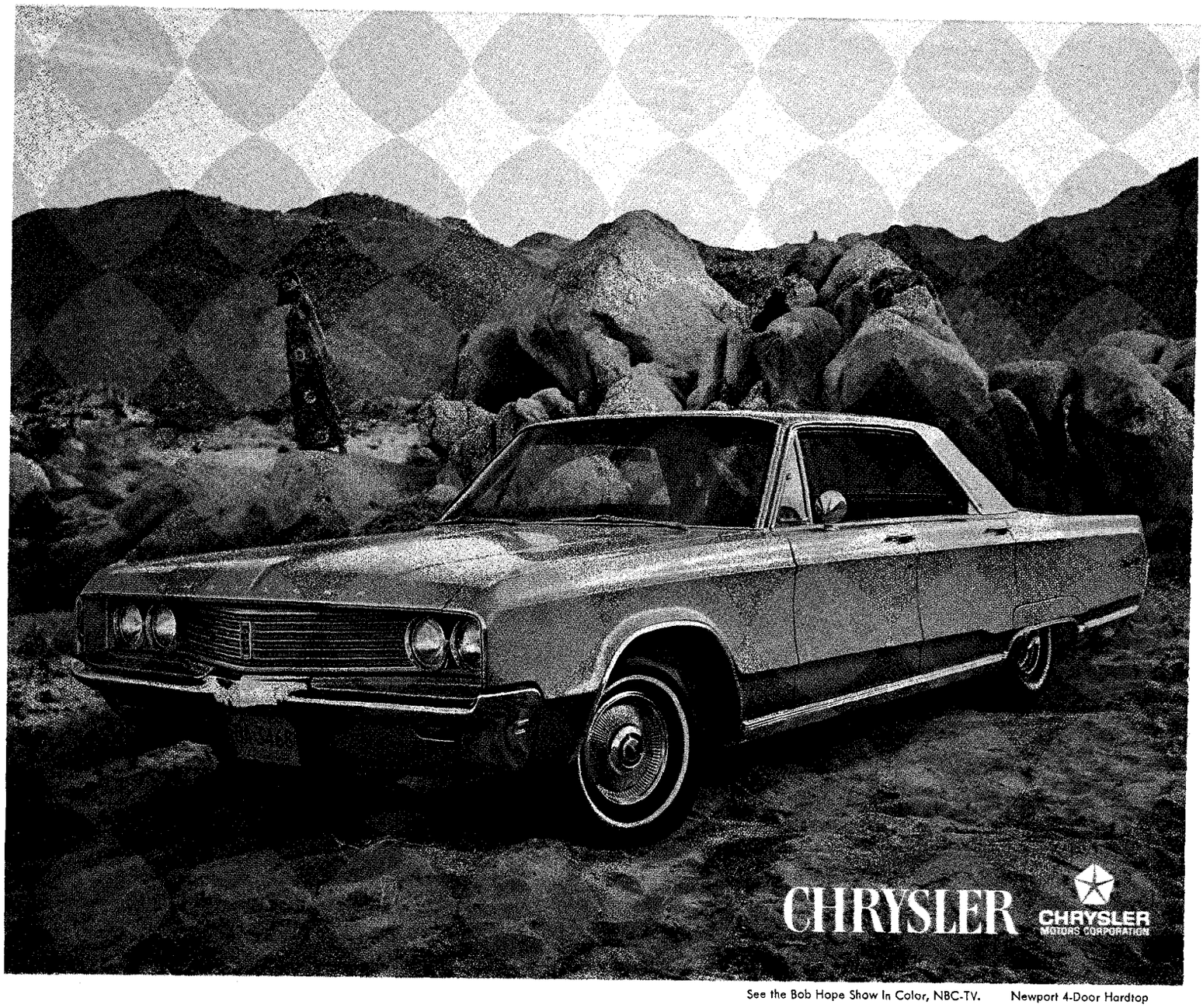

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valuable tactic in the struggle against the National Liberation Front. Military men, in particular, were fond of quoting Mao Tse-tung's dictum that in guerrilla warfare the guerrillas are the fish and the people are the water. They argued that they could catch the fish only by drying up the water. I heard Mao Tse-tung's metaphor mentioned in this connection on at least five occasions in Quang Ngai. In an article titled "The Cause in Vietnam Is Being Won," which appeared in the issue of the New York *Times Magazine* for October 15, 1967, General Maxwell D. Taylor, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and former United States Ambassador to South Vietnam, explains the logic of population control and, without naming the camps as such, describes the advantages to the South Vietnamese government of having from three million to four million of the country's population of roughly seventeen million in or around government-controlled camps:

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>
> Population liberated from Vietcong control is a double asset from our point of view. Not only are these people freed from the tyranny of Vietcong domination, but they are withdrawn from among the human assets so necessary to support the guerrilla movement. The Vietcong are necessarily parasitic upon the rural population from whom they drew recruits, porters, food and other forms of help. Without this rural support, the local guerrilla movement risks atrophy and progressive attrition.

I met a young American lieutenant colonel in Binh Son District who was discouraged by the current situation in the province but thought that things would improve greatly if a sweeping plan he had in mind should be put into effect. After talking for over a year with Vietnamese whose command of English was poor, the colonel had developed a very slow, careful style of enunciation and had come to employ a

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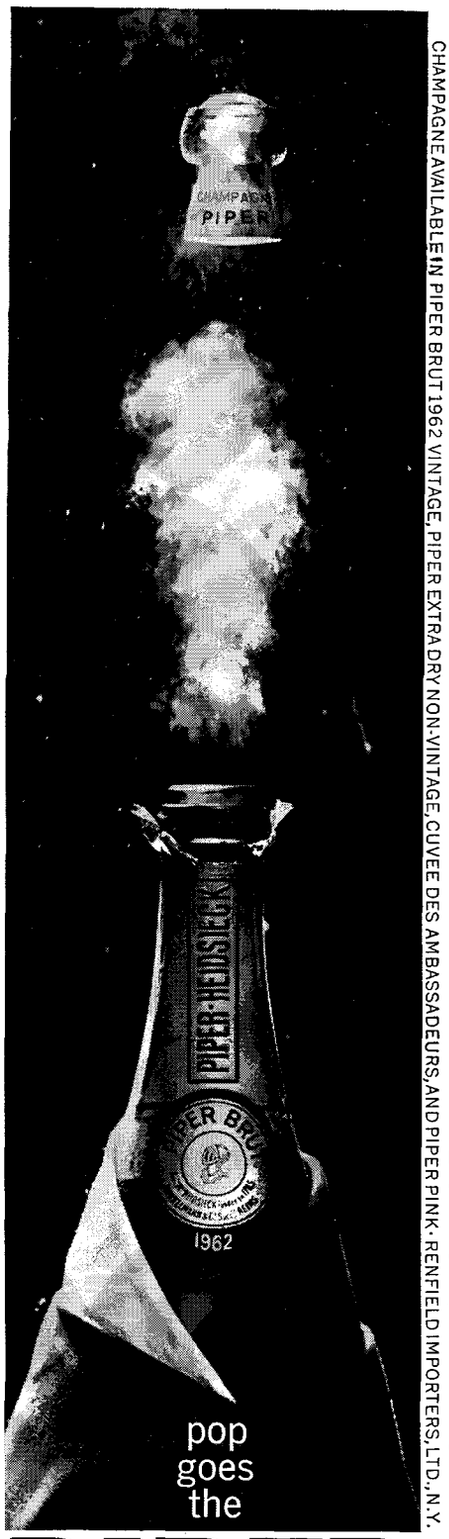

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minimal basic vocabulary. This way of speaking had become such a habit with him that at times he used it even with Americans, especially when he was trying to elucidate difficult points. His slowness of speech was accompanied by strong emphasis on every important word and a tense, passionate gesticulation with his fists that expressed his total dedication to his work. Sometimes he would expend so much energy explaining an idea about the future of the province that he would have to slump back in his chair with a weak smile of exhaustion when he had finished.

While I was with the colonel, I heard him tell an observer from the American headquarters for Pacification in Saigon, who had come to evaluate the "potential" of the province for Revolutionary Development, *which is the South Vietnamese government's* response to the Vietcong's political-indoctrination program, and is usually abbreviated as revdev, or R.D., "Look, the V.C. get their people to support them. They *organize* the people. Those people are *alive;* they are highly *motivated*. But the people who are supposed to be on our side are just *blobs*." He screwed up his face in chagrin and clenched his fists in front of him. "The refugees sit around all day doing *nothing*, and *we are doing nothing about it*," he continued, coming down hard on every word. Then he outlined his plan for reconstruction. "We've got to get these people out where they can get killed," he said, then stopped himself, smiled, and added, "Don't get me wrong. I don't want them to suffer any more than they are suffering now. They've suffered too much already, but what I mean is, we've got to give them some *reason* to support the government. We have to give them some motivation to defend themselves. Now they don't have any jobs, or houses, or anything that they can get excited about, and I don't blame them for being apathetic. Look at the camps. *Anybody* would be apathetic." The first requirement for reconstruction, as he saw it, was security, and for this he envisaged a vast, superbly conducted training program for the local young men, who would learn a new self-confidence and the will to defend their villages against the National Liberation Front. Next, the villages would have to be physically rebuilt—"preferably by the villagers themselves." He said, "The Vietnamese have to do it themselves. We always try to do it for them, to give it to them. I know what a tremendous temptation it is to give candy to kids. It makes you feel good inside. You're No. 1. But for every piece of candy you give a kid, you're destroying that kid's faith in his father, who can't give him any candy. I have seen so many cases of Americans who want to play Santa Claus and feel warm all over, but this kind of thing is only corrupting, and it destroys the people's pride. If only we could learn that!" The next part of the plan involved the creation of a democratic village government, chosen by the people themselves and responsive to their aspirations. Finally, the change at the local level would be accompanied by the total abolition of corruption at the provincial level, and the beginnings of a nationwide changeover to civilian rule. In short, the colonel wanted to *see a vigorous, democratic, prosperous,* happy, entirely new and changed society rise from the ashes of Quang Ngai to resist the National Liberation Front because the local villagers felt a spontaneous love for their new life and a deep enthusiasm for a wholly reformed government of South Vietnam.

I pointed out to the colonel that approximately seventy per cent of the villages in the province had already been destroyed, and asked if he saw this as a serious obstacle to the realization of his plan.

"I know it," he said. "In the fifteen-kilometre stretch of coast of our area of operation there are just *two* villages still standing, and if anyone tells you there are more they are liars. One thing is that the Vietnamese can rebuild their houses very quickly, with very little trouble at all." He then patiently described to me in detail how the thatch-roofed houses that had made up about eighty per cent of the homes in the province were constructed. "The thing is, we've got to change the population pattern," he went on. "It's these widely dispersed *population patterns* that allowed the V.C. to get going in the first place. So we won't necessarily move the people back to their original villages. If we could change the population pattern, getting people consolidated into tighter areas, we could put up defenses, and the government could control them more easily. We could check them every night for I.D. cards, and in that way keep the V.C. from infiltrating."

When the colonel had concluded his remarks, the observer from Saigon said that he would like to spend a day and a night in a village of the district with his Vietnamese interpreter, to judge for

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himself whether conditions were ripe for a Revolutionary Development Program, and he asked the colonel to recommend a village. Clapping a hand to his forehead, the colonel laughed in dismay, and said, "You can't sleep in a village. I couldn't let you do that. We don't have any villages an *American* could spend the *night* in."

AFTER completing Operation Malheur II in the Song Ve Valley, the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division took another hop in its drive northward and launched Operation Hood River in the Song Tra Khuc Valley. The hope was to trap a large unit of the enemy by landing on the hills above the valley and sweeping down into it from all sides, but, as in the two earlier operations, the trap closed empty. Sporadic contact with the enemy was common during these sweeps, but this time it was lighter than usual. The official figure for enemy killed during the two weeks of the operation was seventy-eight, and the figure for American casualties was three killed and thirty-eight wounded. The troops, and the artillery and aircraft that supported them, did, however, destroy most of the villages in the river valley and on the coastal plain at its mouth.

In mid-August, when I first arrived at the Chu Lai base, which is situated just north of Quang Ngai Province, in the southern part of Quang Tin Province, and which was the headquarters for Task Force Oregon at that time, I was given a briefing on the composition of the enemy in Quang Ngai Province by the head Information Officer for the task force, Major Patrick H. Dionne, who is a portly man with a round face and a smile that appears, along with an outstretched hand, as soon as someone enters his office—a greeting that seems to say, "We're going to get along fine!" (Throughout my stay in Quang Ngai, I was given perfect freedom to see whatever I wanted, and was encouraged by Major Dionne and other Information Officers to fly in FAC planes and accompany operations on the ground as often as possible.)

"We're here to sell the government of South Vietnam to the people in this province," Major Dionne said. "The trouble is, they don't *want* to have the government sold to them, so what we are really doing is cramming the government down their throats. This place has been V.C. ever since the Japanese, so they've never really had any contact with the government." Picking a pink

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card out of a desk file for reference, he continued, "There are from seven hundred thousand to a million people in Quang Ngai. About half of these are under G.V.N. control and a quarter are V.C. supporters. We've got quite a large number of refugees in the province. They fled the V.C. or left their area because of combat, and now the G.V.N. controls them. We've got both local V.C. and N.V.A. units in the province. The 3rd N.V.A. Division is based in Duc Pho District."

I asked if these North Vietnamese Army soldiers had infiltrated into South Vietnam recently.

"Actually, these are the ones that came down in 1954 and stayed, and they organized the local people to support Hanoi," Major Dionne said. "You might say that the people are North Vietnamese-oriented—living on this side of the D.M.Z. The N.V.A. here are the old Vietminh who stayed on. They have their families down here and don't really have too much to go back to up North. Then, there's the V.C.—the local-force guy and the main-force guy. The local-force guy lives at home and is poorly armed—a squad might have two rifles and six hand grenades—but he's highly motivated, and does the political cadre work. As opposed to the N.V.A., the local V.C. is a loner—with a lot of other loners. They feel pretty sure that they are going to succeed. The main-force guy is organized in units and roves around. He's better armed."

When I spoke with American officers about the civilians who were sometimes killed in our bombings of villages judged to be hostile, they often brought up the fact that the Vietcong also mistreated and killed civilians in *their* operations. During my month in Quang Ngai Province, two incidents of this kind figured heavily in Army press releases, in battalion newspapers, and in Psychological Warfare posters and leaflets. On August 9th, the Vietcong had attacked a village along Route 1 that was supposed to be protected by Popular Forces stationed there. The Popular Forces had fired at the Vietcong, but without venturing outside their fortified positions, and the Vietcong had destroyed a dozen houses with satchel charges and killed and wounded several villagers; they had, however, left the medical dispensary, which was financially supported by Americans, untouched. Army photographers arrived the next morning to take photographs of civilians wounded or killed in the attack. Later, these photographs were printed on propa-

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ganda posters and were also released to the press. The other incident was the discovery of two men that the Vietcong had held prisoner for several months. The August 16th edition of the *Screaming Eagle* reported the discovery as follows:

DUC PHO—"God, they were a mess," said one paratrooper. "They looked like something out of those World War II prison camps. The 101st Airborne trooper was shocked at the physical condition of two South Vietnamese soldiers liberated from a Viet Cong prison camp near here during Operation Malheur II. The prisoners were emaciated, haggard and beaten. Eyes and cheeks were sunk into their gaunt faces and their voices weak and inaudible due to lack of strength. Both suffered from malnutrition and exhaustion.

"They were in pretty bad shape," said Lt. Corky Boswell, Chico, Calif. "The VC had beaten them, used them for laborers, and fed them just enough to keep them alive. And that wasn't very much, as you can see. . . ." The two former prisoners, exhausted, and limited in their knowledge of enemy movements, were of little help. "We can't help you," said Xuan.

"We just dug tunnels. They watched us carefully all the time and never talked in front of us."

Major Dionne expressed deep disgust with the Vietcong for attacking the village on Route 1. "O.K., so maybe one of our artillery rounds goes astray and hits a friendly village every once in a while," he said. "But I don't know." Major Dionne's expression became disturbed. "With a hidden device—a V.C. mine . . . I mean, *I* get paid to wear the uniform, so if something happens to me it's not so bad. But these poor old buzzards don't get paid for that. I don't know . . ."

Every few weeks or so, the Vietcong overran another village along Route 1 that was supposed to be under the protection of the Popular Forces. In October, I asked U.S. AID officials in Washington how many village officials had been assassinated by the Vietcong in 1967 in Quang Ngai Province. When AID or any other government agency gives statistics on "village officials" killed, these may include officers of the Popular Forces and members of the Combat Youth—these are both lightly armed groups of villagers recruited to defend their own villages against the Vietcong—and Revolutionary Development workers, Civic Action cadres, interfamily chiefs, security agents, and a great variety of other types of individuals. For the period from January 1st to October 1st, AID listed a total of eighteen "village officials" as having been killed by the Vietcong in Quang Ngai. They consisted of three Revolutionary Development workers, three hamlet chiefs, two Youth Cadre members, one Civic Action cadre, four Popular Forces officers, one Combat Youth member, one chief of a rehabilitation center, one former village security agent, one village security agent, and one former interfamily chief. Usually, the Vietcong were careful to bomb only the houses of government employees, and several Americans expressed horror at the cold-blooded premeditation of these assassinations. "We may have accidents," said one, "but we never set off a mine or shoot a bullet with some specific guy's name written on it in advance."

Major Dionne told me that Task Force Oregon's proudest nonmilitary achievement was the opening of Route 1 to traffic. When the task force arrived, it found that the Vietcong had blown up almost all the bridges on the road. Task Force Oregon engineers rebuilt the bridges and then opened the road to public traffic in a big ceremony, with several high-ranking officers of Task Force Oregon and the province chief present. Several times each week, American teams swept the road for Vietcong mines, finding an average of two a week. A light traffic of bicycles and motor scooters began to travel between certain towns, although other stretches were still unused.

Later on, Major Dionne told me, "When I get to wondering what this war is all about, I take a trip up to the base hospital. You know—a guy smilin' at you, saying that he's going to be up in a few weeks, when what he doesn't know is that he's lost the use of his legs and is crippled for life. And when I see what these boys are willing to sacrifice, that really makes me see what it's all about over here."

I also spoke briefly with an Intelligence captain assigned to the FAC control desk about the character of the enemy. "They have a parallel structure," he told me. "The orders originate in Hanoi and go to COSVN." He pronounced it "Cosvin" and explained that it meant the Central Office of South Vietnam.

I asked if he would tell me what he meant by a parallel structure.

"O.K., let's take a look at Communism—at North Vietnam, the U.S.S.R., and China," he said. "They all have a front organization that tells the people that the government has moral objec-

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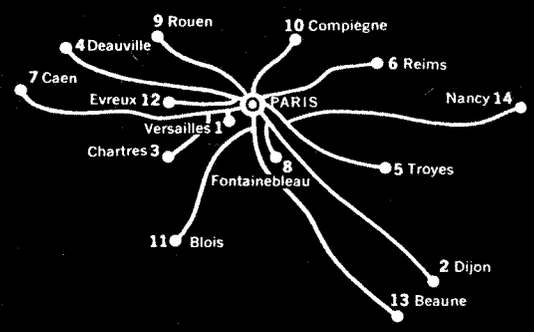

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tives that are sound. All these countries have that in common."

"What does the front organization consist of?" I asked.

"It's the fact that they have a President."

"How does this apply to the National Liberation Front?"

"I don't know precisely how the front and the real government are related, but the front is the organization that tries to tell them that Communism is a good deal."

"If there is a parallel structure, what is parallel to what?" I asked.

"The Front is one—the National Liberation Front—and the other . . . Oh, hell, I can't think of the other. Did you read Allen Dulles' book about intelligence?"

I said I hadn't.

"It's described in there. There's the apparatus that spreads Communism. But I forget what they call it here." (That night, the captain came in to tell me he had done some research and had found the name that had eluded him earlier—it was the People's Revolutionary Party.)

Conversations in Vietnam tend to become muddled because many meanings are attached to a few favorite terms, as in the above conversation, in which the Intelligence captain and I often failed to make it clear when we meant "front" in the sense of the National Liberation Front and when we meant it in the sense of a cover, or front, organization. Later, I was talking with the same captain about "the V.C. infrastructure," and I suddenly realized that this term, which he had used at the beginning of the conversation to mean the political organization of the Vietcong at the local level, had changed as we talked to mean the wood-and-packed-mud "infrastructure" of the Vietcong's tunnels and bunkers. "Parallel structure" is another of the favorite terms, and it can apply to the Vietcong governmental apparatus, which "parallels" the South Vietnamese government, or to the American advisory system, which also "parallels" the South Vietnamese government, or, as in my conversation with the captain, to the "parallel structure" of all Communist governments, including the National Liberation Front. (The word "structure" is itself a favorite in Vietnam. The military refer to all Vietnamese houses as "structures.")

AFTER completing Operation Hood River, the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division was to move north once again and launch Operation

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Benton, in the southern part of Quang Tin Province. I flew over the Song Tra Khuc Valley in FAC planes—assigned by the Air Force to the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division—during the last two days of Operation Hood River. FAC pilots had two duties. The first was to fly over specified areas noting anything that seemed suspicious to them and choosing targets to recommend for air strikes. The targets were not further examined at first hand, and unless they were found to be near friendly troops or in "no-strike zones" they were bombed. Some FAC pilots flew over a certain area every day for several weeks at a time, acquainting themselves with it as thoroughly as they could from the air with the aid of maps. Other pilots would be assigned to the brigade, and would fly over the brigade in all its operations, wherever it went. The FAC pilots' second duty was to guide fighter-bombers to their targets. Air Force spokesmen were always careful to stress the point that a FAC pilot could not, on his own authority, call planes to bomb a target—that the Army had to give its clearance in every case. In practice, this meant that when a FAC pilot spotted something he wished to have bombed he would radio its position to the DASC (Direct Air Support Center) office for his military corps area and enter a request for a flight of fighter-bombers. DASC would weigh the urgency of the mission against other requests made for fighter-bombers at that particular time, and decide which of the requested targets should be bombed by the limited number of planes that were aloft or "on hot pad alert," ready for immediate takeoff. The Air Force divided all air strikes into two categories, which it termed "pre-planned strikes" and "immediate strikes." A pre-planned strike was scheduled anywhere from twenty-four hours to two weeks in advance of the time of the bombing, and an immediate strike was carried out within a few hours, at most, of a call from ground troops or from a FAC pilot who had spotted what he judged to be enemy activity. In conversation with a FAC pilot, I once said "planned strike" instead of "pre-planned strike," by mistake, and was swiftly corrected. When I asked what the difference between the terms "planned" and "pre-planned" was, the pilot answered, "*All* our strikes are *planned*. We *have* no *unplanned* strikes."

At the Danang airbase, I received a briefing from a major on the role of FAC pilots in I Corps. When I asked what kinds of targets were usually hit by pre-planned strikes, he answered, "In the mountains, just about anything that moves is considered to be V.C. We've cleared most of the people out of there, and anything that's left has got to be V.C. No one else has got any reason to be there. We go after enemy base areas and V.C. r.-and-r. centers." The Army refers to the overnight way stations where Vietcong soldiers are believed to sleep as "r.-and-r. centers," after the Army's own practice of sending its troops for one week of "rest and relaxation" each year in a foreign capital, like Bangkok, Tokyo, or Sydney. "Most of the action is in the lowlands," the major continued. "There we hit mostly the bunkers and fortifications. The V.C. hide in there, and store their supplies in there, too. Of course, we can never hit *all* the bunkers. Also, we hit fortified villages. In some of these villages, the lines of trenches and bunkers are amazing. It looks like World War I. These fortified villages are all known to be enemy installations. I mean, they've been shooting at people and harboring the V.C. But before we hit any place we send a Psy War craft in to warn the villagers to escape. We used to drop warning leaflets, but they didn't do much good, so now we've switched over to announcing. We give the people at least a good ten or fifteen minutes to get out of there before we put in a strike. But it's the immediate strike that gives the best results. That's where you get your K.B.A.s." The initials stand for "Killed by Air." "Of course," the major added, "enemy troops in the open are the kind of target that we all like the best."

I asked him what was involved in getting clearance for an air strike.

"First, we check the area for friendly troops, and then, when the request goes in to DASC, the province chief has to give his O.K.," he said. "We *never* put in a strike without first getting permission from the province chief. He's a Vietnamese, and he knows the local conditions, so he's the man in the final analysis who knows who's friendly and who's unfriendly. And, after all, it's their country, so they ought to know what's going on." (Later, I asked Province Chief Hoang Dinh Tho, of Quang Tin Province, about the specific steps that were usually taken in securing his clearance, and learned that at the beginning of each operation in his province he designated certain regions—typically, those sur-

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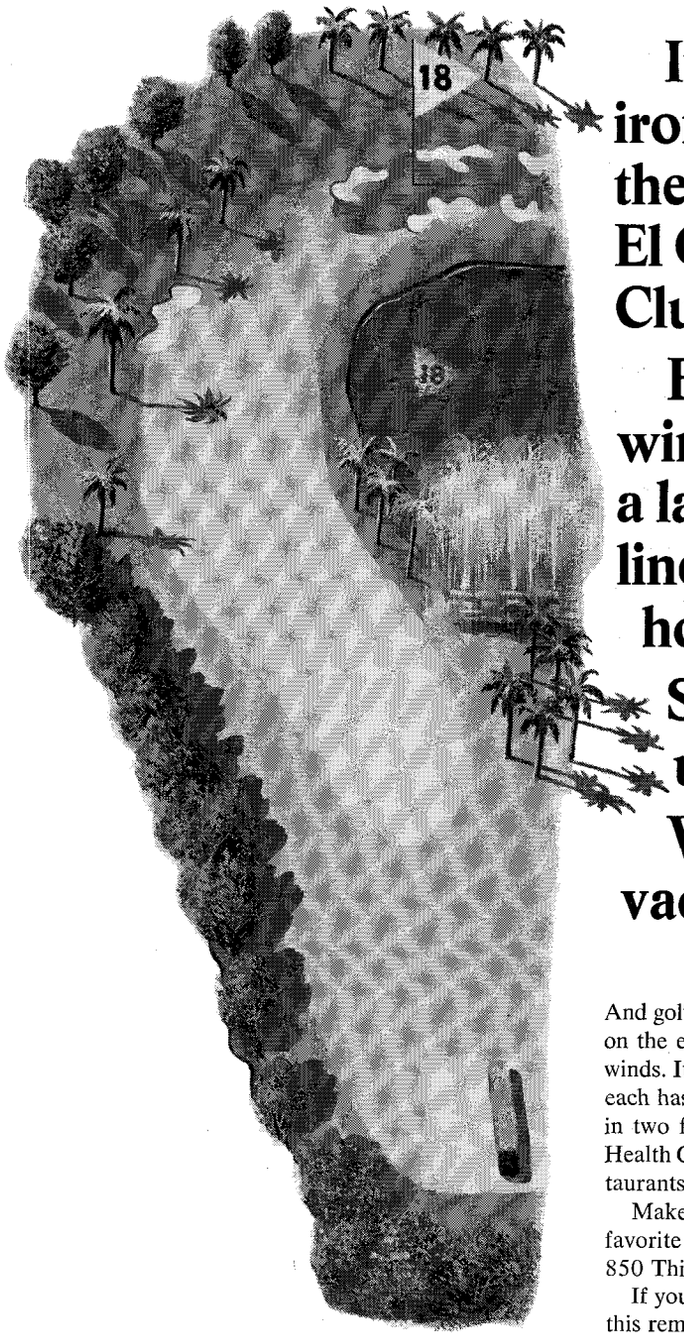

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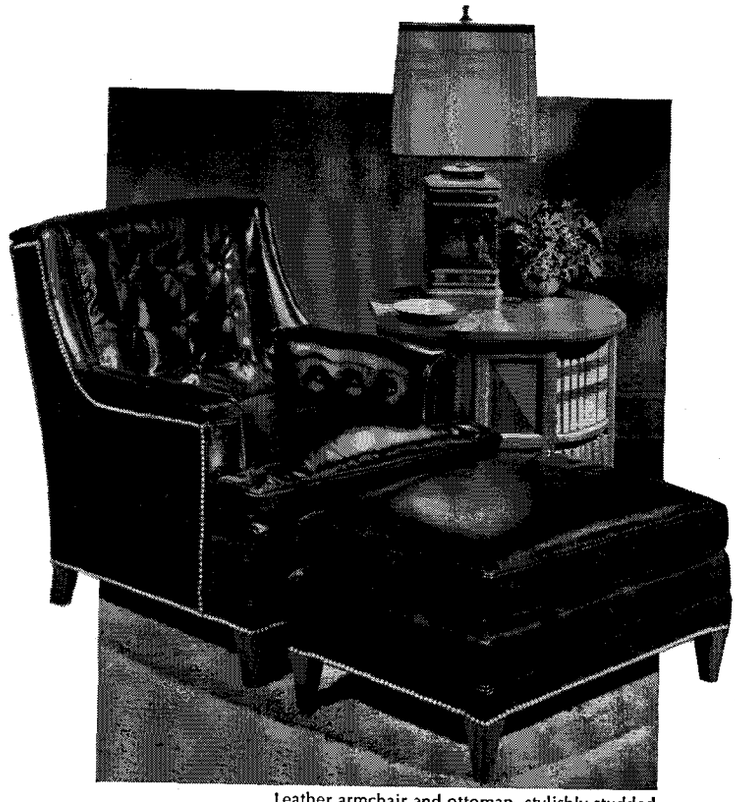

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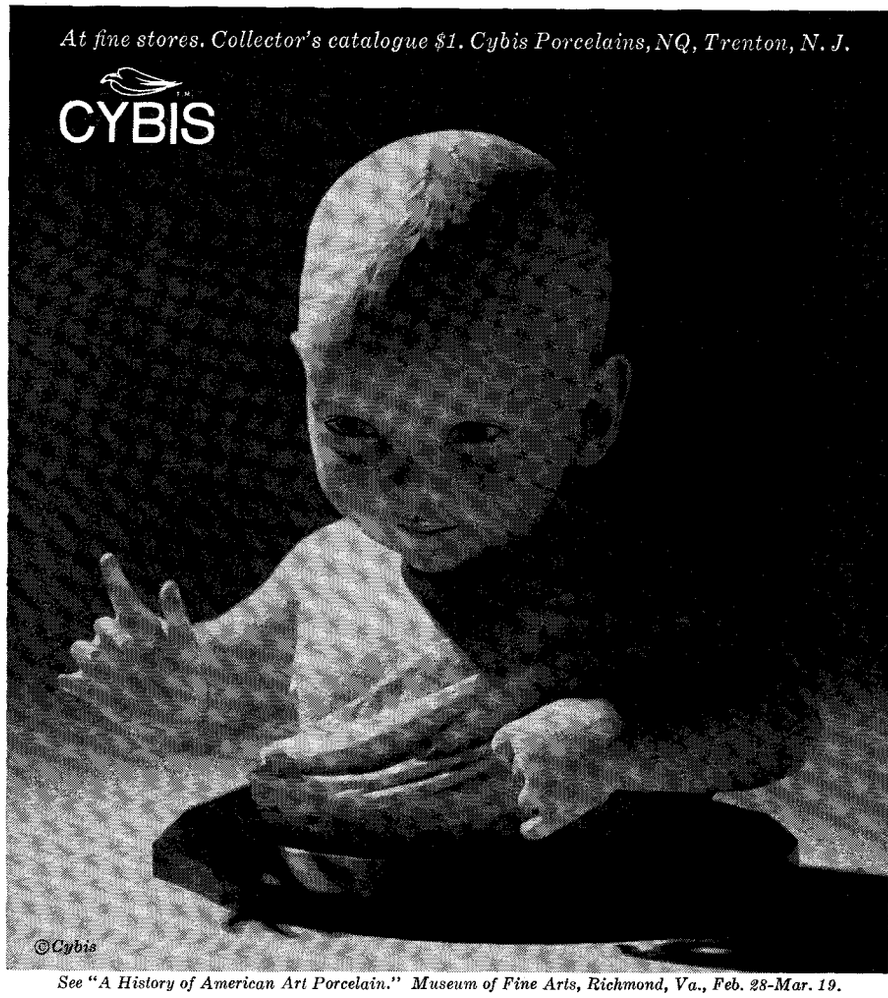

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See "A History of American Art Porcelain." Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Va., Feb. 28-Mar. 19.

rounding district capitals—as no-strike zones, and gave the ground commanders of the operation a free hand in deciding which targets to bomb in the rest of the area of operation.)

The major explained that the Vietnam Air Force (or VNAF, pronounced "Veenaf" by the Americans) had its own organization, separate from the United States Air Force but flying out of the same bases. VNAF supported ARVN with A-1 propeller-driven fighter-bombers—a type of plane that was last used by our Navy in the Korean war. "VNAF has its own FACs," the major told me. "They work just the way we do. One-half of the base is for VNAF and one-half for us."

I asked what VNAF FACs did, mostly.

"VNAF FACs usually cover convoys," the major replied. "They're pretty much tied up with that. But it's a very necessary function—to cover those convoys. VNAF uses one side of Danang. We built the facilities just the same as the American facilities, but separate. But they don't know how to take care of something nice. You go over there now, and it's a stinking mess. You know what one of the first things they did was? They unscrewed the taps and spigots in the bathrooms and took them into town and sold them."

I asked whether American FACs guided the VNAF fighter-bombers to their targets.

"Those old A-1s that VNAF uses are a lot slower than our planes, and more accurate, so they don't use any FACs for that," the major answered.

I learned that ideas for targets of the American fighter-bombers were gathered mainly from the recommendations of ground commanders, FAC pilots, and "agent reports"—the name given to most other sources of information. Occasionally, a province chief would order a town burned or bombed. All targets were described to DASC in terms of their coördinates on a military map, and DASC would relay these coördinates to the FAC pilot who was guiding the air strike. The FAC pilot would locate the target point on a similar map that he carried with him in the plane. The maps were crosshatched by a grid. The horizontal lines, spaced two centimetres apart, were numbered from 01 to 99, and the vertical lines were similarly spaced and numbered. Each square formed by the lines represented one square kilometre on the ground. The coördinates were given in six figures divided into two groups of three—691 873, for example. The first two

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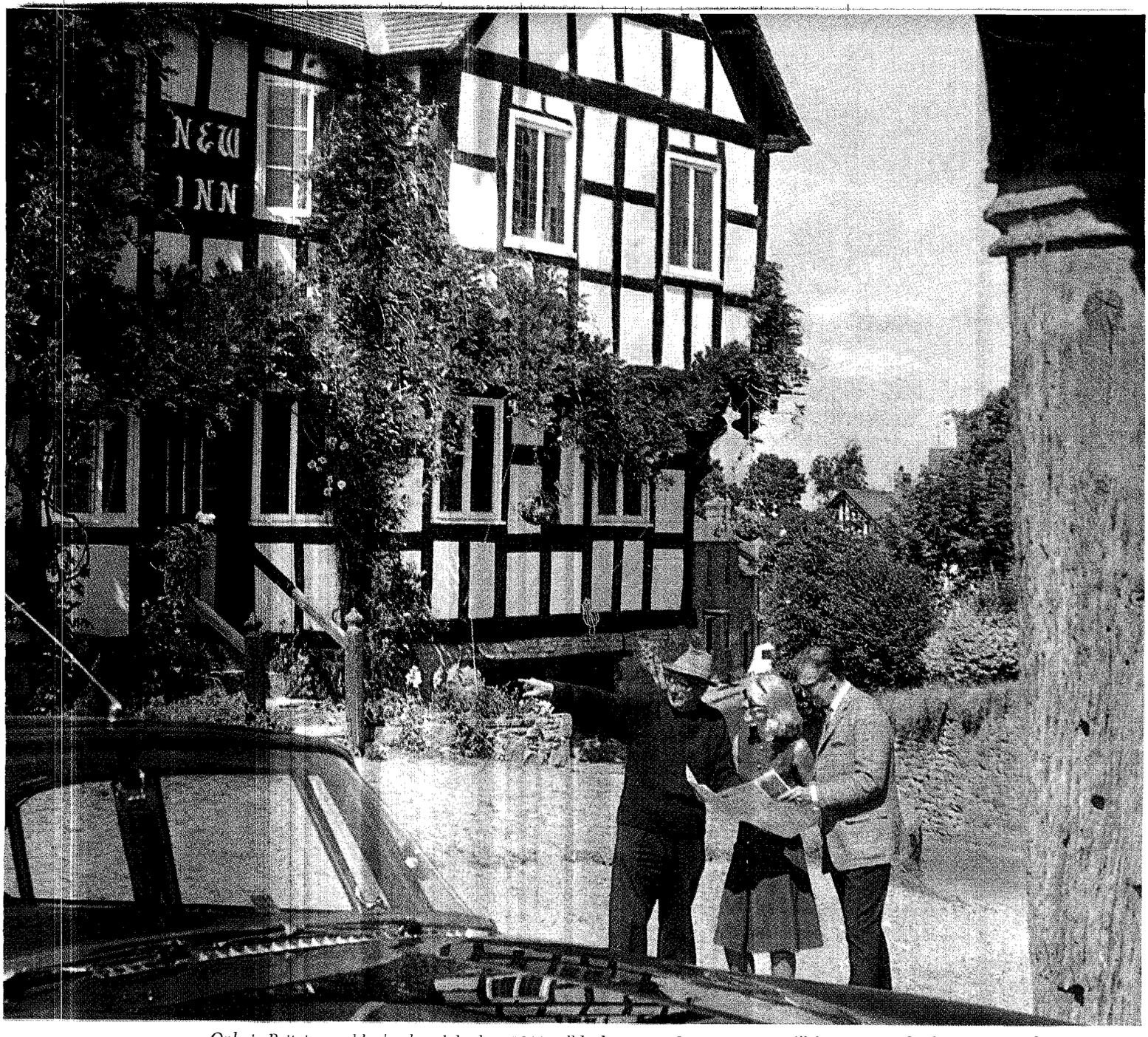

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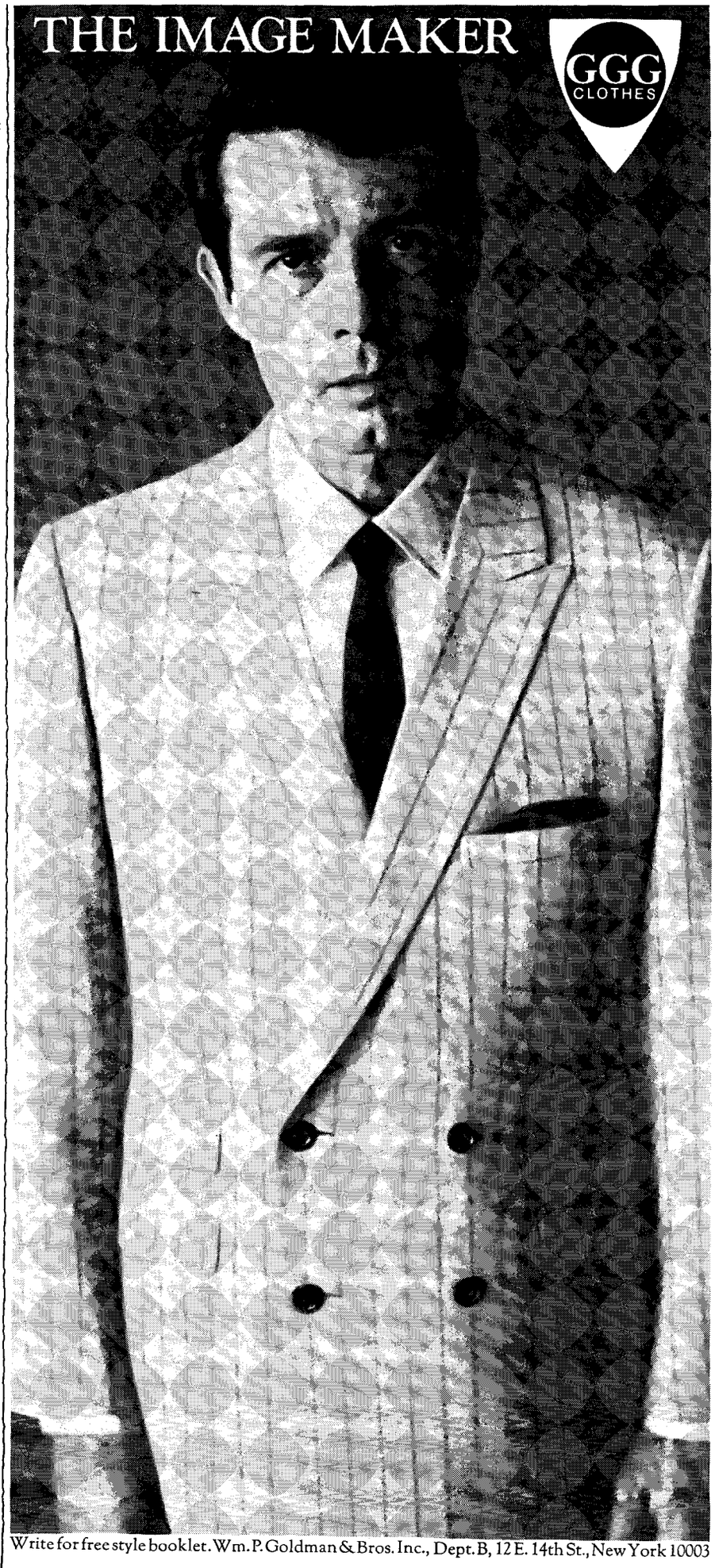
digits of the first group of three designated a vertical line, and the first two digits of the second group of three designated a horizontal line. The third digit of the first group indicated a distance, in hundreds of metres, east of the vertical line on the map, and the third digit of the second group indicated a distance, in hundreds of metres, north of the horizontal line. However, the hundred-metre intervals were not drawn on the map, so the pilot had to estimate for himself what one hundred, or three hundred, metres along the lines amounted to. And even if the pilot estimated accurately, the smallest area that could be designated by this system was a hundred metres square. (Everything within the hundred-metre square northeast of the coördinates 691 873 was designated by those coördinates.) On about half the missions, DASC would give the FAC pilot a description of the type of target that was to be located in the hundred-metre-square area designated by the coördinates. Some of the official descriptions, such as "bunkers," "military structures," and "enemy hamlet," referred to targets that could sometimes be spotted from the air, but other descriptions, such as "V.C. r.-and-r. area," "suspected enemy troop concentration," and "infiltration route" did not, and in these cases the pilot had to rely entirely on his coördinates. Once the pilot had found the target area on his map, he would plot its position on the ground by using as reference points prominent topographical features that showed on his map; in the mountains he would use the configurations of the ridgelines as reference points, and in the flatlands he would use rivers, roads, and villages. After finding the target on the ground, he would relay the coördinates by radio to the fighter-bombers when they came overhead. Just before the strike, he would "mark" the target by hitting it with a phosphorus rocket, which sends up a highly visible cloud of white smoke and also splashes burning phosphorus over a twenty-yard area. Then, using the smoke as a guide, the fighter-bombers would fly over the target, dropping their bombs or cans of napalm, or hitting it with rockets or strafing fire. The FAC plane meanwhile circled slowly nearby, watching the strike and telling the pilots of the fighter-bombers by radio how far from the target they were hitting. Usually, there were two or three fighter-bomber planes on a mission, and each plane flew two or three passes, depending on what armament it was carrying. When the strike was completed, the



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FAC pilot would fly over the area again and make a Bomb Damage Assessment Report—usually called the B.D.A. Report—to DASC and to the fighter-bomber pilots. The B.D.A. Report included the percentage of "Bombs on Target" and the percentage of "Target Destroyed." The pilot would also report any "Military Structures Destroyed." When there were friendly ground troops in the area near the target, the ground commander would radio the coordinates of their position to the FAC pilot, who would relay the information to the pilots of the fighter-bombers. The FAC pilot would make contact with the commanders of nearby artillery batteries, too, to check the trajectory of artillery shells being fired at that moment, so that he would be able to avoid them. A FAC pilot told me that one in twenty FAC pilots was killed during 1966, but he explained that he and his fellow-pilots felt less fear than many G.I.s on the ground who had a smaller chance of being hit. In the air, you didn't know when you were being shot at until a bullet came very close to the plane, or actually hit it, the pilot said, and he described a bullet passing close by as making a snapping sound, "like someone closing an ashtray in the back seat of your car." The fighter-bomber pilots made no decisions about targets themselves. A fighter-bomber pilot who was based at Danang told me, "We are going four or five hundred knots, and we can't see much ourselves. I've never seen a body or a person yet, and I've been on over a hundred missions. It's virtually impossible to see any movement on the ground. The FAC is the expert. We're only experts on delivery."

In August, there were six FAC pilots detailed to the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division. During Operations Malheur I and Malheur II, they had flown out of Duc Pho, but as the brigade moved north for Operation Hood River and Operation Benton, the FAC pilots shifted their base of operation north to Chu Lai. While the brigade was conducting an operation, the FAC pilots always kept one plane aloft over the area of operation during daylight hours. Each pilot usually flew a three-hour shift each day, though occasionally, when an emergency called for it, each would fly a six-hour shift. From August 10th to August 21st, I flew with the FAC pilots attached to the 1st of the 101st almost daily, lived with them in their quarters, and ate my meals with them on the base.

On August 10th, the next-to-last day of Operation Hood River, I flew in the early morning with a FAC pilot from Texas who had a thin face and a slight frame and was about thirty years old. I shall call him Captain Reese. The standard FAC plane was a Cessna O-1 Bird Dog. It seated two, one in front and one in back; had a single propeller; and was armed with four tubes containing phosphorus rockets, two tubes being mounted under each wing. It could fly as slowly as forty miles an hour, and could hold an extremely tight corkscrew turn when the pilot wanted to look at one small area of ground for a sustained period. Before climbing into the plane, Captain Reese picked up a flak vest, a helmet, a submachine gun, and a survival kit, the last two for use in case the plane was hit and had to make a forced landing. On the flight line, where the planes sat enclosed by steel walls to protect them from shrapnel in mortar or rocket attacks, three young mechanics lounged shirtless in the heat, waiting to refuel O-1 planes or repair their engines. Although it was against the rules, the pilots occasionally let the mechanics climb into the pilot's seat and taxi the planes across the fifty-yard stretch of asphalt between the fuel pump and the protective walls.

Just before our plane went out on the runway, one of the mechanics, who was pulling safety rods from the rocket tubes on the wings, asked Captain Reese, "You gonna get any of 'em today, Captain?"

"I dunno," answered Captain Reese.

The mechanics often asked the pilots about their missions, but they rarely got answers any more revealing than this. During most of the day, the mechanics sat on wooden boxes around a soft-drink cooler that was protected by a canvas roof, and read back issues of *Stars and Stripes*, or looked for the hundredth time through a few thumb-greased copies of *Sir!* and *Escapade* magazines. Beyond their little spot of shade stretched a landscape of hot asphalt, shimmering corrugated metal, and airplanes. Part of their job was to assemble phosphorous rockets and load them under the wings of the FAC planes. The rockets were about a yard long and came in three pieces, which the mechanics had to screw together. I once asked a mechanic who had just dumped a case of four rockets on the asphalt whether a rocket would explode if he tossed it up in the air and

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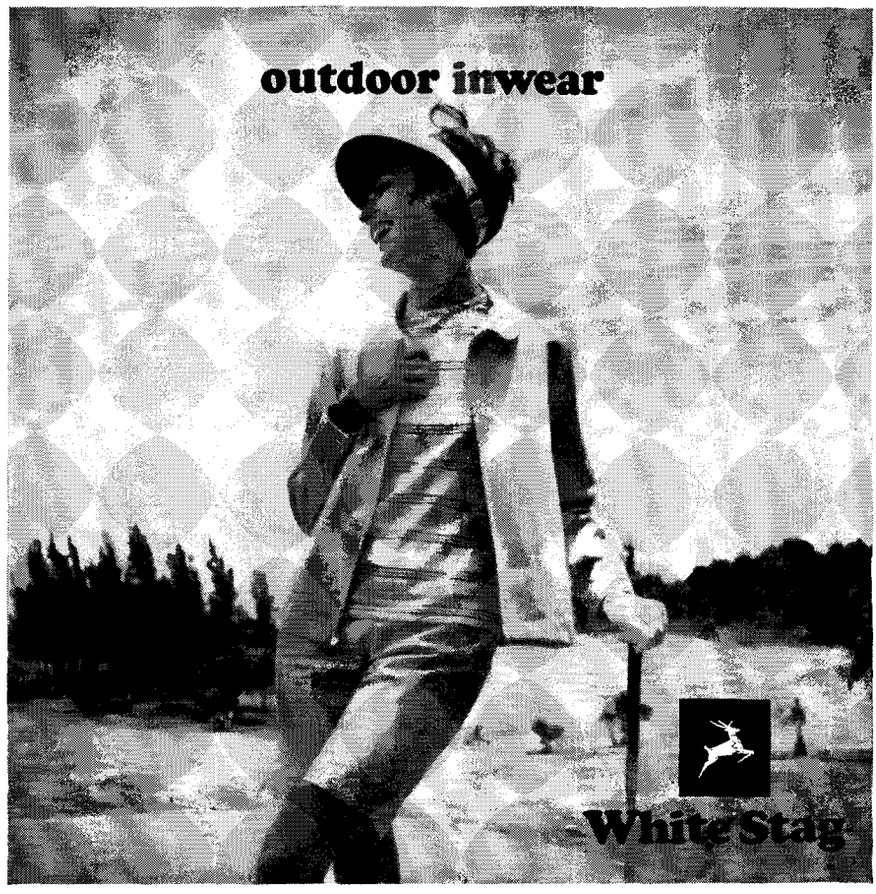

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let it fall onto the runway. He picked up a front section, which was marked "Warhead," and, dangling it about five feet off the ground, said, "It would go off if I dropped it from here. If it gets on you, it'll burn right through you for days and it won't go out with just water. You have to put it out with a special chemical we've got over there in the shed." The mechanics did not learn about any military operation that the FAC planes supported until four or five days after it had been launched, when a copy of the Task Force Oregon mimeographed *News Sheet* might reach them, and they could read, for example, "The infantry units mounted a three-pronged attack, and in the ensuing ground action tallied 44 enemy killed, bringing the body count to 65 for the action north of Duc Pho," or "Two Chinese mines were discovered by the airborne-infantrymen as they searched for the enemy in heavy jungle west of Quang Ngai City. One detainee, suffering a bullet wound in the back, was turned over to authorities. The paratroopers captured three enemy weapons and one and one-half tons of rice." Every once in a while, one of the mechanics would get a word or two out of a FAC pilot about a current operation, and he would relay the information to the other mechanics with studied nonchalance, as though he always had an inside line on what was going on. But usually the mechanics just fuelled the planes, watched them disappear in the sky, read old magazines, and listened to the day-long thunder of bombs on the other side of the mountains.

When Captain Reese and I had strapped ourselves into our seats, a young mechanic waved us forward onto a siding of the runway. Captain Reese had to wait for an F-4 fighter-bomber to take off ahead of us. The F-4 was mottled with green and brown camouflage paint and had a heavy, sharklike body with stubby wings, downward-slanting tail fins, and a drooping black nose, which was just rising off the runway as the plane crossed our bow. For a few seconds, the deep roaring of its engine filled one's head completely, overpowering thought. In a quarter of a minute, the orange-tipped blue flames of its afterburners were vanishing in the distance as it rose at a steady steep angle.

Captain Reese taxied onto the runway, and our small plane lifted off the asphalt after running only a hundred yards or so down the runway, which was two miles long and stretched out of sight in front of us like a turn-

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pike in a desert. As soon as the plane was off the ground, Captain Reese turned southwest and started a climb to fifteen hundred feet. According to regulations, the FAC pilots were not supposed to fly below that altitude, but almost all of them frequently broke this rule, and sometimes they went down as low as a hundred feet. ("As soon as I heard that rule, I knew that it was one of the rules made to break," a FAC pilot once said to me. "You can't even see people from one thousand feet. You can't see anything unless you go down there.") Captain Reese guided the O-1 over the brown, abandoned rice fields and blackened ruins of the villages in the western part of Son Tinh District. There was a heavy, high gray overcast.

Using a headset and a microphone wired for the back seat, I asked Captain Reese what types of target were most common and what the targets of the present mission were.

Speaking through a microphone the size of a lima bean that reached around on a small metal arm from the side of his helmet almost into his mouth, Captain Reese answered, "Oh, usually we get a V.C. base camp, burn off a village, or hit a supply depot. Today, we're going to hit a suspected enemy troop concentration at 324 733." (All figures given for coördinates in this article have been changed.)

I asked how it had been decided to bomb this target.

"I don't know. An agent reported it, or something, I guess," he said.

We crossed a small ridge of hills and came out over the Song Tra Khuc Valley. The cultivated fields were pale green, and the forests on the mountain slopes were a vivid deep green under a sky that was darkening before rain. Several miles to the west, where the valley vanished into the mountains, curved plumes of rain trailed down from the cloud cover, and to the east more plumes of rain descended into the sea. The air below the clouds seemed oddly clear, and tall, bluish mountains were visible far to the west, above the delicate ridges of nearer, smaller mountains. The line between the sea and the sky was lost in a uniform grayness, and a large blue island, clearly visible twenty or more kilometres offshore, seemed to be floating in the sky. The tops of four or five of the low mountains on the north and south sides of the valley were bald and blackened. Captain Reese explained that intensive bombing and machine-gun fire were usually directed at hilltops—often starting forest fires—in order to kill anyone there be-

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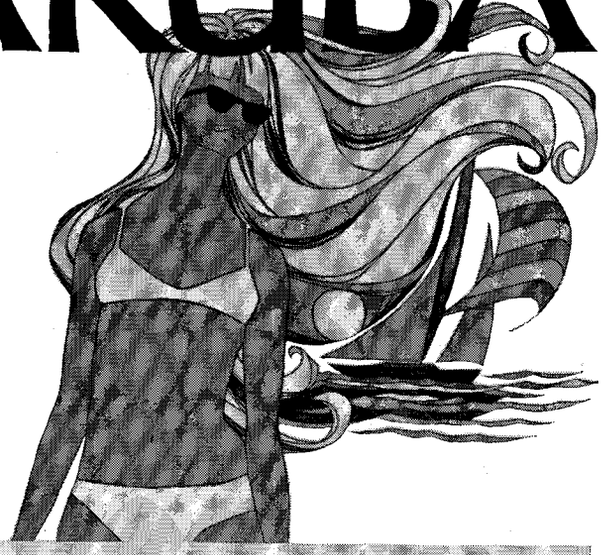

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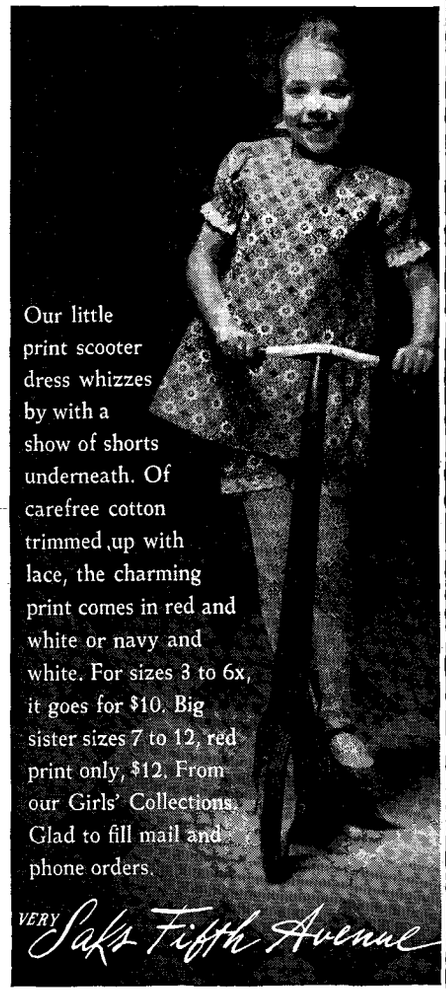

fore our troops made a landing. In the valley, the cultivated fields were marked with craters of all sizes. Five or six thin, straight columns of smoke rose from the valley floor. "They're burning off some hootches. This is a solid V.C. area," Captain Reese told me. He circled lower, for a closer look. In that part of the valley, widely separated clusters of houses stood along a line of trees bordering a small stream. Troops were advancing across a rice field and entering a courtyard that was surrounded by three houses. A minute later, as they reappeared in a field on the other side of the yard, a spot of flame began to spread on the roof of one house, then on the roof of another, and soon all three roofs were collapsing in flames. Captain Reese brought the plane back to fifteen hundred feet and headed southwest again, toward his target area. Below us, the gray squares of freshly burned houses dotted the ground. Arriving over the target area, Captain Reese found that the hundred-metre square designated by the coördinates included a wooded ridge and a small ravine lying halfway up a mountain about three thousand feet high. The side of the ravine across from the ridge was lined with rows of crops stretching up the steep mountain slope.

"They want us to hit that ravine," Captain Reese said. "That's the target."

At eight-forty-five, the flight commander of three F-4 fighter-bombers radioed to say that they had arrived over the general area.

"Tell me what ordnance you've got, and all that jazz," the Captain said.

"We've got six napes, six seven-hundred-and-fifty-pounders, and six two-hundred-and-fifty-pounders. Can you use it?" the flight commander answered.

"We can use all that. I'll mark the target for you," the Captain replied.

Throughout most of the strike, the pilots communicated in relaxed, genial voices and with a perfectly flat intonation, which came across the headsets with a nasal, buzzing quality, perhaps because the pilots placed their lips against the tiny microphones as they talked. Captain Reese spotted the three F-4s through the clear roof of the cockpit as they cut under the clouds above us. Wheeling his plane over the target, he went into a sharp dive, and threw a switch to fire a phosphorus rocket from a tube under his wing. The rocket did not fire. "Damn. Won't fire today," he said. He banked around again, brought the plane into another dive, and threw another switch. Once more, the rocket failed to fire. On his next pass, he dropped a smoke grenade by hand out the window, and it failed to explode. He dropped three more grenades in succeeding passes, and these, too, were duds. The fifth grenade trailed a thin line of smoke from the plane down to the top of the ridge, and a large puff of white smoke soon appeared over the trees. "I want it right down in that valley. You can come in from the east and break west," Captain Reese told the flight commander, and then he began to fly in a tight circle a few hundred yards from the target. As the O-1 was closing its second full circle, he lined up the first fighter-bomber in his front windshield, and he held it in view while it went into a low dive over the cleft. The bombs travelled diagonally earthward and landed on the wooded ridge. A visible shock wave sprang outward from the point of impact, and a cloud of brown smoke shot up several hundred feet above the woods. The fighter-bomber pulled up at a sharp angle, presenting its belly, with the bombs grouped under its stubby wings, to our view. "Real fine!" exclaimed the Captain. "That's right in there! Next time, try to get it fifty metres south, down in the valley." The next plane, diving from the same angle, landed its bombs farther up the ridge. "That's real fine," said the Captain. The third plane sent two silver canisters of napalm toppling down, end over end, and they also landed on the wooded ridge. A pillar of black smoke, with a thick column of orange fire boiling briefly at its core, puffed up over the trees, and red globs of burning jelly splashed outward over the jungle. The next two loads were also napalm, and they also hit the top of the ridge. After the third napalm strike, the flight commander asked, "Do you want it down pretty much in the ravine?" and Captain Reese answered, "Yes, right down there in the ravine." The next three passes put bombs in the ravine, filling it with brown smoke. With that, the strike was over, and the Captain flew back across the target area. Large brown holes had been opened up in the woods, with blasted trees lying in pieces around the edges. Globs of napalm still burned in patches on the ground and in tree branches. At the bottom of the ra-

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vine, two bombs had landed directly on a tumbling stream. Above the trees, a flock of birds flying in tight formation wheeled swiftly in circles. One bomb had landed on the cultivated side of the ravine. "I don't see anything," the Captain observed to me, in a tired voice. Then, to the flight commander, he reported, "A hundred per cent of Bombs on Target. Fifty-per-cent Target Coverage. Thank you very much, sir. I've never marked this area before, and I don't seem to mark it very well."

"Not at all," answered the flight commander.

I asked the Captain who had cultivated the fields.

"That's just Montagnard farming. You'd be amazed at the places they farm," he said.

Captain Reese headed the plane back eastward over the Song Tra Khuc Valley. The line of smoking houses along the river was now a kilometre long, and led away from the river into the fields, where two flaming houses marked the troops' advance units. Since the Captain had no further need to talk with the flight commander, he listened in on fragments of conversations on the ground. Communications between ground units crackled into our ears between bursts of static.

"We've captured one Charlie, but we haven't interrogated him yet," said a voice.

"Did he have a weapon?" asked another.

"He had on the black pajamas, short type, but he didn't have a weapon," the first voice replied. "Most likely he hid it somewhere. We found him four hundred metres south of where we were last night."

To me, the Captain said, "Yesterday, five of them ran into a hole, and came out shooting, and got killed. All the villages around here have foxholes and bunkers under them. This place is almost entirely V.C.-controlled, or pro-V.C."

I asked whether the bunkers did not also serve as bomb shelters for the general populace.

"No," he said. "The V.C. build them—or force the people to build them—strictly for the V.C.'s own protection."

Below us, the lines of smoke from the burning houses had mingled to form a thin haze, which drifted eastward down the valley. DASC at Chu Lai radioed to say that the fighter-bombers assigned to the second target had been diverted to a more urgent mission and would not be coming.

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"Well, we'll have to hit it tomorrow, or something," Captain Reese remarked to me.

I took advantage of the lull to ask him about the bombing policy—that is, the policy on the bombing of villages—that he, as a FAC pilot, helped carry out.

"We've got two kinds of strikes—pre-planned and immediate," he answered. "The pre-planned strikes are when we say, 'O.K., you people have been bad now for two or three months, and we haven't been able to talk you into being good, so we're going to wipe you out. You've got twenty-four hours to get out.' Usually, we give them twenty-four hours. That's the pre-planned. Then there's the immediate strike. Now, when there's an Army unit near the village, and they get fire from the village, they say, 'O.K., you people quit shooting or we're going to hit you now—right now.' Of course, that would be in a case where almost everyone in the village is pro-V.C. Technically, the village doesn't have to be warned of a strike when we are flying in conjunction with an operation, like we are now."

While we were talking, we had reached the entrance of the valley, where the river flowed out onto the coastal plain. Here, also, smoke was rising from a roadside, and houses were aflame. The lines of smoke were spreading westward, toward the troops of the 1st Brigade of the 101st, who were moving eastward as they burned more houses. "Those guys down there burning off those hootches are Civilian Irregular Defense Forces," Captain Reese said. "They're Montagnards trained by the Special Forces."

A single main road ran the length of the valley, following the meanderings of the river. Between the villages being burned by the Civilian Irregular Defense Forces and the villages being burned by the 1st Brigade, the road was crowded with cattle and with people carrying double loads on shoulder poles. Near the road, a Special Forces camp had been dug into the bald summit of a round hill that stood alone on the valley floor, overlooking a large village where houses were jammed together inside a small fortified square. Captain Reese said he thought that the village was probably a "new-life" hamlet and would be spared destruction.

As we turned westward again, I asked him about his aerial-reconnaissance duties, and how he distinguished houses and trails used by the enemy from those used only by civilians.

"You look for changes—something

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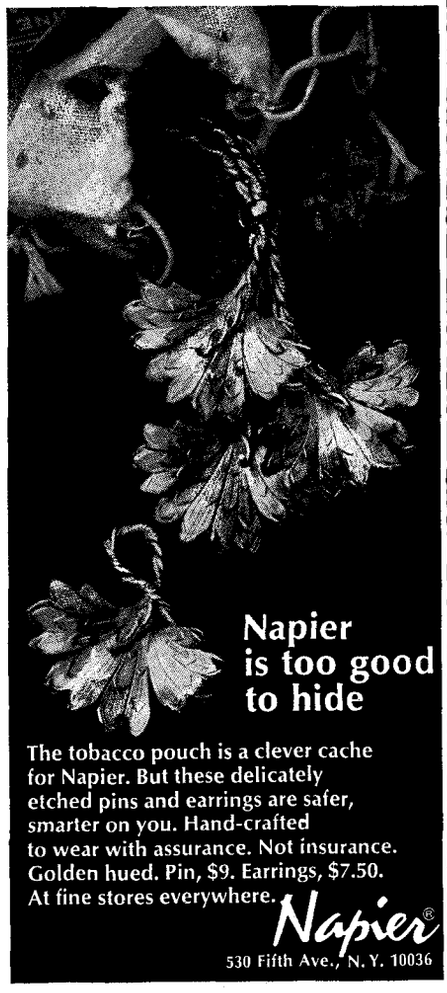


that's different," he said. "Normally, you're at fifteen hundred feet, searching for trails and tree lines, and looking for hootches. It's almost a fact that anything out in the open is friendly, so anything you see in the trees you suspect is unfriendly, because it might be V.C. We report hootches that are hidden in tree lines."

I pointed out that, except in the "new-life" hamlets, almost all the houses were built in the shade of tree lines.

"Yeah, they'll be built in the tree lines," he said. "But out in the sticks, if you spot a hootch with no fields around, it's probably V.C. Maybe a rice-storage house."

I asked who lived in the mountains.

"Just the Montagnards and a lot of Vietnamese," he said. "They've taken most of the people out of the mountains, so nobody has any business being here except the V.C. Even the Montagnards here are kind of coöperating with the V.C. We watch for trails up in the mountains, too."

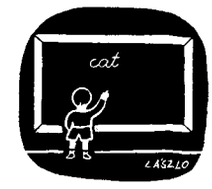
I had noticed that many of the hilltops were cultivated and that most of these were laced with webs of foot trails, and I inquired about the trails.

"I'll look real close at the trails," the Captain said. "If someone walks through one, the grass gets bent."

I asked whether he could spot freshly bent grass from his airplane.

"Oh, yeah, you can tell," he said.

DASC called again, to say that a flight of two fighter-bombers had not expended all its bombs in a previous strike and had been looking for a target for the rest, so DASC had suggested Captain Reese's second target.



To get to the second target, we headed south and crossed a thousand-foot ridge into a small, high abandoned valley, where the rice fields—thickly terraced ones—had already gone wild and the house foundations were half overgrown. Four straight, mile-long avenues of craters from B-52 strikes crisscrossed the valley. The path of craters from one strike began on the ridge on the north side of the valley and marched across the fields and a stream, straight up the southern hillside, and out of sight beyond. The coördinates described a hundred-metre square in a wide stretch of woods on the southern hillside. "We're going to hit a place the troops were in a week ago," Captain Reese said. "They found some hootches and burned them off. Then, yesterday morning, a FAC pilot spotted some smoke comin' out of there. There wasn't supposed to be any smoke comin' out of there, so we're going to hit it today." Then, looking at his control panel, he exclaimed, "Hell, I forgot to pull the safety switch on the rockets! *That's* why they wouldn't fire." He went on, "You can see that they've hit this target before." He indicated scores of bomb craters and irregular splashes of brown and black from napalm strikes that scarred the woods in the target area. "It's a V.C. base area," he said. "It's got a number. All the base areas have got numbers."

The fighter-bombers for the second strike arrived over the valley and radioed that, all told, they were carrying six five-hundred-pound bombs and four tubes of rockets, with nineteen to a tube. Captain Reese brought the O-1 into a dive, and there was a sharp metallic explosion as a phosphorus rocket fired off our right wing. This was followed by the appearance of a pillar of white smoke rising from the woods. The Captain instructed the flight commander that the F-4s should land their bombs forty metres west of the smoke. Two bombs sent down in the first pass hit a hundred metres east of the smoke. The bombs sent down in the second pass landed fifty metres east, and in the third, and final, bombing pass the bombs landed within thirty metres of the white smoke. The strike continued with four volleys of rockets. Each volley spread over sixty or seventy metres of the woods, sending up puffs of brown smoke, and the rockets were all on the target or within thirty metres of it. Afterward, Captain Reese guided the O-1 into a descending tight spiral over the bomb craters to observe the damage. At the edge of one hole in the woods he saw a pile of debris that he judged to be the remains of a hut, and in his Bomb Damage Assessment Report he mentioned one "Military Structure Destroyed." At eleven o'clock, he headed our plane back to Chu Lai.

The Chu Lai base had expanded steadily since it was founded, in 1965, and by August of 1967 it was about ten miles long and five miles wide, and occupied what must be one of the world's most beautiful stretches of coastline. A wide beach of pure-white sand runs the length of the base in a gently curving crescent, and the water of the South China Sea is a bluish green, even on cloudy days. Along parts of the shore, a warm surf rolls evenly toward the beach across long sandbars; a mountain island lies off the coast. The area occupied by the base had once been

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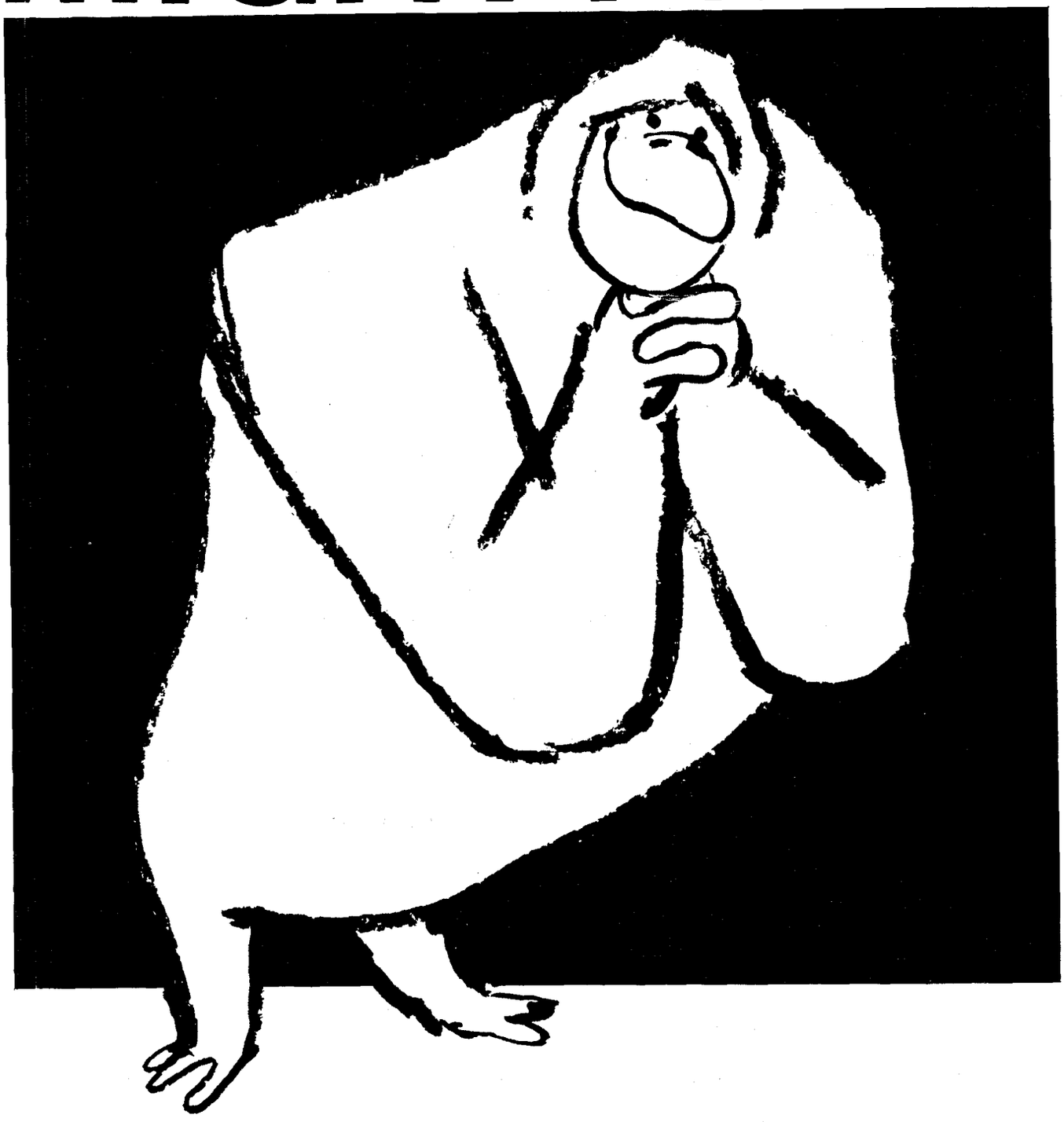

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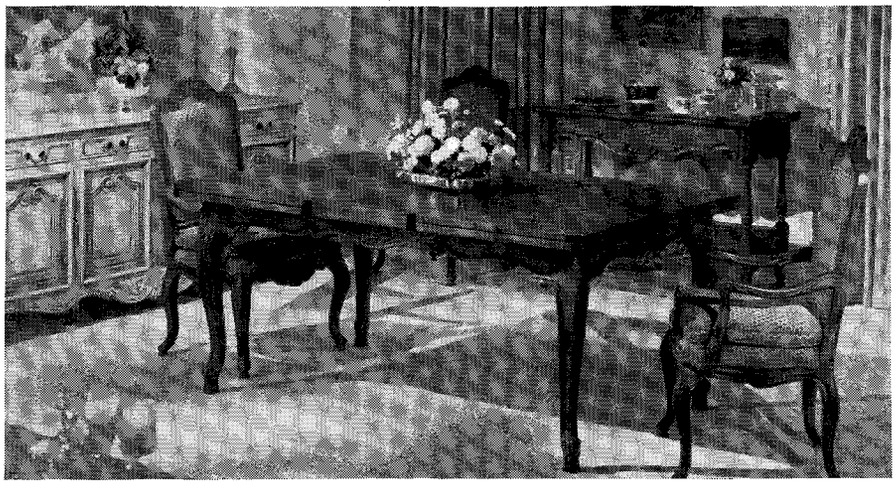

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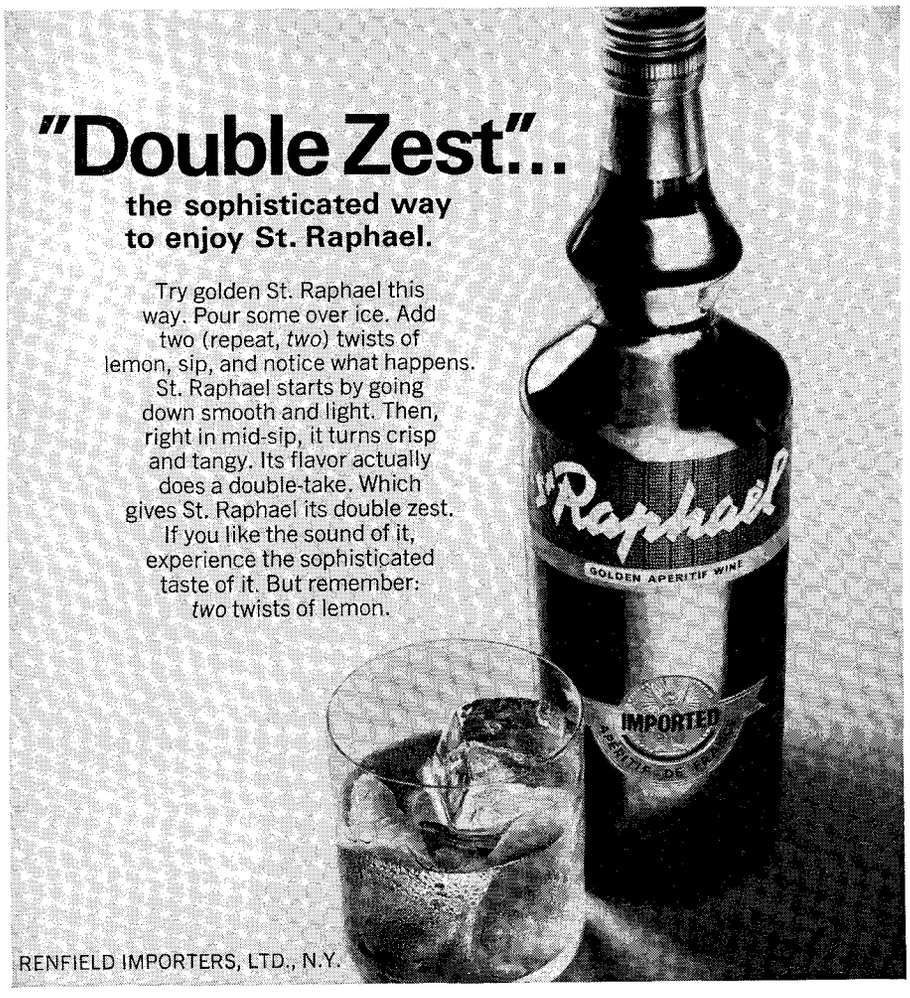

heavily populated. A three-mile-long hilly promontory forming the northern tip of the base had been the site of a dense conglomeration of fishing villages. As the base expanded, leaflets were dropped on these villages announcing that they were going to be destroyed in order to make room for the base. (In the catalogue of leaflets used by the Marines and Task Force Oregon I saw several leaflets of this kind.) The people were evacuated, the villages were bulldozed away, and the Americans laid out their installations on the stretch of bare earth.

Upon landing, Captain Reese started back to headquarters in a jeep. The twenty-minute drive from the FAC flight line to the Task Force Oregon headquarters led through several miles of bulldozed fields of sand and dirt dotted with warehouses, munitions dumps, and repair sheds, and then ran along the beach for a mile or so. The sky was still overcast, and the beach was empty. Beer cans were strewn on the sand around simple canvas roofs on pole frames, which served as canopies for evening cookouts. (When the sun was out, the waves were usually dotted with heads and with men riding the surf on air mattresses, and the beach was usually covered with suntanned soldiers in bright-colored boxer-style bathing trunks.) Beyond the beach, the road continued up a hill and out onto the rocky promontory at the northern tip of the base. At the top of the promontory, Captain Reese turned right and drove into the command complex of Task Force Oregon. In the center of a dirt parade ground that was surrounded by low, tin-roofed barracks, the American flag and the South Vietnamese flag (three horizontal red stripes on a yellow ground) flew at exactly the same height on two flagpoles standing side by side. Two gaily painted Buddhist shrines, each about ten feet tall and adorned with Chinese characters, also stood on the parade ground. These were the only traces of the Vietnamese villages that had once stood on the site of the base.

Captain Reese had a light lunch and then went to his quarters for a long nap. At just about any time of day after eleven in the morning, two or three of the six pilots could be found sprawled on their beds, asleep in the breeze of an electric fan. The pilots took turns standing by at a central control desk, which was in one of the barracks on the parade ground. It was in constant communication with DASC and with the FAC pilot who was aloft. Although the FAC pilots almost never

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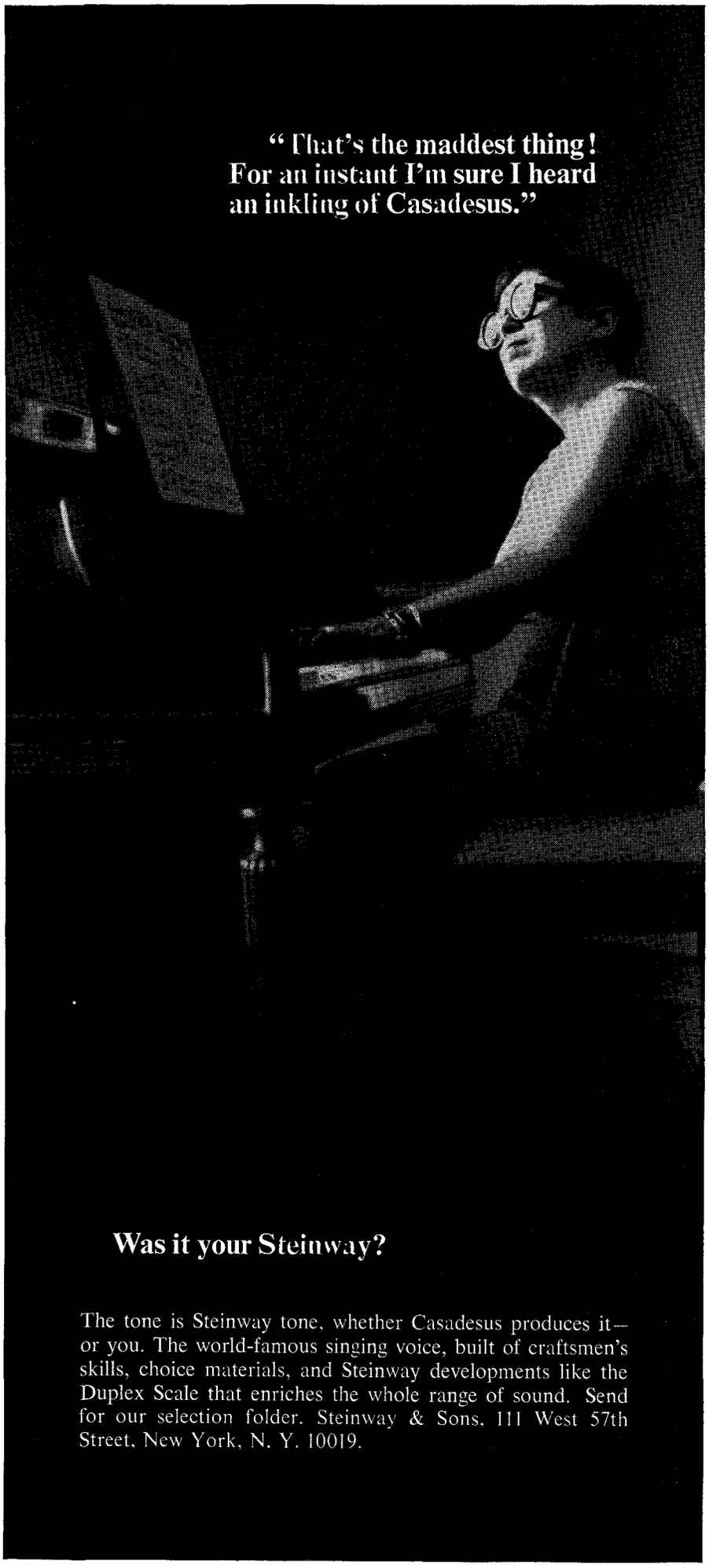
flew after dark, one of their number helped supervise, from the central control desk, any bombings carried out at night, and coördinated night flights of AC-47s (this was the military version of the DC-3, and was nicknamed Spooky) that supported troops on the ground with heavy fire. On nights when the fighting on the ground was particularly intense, a pilot would have to stay up all night at the control desk and sleep the next day.

Except when the FAC pilots were flying missions, they lived entirely within the confines of their base. It would have been perfectly possible for any one of them to pass his entire one-year tour of duty in Vietnam without ever talking to a Vietnamese or setting foot inside a Vietnamese village or city other than Saigon. Except for their r.-and-r. trips to foreign cities, and occasional expeditions in the FAC planes to the Danang airbase to buy beer and soft drinks, on what they called "the soda-pop run," the pilots' daily lives revolved solely around their missions, their quarters, the central control desk, and the dining halls, bars, and movie theatres in the officers' clubs. The FAC pilots' quarters, which they called the Hootch, consisted of one of the several rows of tin-roofed barracks, which had mosquito netting serving as the upper half of the walls. The barracks was partitioned into three rooms, containing four beds each, and the beds were separated by tall metal clothes cabinets. Most of the pilots had decorated their walls with *Playboy* Playmates of the Month. On the wall next to one major's bed, Miss May of 1967, who is shown standing on a sun deck with her pink shirt open, dwarfed a dozen small snapshots of the major's wife, in one of which she was standing, arms akimbo, in a bathing suit on a beach, and of his eight-year-old son, shown standing beside a lake and holding a small fish up to the camera. On the major's desk were a can of spray insecticide, a Reader's Digest volume of condensed books (featuring President Eisenhower's book "At Ease," which is subtitled "Stories I Tell to Friends"), a can of Pepsi-Cola, a softball, a dozen loose bullets, and an obscene wooden sculpture of a kind developed by Vietnamese carvers for American soldiers looking for souvenirs of Vietnam. Sometimes the younger pilots played darts on a board that hung on one door, and they also occasionally played Monopoly. A refrigerator was kept stocked with beer and soft drinks. Because of the heat, most of the pilots had at least two beers or soft drinks a



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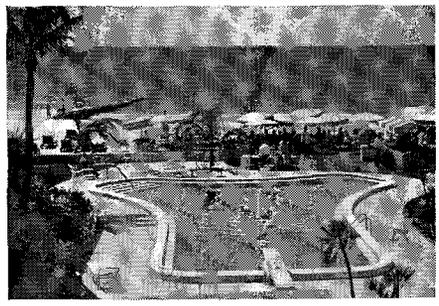

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day. Each was on his honor to put fifteen cents in a common refreshment fund in a box in the back of the refrigerator every time he took a drink, but someone who, it seemed, had not been wholly able to put his trust in an honor system had halfheartedly attempted to revise it by taping to the front of the refrigerator door a sheet of paper with everyone's name on it, on which each person was supposed to mark down the number of drinks he had taken and the number he had paid for.

Around the central control desk, and in other places where the pilots gathered, an atmosphere of perpetual low-keyed, comradely humor prevailed. There was a steady stream of light remarks. One man who was standing idly around said to another, with weary joviality, "It's a beautiful, beautiful war!" The second man said, "It's the only one we've got." A FAC pilot entered a room full of FAC pilots and said, "Here are our hard-working FAC pilots," in a tone that indicated neither that they were hard-working nor that they weren't. In this way, the FAC pilots rarely talked about the war directly, and yet never quite got away from the subject, either. The relaxed style of their humor was, I thought, caught quite precisely in their choice as their squadron's emblem of Charles Schulz's comic-strip dog Snoopy, who daydreams of fame as a First World War flying ace. On the outside of the door of the central-control-desk office, Snoopy was depicted, in a sketch, wearing goggles and a scarf that trailed out behind him as he went into a dive in a First World War Sopwith Camel biplane. Cartoon bombs exploded below him. (On a wall of the Duc Pho central-control-desk office, there was a large painting of Snoopy accompanied by a speech balloon that had him saying "Curse you, Charlie Cong!" The Task Force Oregon *News Sheet* reproduced one episode about Snoopy in each of its issues, and the pilots of the 20th Tactical Air Support Squadron in Danang carried calling cards that depicted Snoopy in his biplane firing a machine gun. On a wall of the squadron's office was a large color poster that bore a reproduction of a painting of an American pilot walking sadly through a prisoner-of-war camp. A vow not to give the enemy any information that was not required by international law was printed below the picture. The pilots, who flew regularly over North Vietnam, had pencilled a beard and mustache on the grave, pious, spotlighted face of the captured American.)

At the Chu Lai officers' club for Task Force Oregon, drinks were twenty cents each, and the pilots usually had three or four rounds each evening before supper. One pilot observed, "At these prices, you can't afford *not* to drink." On the evening of August 10th, the FAC pilots drove to the Marine dining hall, which was a favorite of theirs among the base's many dining halls. Ham, chops, steak, and chicken were served there. They were all prepared in the dependably appetizing style of an excellent truckers' diner on a big American highway, and you could have as much as you could eat. Some Korean officers sat grouped together at several tables. Most of them were enjoying the Korean version of r. and r.—a visit to an American base like Chu Lai, where they were allowed to eat in the American mess halls, shop in the American PX, and swim on the safe stretch of beach occupied by the base. Conversation at dinner usually revolved around matters having to do with the flying life. Often, the pilots discussed the day's events, sometimes criticizing or praising the accuracy of certain missions of fighter-bombers. They stuck fairly closely to day-to-day events and to the technical problems of bombing missions, such as what altitude is best to bomb from and how to tell if a bomb is "hung" on the wing after the bomb release has been triggered. This evening, they discussed an incident in which a pilot had spotted a man on the ground, had judged him to be a Vietcong soldier when he attempted to escape observation by running into a grove of trees, and had called in planes to bomb the trees. This incident, which in itself was quite ordinary, had one unusual aspect: the FAC pilot had been flying outside his assigned area, and the bombs had only just missed some American troops nearby.

Another pilot said that he, too, had spotted a Vietcong soldier and had later guided an air strike onto the woods the man had disappeared into.

I asked him how he had been able to tell that the man was a Vietcong soldier.

"Well, he walked real proud, with a kind of bounce in his gait, like a soldier, instead of just shuffling along, like the farmers do," the pilot answered.

During my stay with the FAC pilots, they never discussed the progress of the war as a whole, nor did they ever express any hatred for the enemy. They

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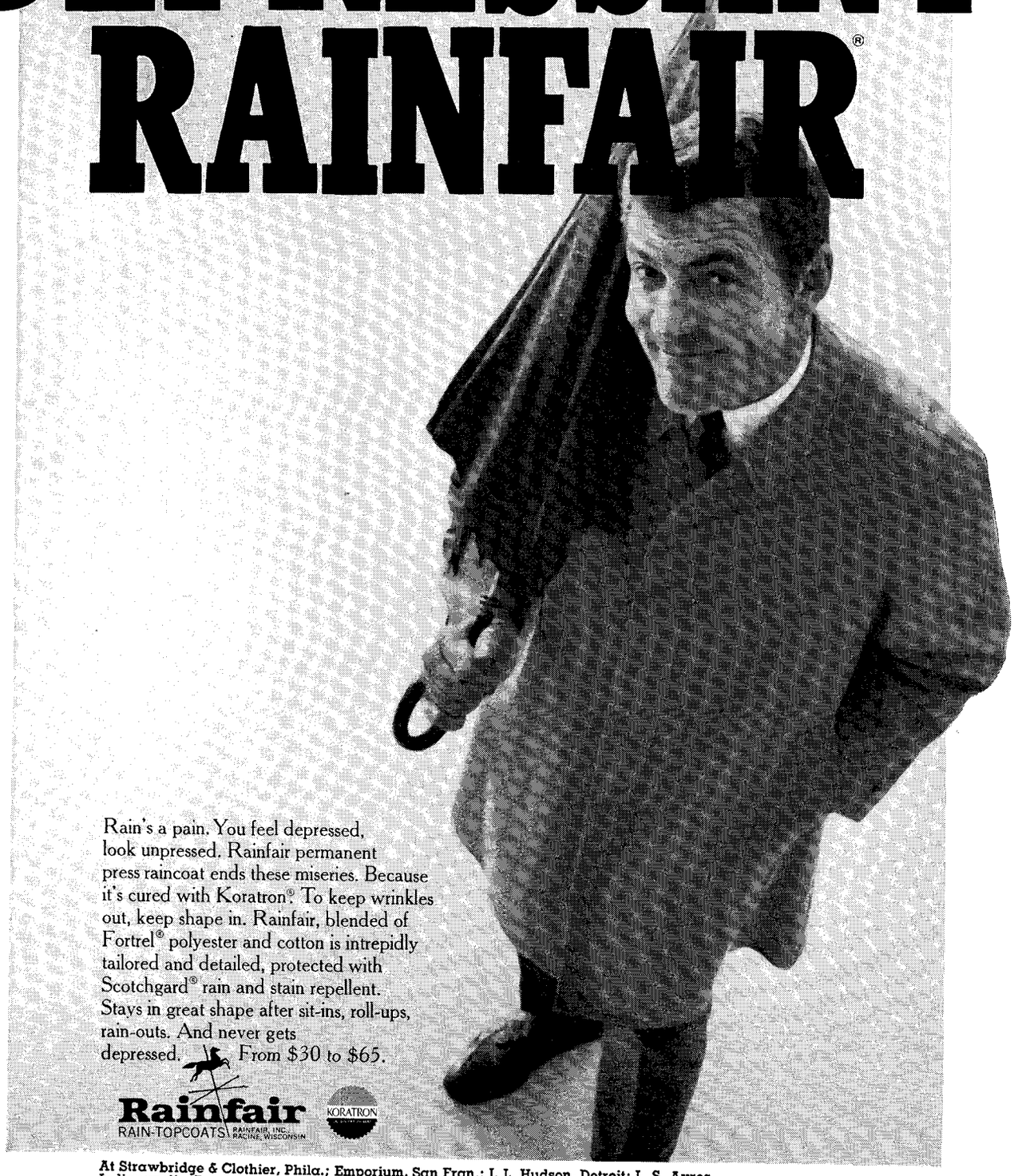

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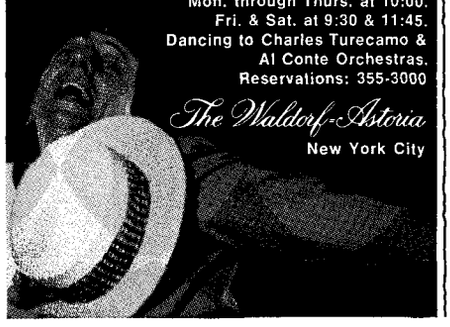

talked a lot about pensions and salaries, they complained about the administrative sloppiness of the promotion procedures, and they discussed the advantages of various cities for r.-and-r. tours (Thai women had good figures; Hong Kong had good cheap clothes, hi-fi equipment, and cameras). The pilots laughed when they read in the *News Sheet* that lectures on venereal diseases, and how to tell if you had any of them, were going to be given to the men just before they went on r.-and-r. tours. The armed services displayed a completely tolerant attitude toward the soldiers' patronage of brothels in Vietnam and in the Asian cities used for r.-and-r. tours. In Hong Kong, until very recently, the Army employed a prostitute of mixed Chinese and Portuguese parentage, who spoke understandable English, to brief the soldiers on how to pick up prostitutes among the city's bar girls without getting into fights or getting fleeced. The briefing was intended to minimize the ugly incidents that occur when a soldier is overcharged or misunderstands a girl's intentions. The pilots talked a great deal about the living conditions and the food on other bases. Once, at dinner, Captain Reese got into a long discussion about food with another pilot, and as he ate a plateful of ham, he gave a detailed description of a chicken dinner he had eaten at the Duc Pho base. Then, beginning on a piece of cake, he described to me the breakfast at the Marine dining hall in which he was eating at that moment. "They have terrific breakfasts here," he said. "Every day, they have eggs, bacon, pancakes with butter and maple syrup, toast, milk, raspberry jam, grapefruit juice, coffee, and tea—the works. Real fine breakfast."

Although the pilots never spoke angrily of the Vietcong, they often spoke disparagingly of the Army, compared to the Air Force; they called Army men "grunts." Their feeling about the Army seemed very much like one ball club's or college fraternity's feeling about a rival, but occasionally they expressed a bitterness that went beyond such friendly rivalry. One pilot told me, "The Army guys sometimes don't care what you have to do, so long as they get an air strike. But I'm not going to send men on an impossible mission to get killed like that. I'm responsible to the Air Force, too, and I've got to think of Air Force safety. Sometimes it's kind of hard, because you have to look a general in the eye and say, 'No, sir, I can't do that.'" I was surprised at the intensity of the rivalry not only

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between the services but between units in the same service. The men of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne, who were extremely proud of their paratrooper training, referred contemptuously to all infantrymen as "legs." Once, when I was driving inside the Chu Lai base on a cruelly hot afternoon with a paratrooper of the 101st, he refused to pick up a hitchhiking soldier, on the ground that the soldier was a "leg," and "no leg is worth picking up." High officers of the 101st and the 3rd of the 4th maligned each other, in my presence, by claiming that the other brigade's body count was falsified. "The 3rd of the 4th count the probables in their body count," an officer of the 101st told me. "We don't deal with probables. We only deal with confirmed kills counted by sight. That's the only way." On another occasion, an officer of the 3rd of the 4th made the same charge about the 101st, and added that the 101st's "weapons-kill ratio" was much worse than the 3rd of the 4th's, the implication being that the 101st was far less discriminating than the 3rd of the 4th when it came to deciding whom to kill. Men of both the Army and the Air Force made derogatory remarks about the Marines. One soldier of the 101st told me that the Marines were "no different from the Vietcong" in their handling of prisoners. I asked if he meant that they beat the prisoners. "Hell, *we* work 'em over before we talk to 'em," the soldier said. "The Marines are a lot worse than that. They're just like the V.C."

After dinner that evening, the pilots had a choice of two movies, one at an outdoor theatre on the beach near the Marine dining hall and the other up at the Task Force Oregon officers' club. The officers' club stood on the crest of a five-hundred-foot hill, overlooking a brushy meadow that swept down to the sea. A number of tables with chairs were arranged in a large, three-walled room under a broad, barnlike palm-leaf roof; the front was open to the ocean. In back, there was a long bar with a television set at one end, swivelling barstools, a dart board, and bartenders who wore gaudy Hawaiian shirts. Movies were shown in front. The club commanded a view of the entire twenty-kilometre crescent of beach. Even on the hottest, stillest day, a fresh breeze blew in off the water. At night, out on the ocean, the lamps that all local fishing boats were required to keep burning after dark glowed from miles away. On most evenings, the booming of artillery and bombing

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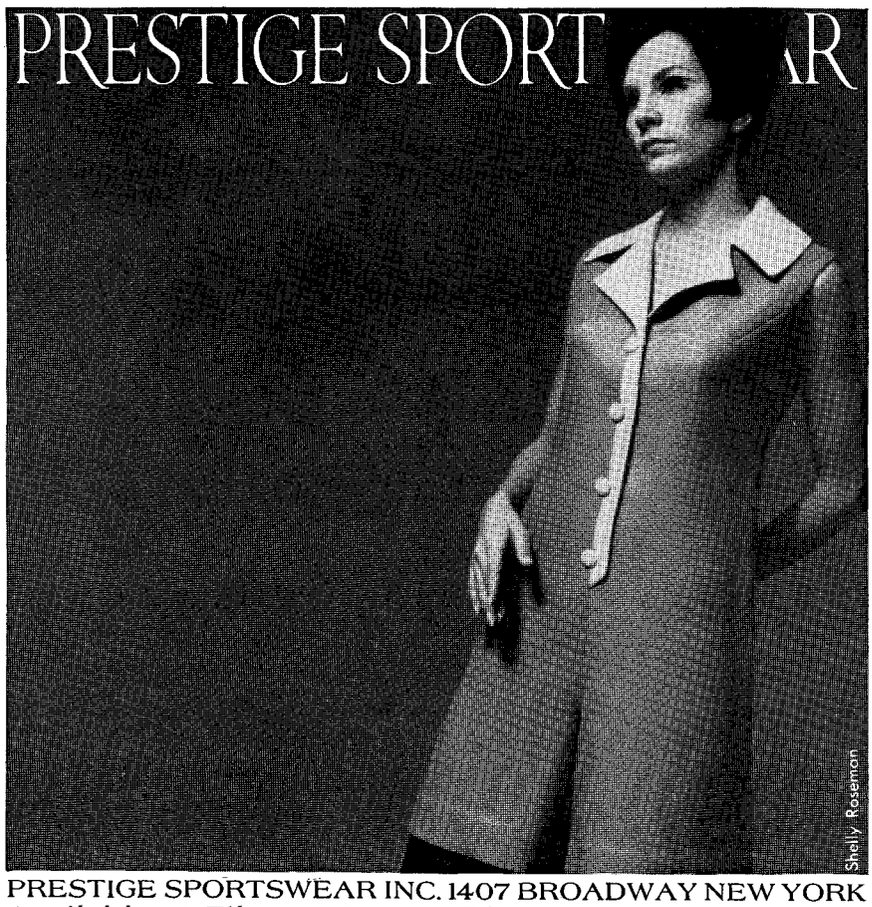

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sounded steadily, sometimes lighting up the night sky down the coast. During some operations, flares, which are fired by artillery or dropped from planes, and descend slowly on parachutes, seemed to be hanging over the mountains throughout the night. Two hundred yards from the club, the helicopter landing pad for the base hospital sat on a high ridge, from which there was a sharp drop to the sea. Several times each day, a helicopter would fly up the coast at full speed and settle rapidly onto the asphalt, which was in full view of the front of the officers' club and looked from there like a small black stage. Two figures would run up to the helicopter and then run back to the hospital, bearing a man on a stretcher. If the cloth over the man covered him only up to his shoulders, the man was wounded, but if the cloth covered his face the man had died. Inside the club, the hospital landing pad was visible only from a few front tables, and most of the officers did not notice when a helicopter arrived, but when the officers were standing in front of the club at their weekly outdoor barbecue, tending their steaks in the charcoal pits, the arrival of a helicopter at the hospital caused a brief slackening in the din of conversation as the officers looked up from their drinks and steaks to watch the two figures bearing a wounded or dead man into the hospital.

Once every few weeks, on nights that did not precede military operations or important pre-planned strikes, some of the FAC pilots, I was told, would get together to get drunk. One evening, Captain Reese and two other pilots, whom I will call Major Nugent and Captain Leroy, returned to the FAC pilots' quarters from the officers' club talking in booming voices and laughing loudly at everything any of them said. Major Nugent had apparently half-seriously yielded to an Army officer's urging that he enter airborne training school, and Captain Reese was snickering and teasing him about it. "Why would anyone want to jump out of a perfectly good airplane? You must be out of your gourd!" he exclaimed seven or eight times, provoking a more uproarious laugh with each repetition. His idea that you should stay in an airplane until it was shot down reflected his loyalty to the Air Force and his contempt for paratroopers. About midnight, when Captain Leroy was on his way to bed, he tripped over someone's box of gear and fell on the floor. Later that night, an unidentified person threw a glass of water on another pilot as he slept.

On August 11th, the last day of Operation Hood River, I flew on a FAC mission with a pilot of about forty, whom I will call Major Billings. Major Billings has slightly asymmetrical features, wide-open, staring eyes, a somewhat hoarse voice, and a simple, frank laugh from the belly which bursts forth suddenly on one tone. He told me that he had flown in three wars and had given up everything for the Air Force, including his wife, who had divorced him because he was so rarely stationed in the United States. He liked to tell the other pilots, in his cheerful, straightforward manner, about his problems with his girl friends back in the United States. ("They're all over fifty," he joked.) He told the other pilots that he had been a Catholic until the Second World War, but then had noticed that all the churchgoing pilots seemed to be getting shot down, and had never gone to church since. He said that in civilian life he drove a sports car and always wore bright-red socks.

We took off in the early morning into a perfect blue sky. Major Billings had been assigned one pre-planned strike, and did not expect any immediate strikes to be called. Flying southwest from Chu Lai over the rubble and the abandoned fields that lay along the Song Tra Bong between Route 1 and the mountains, we soon reached the town of Tra Bong, which stood alone in the mountains, and then we turned south, crossed a ridge of mountains, and continued to a smaller ridge, which was indicated by the target coördinates. A few kilometres to the south of the target, in the valley of the Song Tra Khuc, Operation Hood River was coming to a close. To the north of the target, craters from a B-52 strike formed a line of yellow splashes on the flanks of many small, steep knobs and ridges in a high valley that looked from the air like a choppy sea. The top of the target ridge was covered for most of its length with fields cultivated by the Montagnards, but in one place, on top of a small cliff, there was a square patch of dense woods about two hundred yards on a side, and it was this that was the target. "A lot of Montagnard farming goes on up here," said Major Billings. "They grow rice and corn."

As we approached the wooded patch on the ridge, the Major pointed to a wisp of smoke that hung over the

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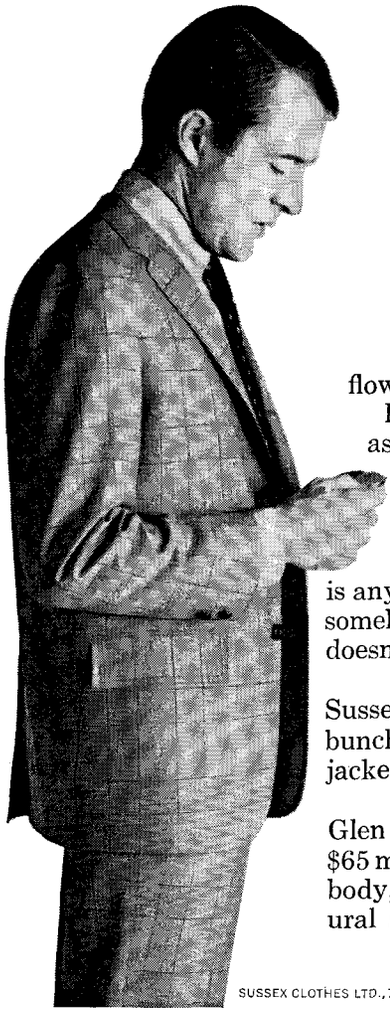

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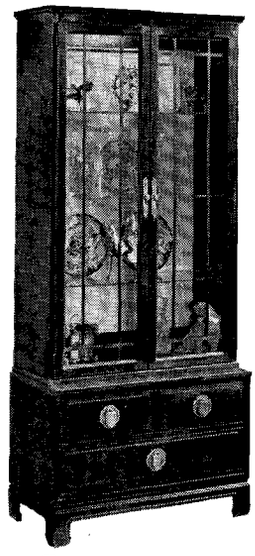

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woods, and exclaimed, "Look at the smoke! See the smoke? That's Charlie having his breakfast!"

I asked him how he knew the smoke was from the fire of a Vietcong soldier.

"After a while, you get to know Charlie's habits," he said. "Now we'll leave the area, like we didn't know a thing. Even the Montagnards up here are under V.C. control. We had troops in here a while ago, when Hood River began, but they've gone into the valley now. The Montagnards are a funny people. They live out in the open. Only the V.C. live under the trees. That whole hilltop is supposed to be a large base camp. I'll stay out of the area for an hour, until my flight comes in, so as not to arouse any undue activity on the V.C.'s part."

We turned north and began to circle over the town of Tra Bong. As we waited, a few snatches of conversation between ground units in the Song Tra Khuc Valley came over our radio. A voice said, "We were attacked by one Victor Charlie. He was an old guy, and he rushed our point man carrying a stick. The point man yelled at him to stop and then fired him up."

An answering voice laughed, and then said, "Sounds like a vicious attack," and laughed again.

The first voice said, "He seemed to be kind of doped up."

Major Billings remarked to me, "The V.C. often dope up their soldiers with marijuana before they go into a fight, so they won't be scared and will have good endurance. We've seen a lot of cases of that."

A minute later, a new voice on the ground said, "If you go much beyond that northernmost burning village, you'll be getting out of our area of operation."

"We picked up some weapons and a bunch of refugees," said another voice.

"We've captured two tons of rice," said yet another voice.

After we had circled for twenty minutes, three fighter-bombers reported their arrival in the area, and Major Billings immediately spotted them cutting across the sky above us. They reported that they were carrying, among them, six five-hundred-pound bombs and six canisters of napalm. Flying back to the target, Major Billings saw that the wisp of smoke was still hanging above the trees. "Oh, Daddy! This is the one I have been waiting for! They're *still* down here!" he exclaimed. Cutting back sharply, he bore down hard on the ridge, so that the woods filled the whole front windshield for five seconds or so, growing

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larger and larger. The rocket was fired off the wing with a loud explosion. Immediately, Major Billings pulled the craft's nose up sharply, thrusting both of us deep into our seats, and flew away from the ridge, leaving a puff of dense white smoke rising out of the trees about thirty yards south of the original wisp of smoke. "I want you to hit thirty yards above my smoke," he told the flight commander. Holding the plane in a continuous tight turn well below two nearby peaks, Major Billings watched the first fighter-bomber dive low over the patch of woods in a practice run. A second plane sent two bombs into the forest, and they struck about a hundred yards from the original wisp of smoke. "Oh, nice! Nice!" exclaimed Major Billings.

He told the flight commander, "Try to get those next ones up a little higher, right above my smoke there."

The next bomb load missed the forest completely and landed in a field of brush.

"I want you to get it right near my smoke," the Major repeated.

"Yeah, sorry," the flight commander answered.

The next plane sent its bombs onto the top of the ridge, within thirty yards of the first wisp of smoke.

"Nice, baby—beautiful. A good shot there," said the Major.

A plane sent two canisters of napalm onto the opposite side of the ridge, into some woods at the bottom of the cliffs.

"That's the wrong side there," said the Major.

A second load of napalm splashed into the forest about fifty yards west of the smoke from Major Billings' rocket, and a third, and final, load splashed about thirty yards south of his smoke.

We flew in and circled three or four hundred feet above the woods, banking so sharply that the ground seemed to be directly below the left side of the plane. Clouds of dust from the bombs and black smoke from the napalm rose from the woods. Unspent napalm was burning itself out in a few small patches, and the five-hundred-pound bombs had made gaps about eighty feet across in the trees. A pungent odor of dust, seared leaves, and smoke reached us as we flew over the destroyed woods. After a moment or two, Major Billings pulled out of the dizzying corkscrew turn and, addressing the flight commander, said, "Where that smoke was coming from—there's nothing there. You got it real well. A real nice job. I'll give

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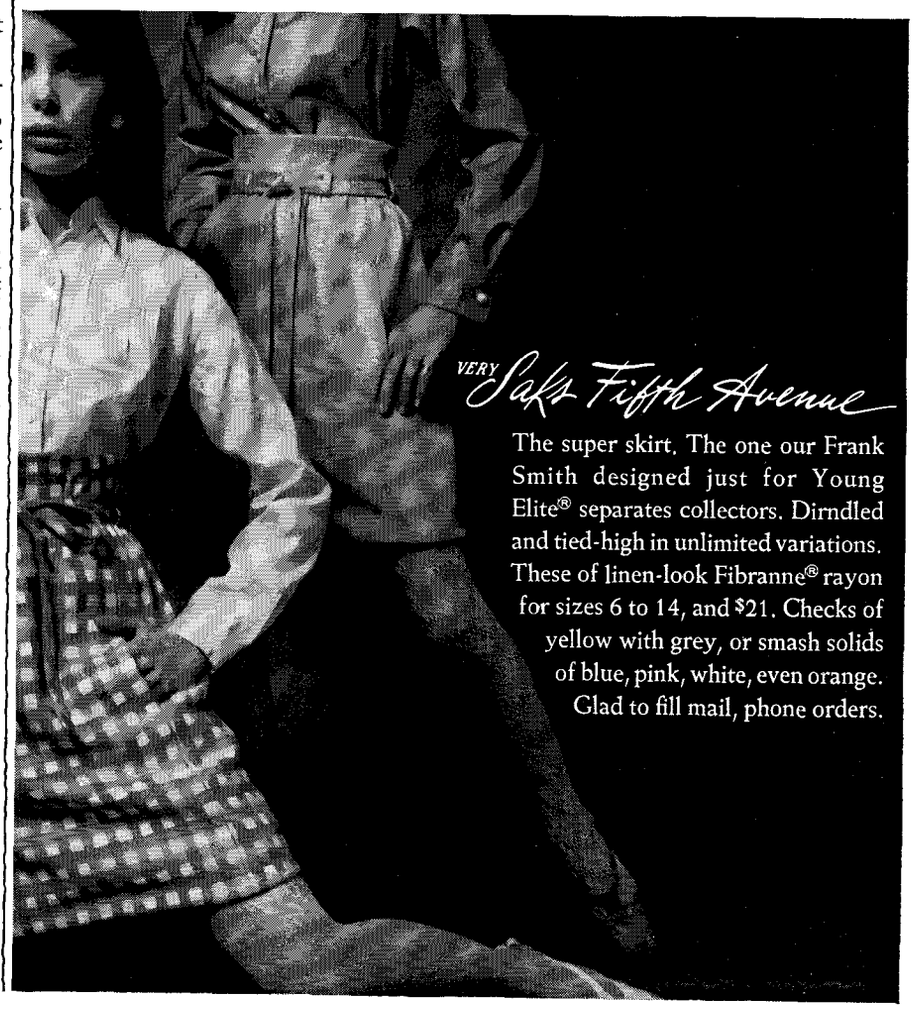

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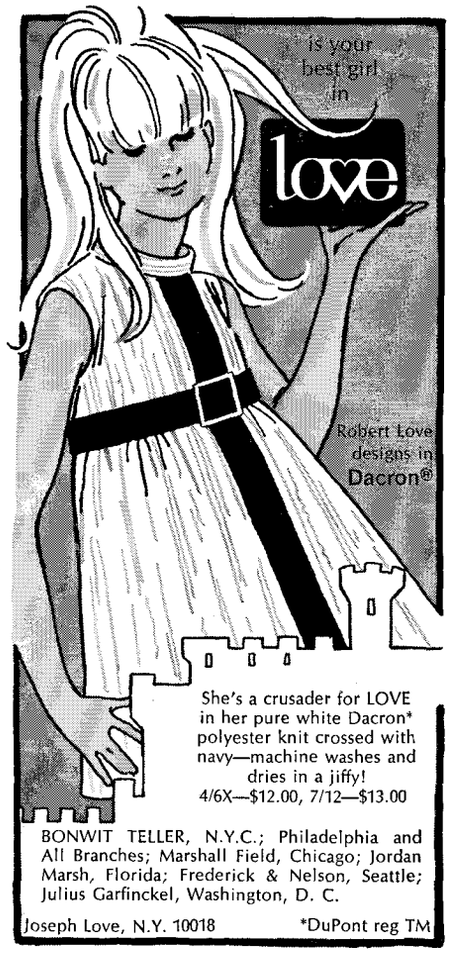

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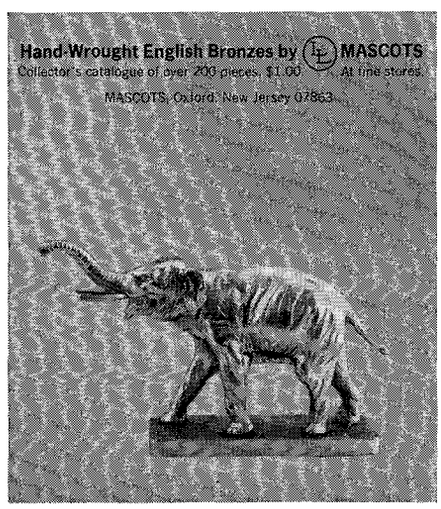

you eighty per cent of Bombs on Target, because of those two shots down the hill. Thanks very much. We'll see you another day."

To me, Major Billings added, "I don't know what kind of people were down there, but they're not there now."

Since it would be an hour before the next FAC plane came to relieve him, Major Billings decided to fly east to the entrance of the Song Tra Khuc Valley, where the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne was concluding Operation Hood River. "You can't see anything from fifteen hundred feet," the Major said, and as we passed out of the mountains and over the populated coastal plain, he swooped down to about a hundred and fifty feet and began to fly in a continuous S pattern, to make it difficult for snipers on the ground to take aim at the plane. Men of the 101st were burning the houses on the plain just north of the Song Tra Khuc. From a few hundred yards away and an altitude of under a hundred feet, the orange flames of the houses and the green moving figures of the men wavered wildly in heat waves billowing off the plain, and sometimes were almost blotted out by them. Major Billings continued his twisting, low-altitude explorations, and we suddenly came in view of a figure dressed in black, walking along a path that divided two fields and led into a shady grove where a house was still standing. The Major cut the plane sharply left and rushed low over the person on the path, who stopped walking and looked up. "Ah, it's just an old lady," he said to me. "She isn't *supposed* to be here. They were given twenty-four hours to get out, but they keep wandering back in. That's one of the big problems. You tell them they're not supposed to come into the free-strike zone or they'll get shot, and they keep coming back in. If they're men, they're just one of two things—draft dodgers or V.C."

I asked what the official policy toward people who left the camps and returned to their homes was.

"You can't always be sure what they are, but if a place is thoroughly infested with V.C. the province chief gives us permission to destroy the place," he said.

At that moment, we flew over a stream running through the fields, and Major Billings spotted three boys sitting naked in a little pool, taking a bath and looking up at our plane. "Look!" said Major Billings. "They're hiding down there! But this is out of our area of operation."

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We had flown several miles north of the valley entrance. Here and there among the ruins, groups of houses remained standing. People walked along the paths near these, and children played in several of the courtyards, but few fields had been left unmarked by artillery and bomb craters.

I asked the Major how he distinguished members of the Vietcong from the rest of the population.

"If they run is one way," he said. "There are a lot of ways. Sometimes, when you see a field of people, it looks like just a bunch of farmers. Now, you see, the Vietnamese people—they're not interested in the U.S. Air Force, and they don't look at the planes going over them. But down in that field you'll see *one guy* whose conical hat keeps bobbing up and down. He's looking, because he wants to know where you're going. So you make a couple of passes over the field, and then one of them makes a break for it—it's the guy that was lookin' up at you—and he's your V.C. So you look where he goes, and call in an air strike. You can split up the V.C.s and the innocent civilians that way. There are a hundred ways of telling a V.C. It gets to be second nature. Sometimes you see the V.C.s hiding by plastering themselves against the wall of one of those paddies. One trouble is, aside from these rockets, we don't have any weapons. But once I about ran a guy to death. I caught him out in the open, and I'd make a pass and he'd run for it, and then I'd make a pass in the other direction and he'd run the opposite way. Then he'd hide in some trees, and when I'd make a pass at him he'd make a break for it. I must have chased him for about an hour before I got some planes to put in a strike."

I said that this seemed to amount to a technique of sniping with bombs.

"That's it. You could say that," he answered.

Later, back at the FAC pilots' quarters, Major Billings told me, "I guess you can call it a kind of intuition. I think I can just about *smell* a V.C. from five thousand feet by now. Like everything else, some people have got the knack and some people don't. Some people wouldn't be able to tell a V.C. no matter *how* long they tried."

That evening, Operation Hood River came to a close, and the troops rested in the field for a day and received fresh supplies as they prepared for the new operation.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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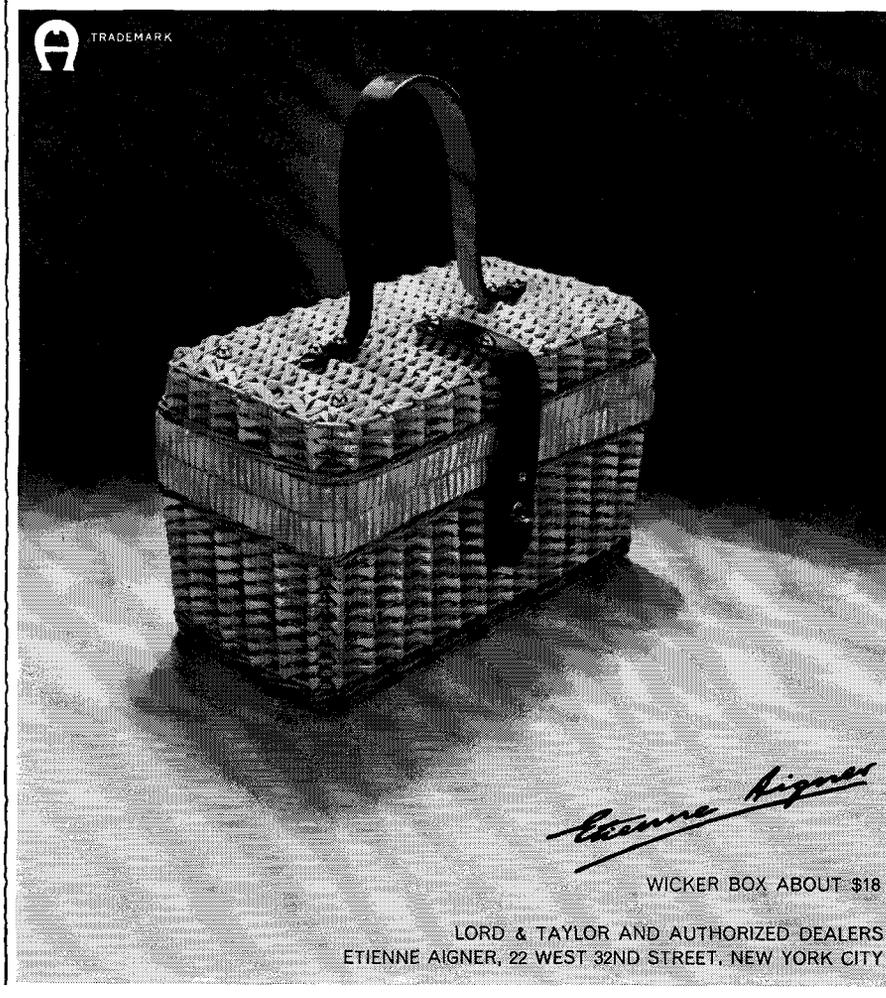

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USABLE PASTS

I WOULD sooner denounce motherhood or thrift than utter a single unfavorable word about "Portrait of a Queen," a British import that has begun what I expect will prove an extended levee at the appropriately aristocratic little Henry Miller Theatre. It is a charming sketch, as delicate and detailed as a watercolor by Lear, of the exceedingly long and important reign of Queen Victoria—that tiny, aggressive, spiteful, and tirelessly epistolary monarch, whose passionate nature embraced so much more than her name has come to serve as a handy label for, and who, in her sexual relations, was the very opposite of what most of us were brought up to think of as Victorian. The program modestly describes "Portrait" as having been "edited and arranged as a play" by William Francis; just so, and the degree to which it makes no effort to become dramatic but remains, instead, a prettily staged pageant of an extraordinary life, every item of which has been plucked from authentic sources, is the degree to which it all bountifully and beautifully succeeds. If the air we breathe throughout the evening is not, as Henry James might say, of the first freshness, being in part that of "Cavalcade," "Victoria Regina," and other self-congratulating historical fictions, and in part that of innumerable contemporary records, neither is it stale; somehow it contrives to be at once musty and delicious, like the fragrance of dead rose petals shut in china jars, and one is grateful that there are so many lids to lift, so many turbulent decades to traverse.

Victoria was born in 1819, was crowned Queen in 1838, and died in 1901. Hers was the longest reign in British history, and her life covered most of a period so splendid in British eyes that a magazine bearing the century's name saw nothing surprising, at its close, in renaming itself *The Nineteenth Century and After*. It was a period as cruel and blundering as it was triumphant, but "Portrait" hastens past the unpleasant; the intractable Irish Question is reduced to a mild maternal complaint about the Prince of Wales, and the exploitation of the urban poor is jauntily hinted at in an occasional street song. No doubt this was the proper course to follow; a pageant is expected to tell not the truth but only *a* truth, and the truth here is inherently a sunny one. Great figures peopled Victoria's England, and we respond with delight to recurrent mild shocks of recognition— Look! Isn't that Lord Melbourne? And look! Here come Gladstone and Disraeli and Palmerston, as big as life. Or, rather, bigger than life, and smaller; which is to say, pageant-sized.

Dorothy Tutin is superb as the Queen. She wills us to believe in her slow aging over sixty years less by the use of makeup than by sheer force of personality, and she has wisely emphasized the most unexpected aspect of Victoria—her ardor. Until she became Queen, she led a life almost conventual in its restrictions, and it wasn't until she married Albert that her formidable sensuality was stirred. (Like Lincoln, Clemens, and a host of other nineteenth-century husbands, Albert appears to have been somewhat startled and alarmed by the unladylike appetites he had unleashed.) Victoria became a voluptuary of marriage, and her grief upon Albert's death, after twenty-one years of marriage and nine children, was unassuageable; every night for forty years thereafter, his night things were laid out in readiness for him, and over the Queen's bed hung a photograph of him taken in death.

Michael Barrington as Melbourne and several other Ministers, Derek Waring as Albert, James Cossins as Gladstone, Dennis King as Disraeli, Richard Waring as Leopold of the Belgians and Palmerston, Thomas Barbour as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the editor of the *Times*, and Frederic Warriner as the Bishop of Durham and "a gentleman of the press"—all are admirable, and I wish I had it in my power to bestow on them and on the director, Val May, the O.M.s they so richly deserve.

"So how'd the dream end? Did Howard Hughes give you the dime?"

THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is putting on a revival of Jean Giraudoux's "Tiger at the Gates"—the first I have seen since Harold Clurman's memorable production of it here, in 1955—and I am abashed at being unable to apply any kinder word to it than conscientious; one might nearly as well call it worthy and crush the poor thing altogether. Since the large cast works hard and, in most cases, ably, under the direction of Anthony Quayle, I put the blame for my disappointment on the play itself. In thirteen years, it has aged far more than thirteen years. Indeed, it is hard to believe that Giraudoux wrote it as recently as 1935. The biggest war in history and a score of ancillary wars have filled the interval, and a play com-

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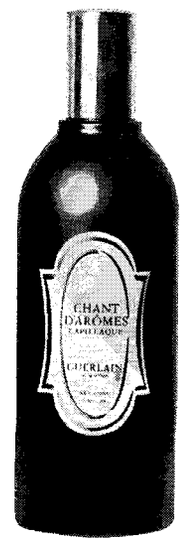

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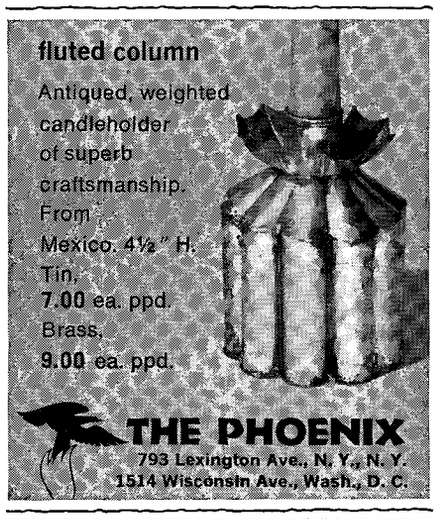

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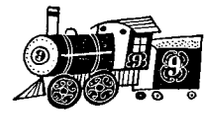
monly described as anti-war might be expected to draw audiences more attentive than ever to its message, but the message has faded and the means by which it is conveyed creak with the weight of conventions that no longer serve. "Tiger at the Gates" consists of a linked series of verbal duels, nearly always between but two people, though a dozen people may be onstage, and the parries and thrusts—at least as they reach us in the translation by Christopher Fry—have ceased to give off the looked-for showers of icy sparks. What was intended for lively debate has become mere tendentious palaver. That the stupid misadventures of underlings suffice to subvert the wisdom of Hector is not an irony that we feel inclined to applaud in a theatre when it is the commonplace we groan under in real life. We have reached a point where the morning paper daily outdistances Giraudoux's wittily despairing imagination; it is impossible not to measure the folly of the sack of imperial Troy against the folly of the sack of imperial Hué. The original title of Giraudoux's play was "The Trojan War Will Not Take Place," and for how long did our ears ring with the solemn assurance of our leaders that the Vietnam war would not take place? If "Tiger at the Gates" were a great play, these parallels would heighten its effectiveness, but it is a small play, and therefore at the mercy of the latest headline.



Philip Bosco makes a virile and attractive Hector, and Tony van Bridge is excellent in the lesser role of Ulysses. For reasons unclear to me, Diana Sands plays Cassandra in a Trojan bikini, and for reasons that are not at all unclear to me Jennifer West, in a tantalizing peekaboo shift, has been encouraged to turn the exquisite and remote Helen into a simpering Hollywood sex kitten. Robert Symonds, Ronald Weyand, and Ray Fry as, respectively, Demokos, Ajax, and the Mathematician overact with boyish abandon. The settings, by David Hays, are of a harmless triviality, and the costumes, by Fred Voelpel, look as if they had been picked up at a rummage sale in the East Village.

"HERE'S WHERE I BELONG," a musical that gave a single performance at the Billy Rose before wisely throwing in the sponge, was based on John Steinbeck's novel "East of Eden." The time was the period of the First World War and the place was Salinas, California, and the story—Well, the story was, I am sorry to say, a sticky melodrama. A disagreeable man named Trask has raised his twin boys to believe that their mother is dead, but not a bit of it—she is the highly successful madam of a brothel on the other side of the tracks, right there in Salinas. One of the boys, Aron, is the apple of his father's astigmatic eye—a young man who neither smokes nor drinks nor carries on with girls and who is soon on his way to Stanford—and the other boy, Caleb, smokes, drinks, carries on with girls, and is never going to Stanford, and his father rebuffs every hint of affection the poor lad offers. The sentimental treacle through which half a dozen attractive performers were obliged to drag themselves before a happy ending of sorts was arranged allowed little room for novelty on the part of the composer, Robert Waldman, and his lyricist, Alfred Uhry, but I was impressed by the versifying of a song called "Soft Is the Sparrow" and by a song called "No Time," sung as a duet by the troubled twins. The Messrs. Waldman and Uhry will surely be heard from in the future, when Salinas is only a bitter sibilant in their memory. The star of the show was an electrifying young man named Walter McGinn, who managed to make his silly part seem far better than it was. Also in the cast were Paul Rogers, as tiresome Mr. Trask; Nancy Wickwire, as the shrew who switched from motherhood to madamhood; Ken Kercheval, as Aron; Heather MacRae, as a pretty girl who loved first one twin and then the other, as girls will; and James Coco, as a Chinese houseboy who spoke impeccable English to his friends and pidgin to his enemies. The acrobatic scenery was the handiwork of Ming Cho Lee, and the costumes were by Ruth Morley. The strenuous dances were staged by Tony Mordente, and the entire production was directed by Michael Kahn.

FOR the record, a repellent little play called "Carry Me Back to Morningside Heights" opened and closed last week at the John Golden Theatre. It was written by Robert Alan Aurthur, who is said to have made a name for himself in TV. How, I wonder? Not by writing anything like this, which pretended to be a comedy poking grand fun at our prejudices but which struck me as being, however inadvertently, anti-white, anti-black, and anti-Semitic. The plot concerned a scruffy young Jewish intel-

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lectual named, of course, Seymour, who manages to persuade a Negro law student to accept him as his personal slave, with consequences far too tasteless to go into here. It shocks me that Sidney Poitier consented to direct this play and that several appealing young black and white actors consented to appear in it. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Three Cheers

ROBERT MACBETH's New Lafayette Theatre in Harlem, which recently burned down, has set up very temporary shop at the American Place with "The Electronic Nigger," a program of three one-acters written by Ed Bullins, the company's resident playwright, and directed by Mr. Macbeth. The first, a sad and haunting play called "A Son, Come Home," is about the reunion after nine years of a Negro mother and her son at the headquarters of a Christian sect where she lives. As the pair try, and fail, to break through to each other, a boy and girl dressed in black play out behind them all the awful, defeating experiences that each has had in the past and that they cannot bring themselves to talk about. Now the son, having been arrested and jailed for separatist activities, has become a musician and is, one feels, on the move, but the mother has come to a dead stop. Unable to cope with her misery and bitterness, she has dumped them, along with all her other feelings, including even her affection for her son, into the lap of the Lord, and she has almost become the dehumanized shell of a woman who was once a tender, eager girl. At the end, the boy and girl in the background kiss goodbye, but mother and son just part—maybe forever, maybe not. Estelle Evans, a fine actress, plays the mother with an indelible muted detachment, and Wayne Grice is good in the difficult part of the son, who must keep a number of emotions of his own tamped down.

The two other plays are satiric comedies, and the target of each of them is a young black who has tried to move into the white European cultural tradition and is defeated by forces beyond his control. "The Electronic Nigger" is about a burly, bearded student, somewhat overattuned to the present and speaking in a verbal torrent the sociological, psychological jargon that prevails in many institutions of learning, who takes the floor at the creative-writing class of a teacher named Jones at some college in California and delivers a spiel decorated

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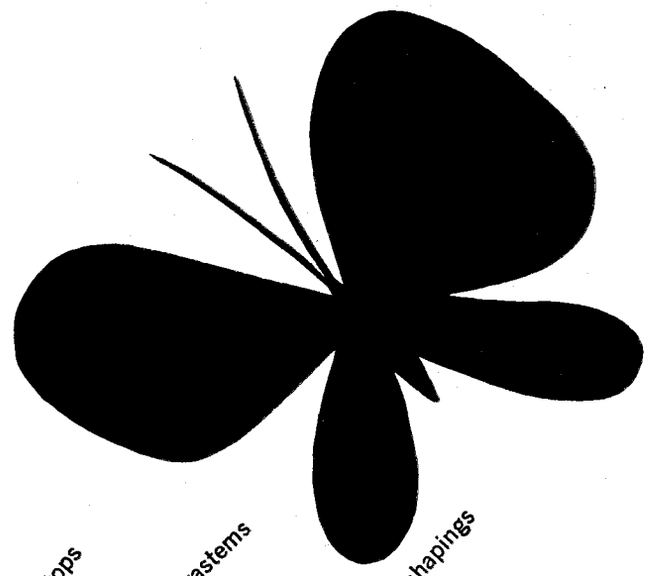

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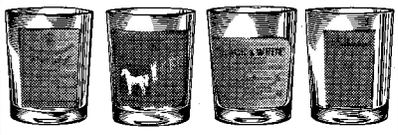

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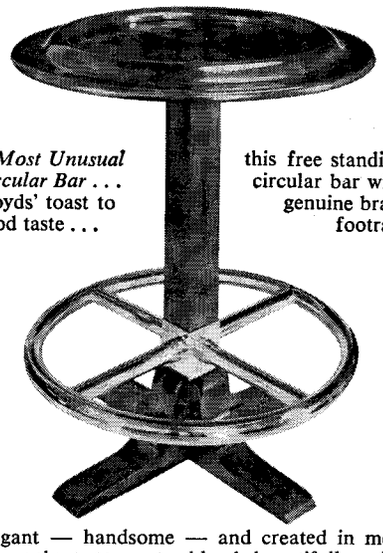
with such flat pronouncements as "The only way to get children's speech is by electronic device" and "Real truth lies in sociological case histories." At first, he is resented by the students, to say nothing of Mr. Jones, but by the time he is through, the class is won over. Poor Jones, in a non-working rebuttal, tells them that he is a failed novelist, and he is finally reduced to just chanting the names of writers—Plato, Faulkner, Ellison, Shaw, Emily Dickinson—in a desperate and losing plea for the art of literature. L. Errol Jaye is properly funny and abrasive in the title role, although I missed a lot of his jawbreaking lines, and Mr. Grice invests the part of Jones with a gentle dignity.

Clara's Ole Man, of "Clara's Ole Man," the horror comedy that ends the evening, is a large, menacing lesbian called Big Girl and played with hair-raising effectiveness by Carolyn Y. Cardwell. Among the other characters are Clara, who is Big Girl's pretty, feminine partner; Big Girl's idiot, crippled sister; three tough delinquents on the run; and Clara's *young* man. He is an innocent, quiet young man in horn-rimmed spectacles—a veteran of four years in the Marines and a college-prep student—who has come to call on Clara with no idea of what he is in for. He is in for plenty. The action and language are harsh, hateful, and totally convincing, except for one speech in which Big Girl reminisces about her youth, and which has the false ring of special pleading addressed to the audience. In a way, I wish I'd never seen the play, because I know I'll never forget it, and I'd just as soon. The setting is Big Girl's and Clara's kitchen in a Philadelphia slum. Kelly-Marie Berry and Roscoe Orman do very well as nervous, embarrassed Clara and her uneasy and eventually appalled young man. Kris Keiser, George Miles, and Gary Bolling are all right, too, as the hoods—more than all right when they break into a dance with the crippled girl to some radio music.

It is no surprise to learn from the program notes that Mr. Bullins has been a member of a number of black separatist groups, here and in California, but, except for the tiny lapse noted above, his plays have a fierce honesty that sets them well apart from propaganda.

I AM this-way-that-way about Jerome Kass's "Saturday Night," at the Sheridan Square, just as I was about his four one-acters, "Monopoly," a cou-

STAND UP AND CHEER



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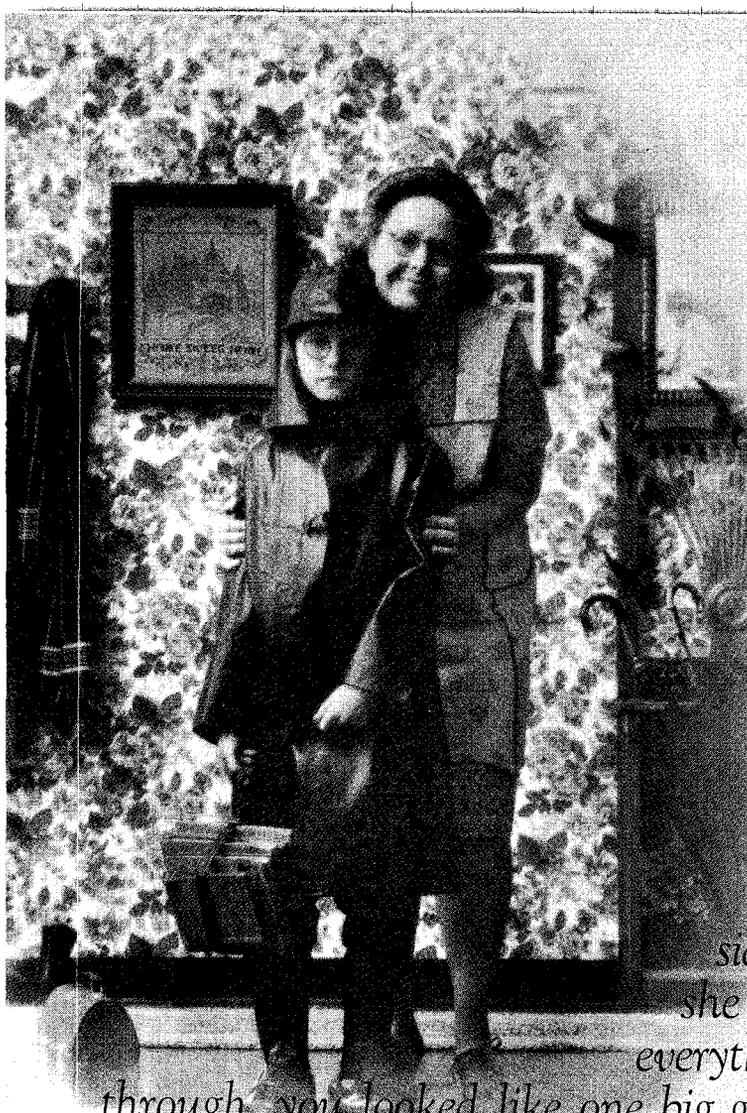

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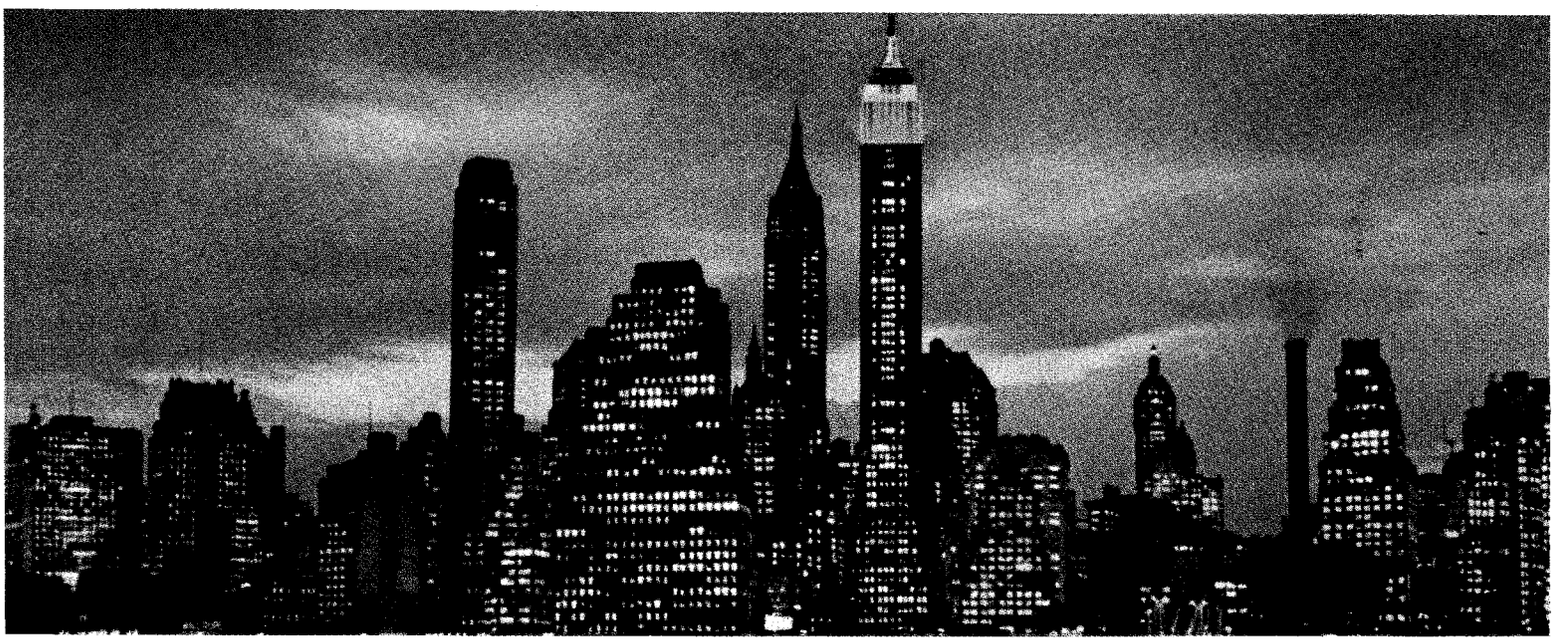

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ple of years ago, and for many of the same reasons. Mr. Kass's aptitude for the theatre is evident, he is seldom boring, his ear for the regional speech of the Jewish Bronx is acute, his lines frequently work in comic situations and also, though a bit less frequently, in moments of pathos or stress. But even the good lines often seem good in a vacuum, not attached firmly enough to the characters who speak them. The characters themselves seem too firmly attached to the playwright (seldom appearing to function on their own), and, as for the playwright, he seems too deeply attached to the psychiatric casebook as a source. The heroine of this play is a spinster of twenty-nine who lives in the Bronx with her cranky, senile father and works as a clerk in a library. Every Saturday night, after she has shipped the old man off to the movies, she receives her best friend and, using the friend as a captive audience, acts out scenes from her private reveries, in which she moves in a rarefied, sexless world of arts and letters that is spangled with such divergent stars as Yeats, Norman Mailer, and Robert Brustein. The action takes place in her living room on the evening that ends these little psychodramas forever. The friend, a fat, down-to-earth type who has put in some tough years with her own parents, has at last met and made love with a man who seems a likely prospect, and she is far more eager to confide facts than to appreciate fancies. The appurtenances of the game—Brahms on the record-player, bolts of fancy cloth on the furniture, bourbon and cheese on the snack tray—try her patience. The old man wanders away from the movie theatre and into some nasty trouble. As a result, the ladies' privacy is invaded by a couple of nice, sympathetic cabdrivers and a cop. At the end, the heroine, in bad shape, makes known that her mother died in an insane asylum, so that everything that has seemed odd or quirky or funny or pathetic in her personality is revealed as just symptoms and therefore of only technical medical interest.

The actors perform quite well under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction. In the leading role, Zina Jasper does rather more than could be expected with a part that was stagy to start with. Gina Collens is sweet and funny as her bulky chum, treating us at one point to a lively imitation of Barbra Streisand singing "Happy Days Are Here Again." The play has a number of lively moments, if it comes to that, but not enough for two acts.

—Edith Oliver

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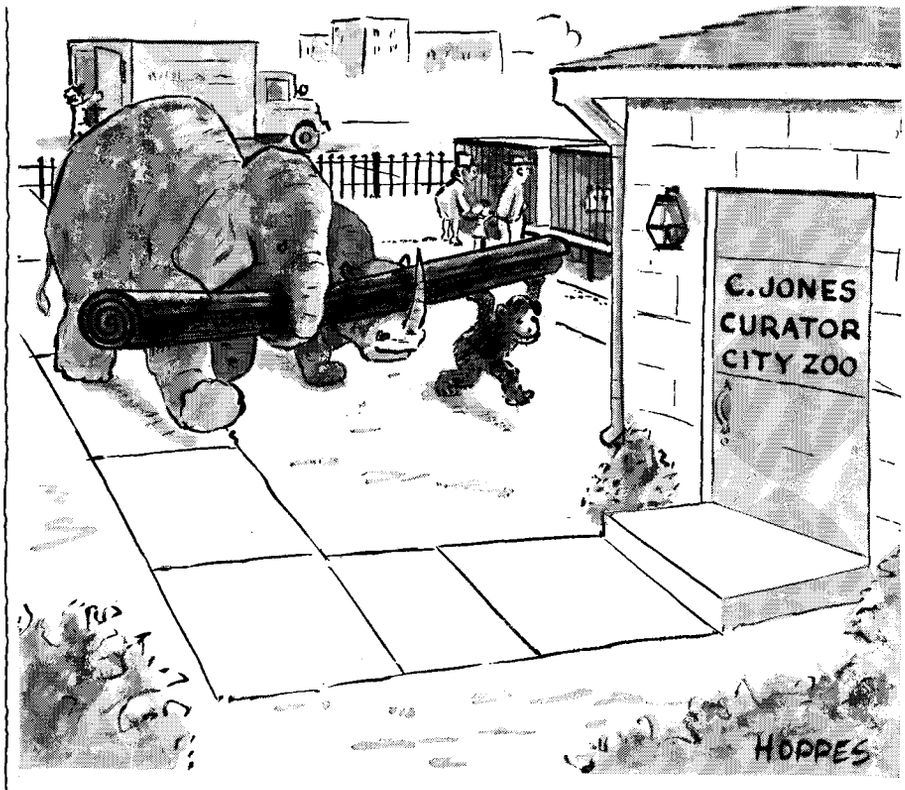

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U.S. JOURNAL: NEW ORLEANS

MARDI GRAS

February 27

OVER the years, one of the Mardi Gras traditions observed by a few prominent Jewish families in New Orleans has been to leave town. Like a number of Mardi Gras customs, it is not practiced as widely as it once was, but traditionalists are confident that it is in no danger of extinction. According to most predictions, at least one or two of the Jewish families that occupy positions high in the social and philanthropic life of the city will continue to find it embarrassing to be present during the Mardi Gras season and not be invited to the balls of the most socially prestigious Carnival organizations—and the most socially prestigious Carnival organizations will never invite Jews to their balls. It might fit the Latin image of Mardi Gras if the exclusion were based on the religious implications of a pre-Lenten celebration, but, as a matter of fact, Mardi Gras in New Orleans was started by Anglo-Saxon Protestants and has never really had any religious significance. A stronger basis for the exclusion is that the most prominent of the Carnival organizations—the krewes of Comus, Momus, and Proteus—all have close connections, in some cases formal, with businessmen's luncheon clubs, and businessmen's luncheon clubs in New Orleans, like those in many American cities, are the last significant enclave of discrimination against Jews. It is impossible to separate the fact that no New Orleans Jew is permitted to attend the Comus ball on Mardi Gras Night from the fact that no New Orleans Jew is permitted to enter the Boston Club for a business lunch at any time—one of the peculiarly American features of Mardi Gras lending weight to the theory that underneath that gay Carnival costume beats the heart of Zenith, Ohio.

A visitor to Carnival in New Orleans this week finds no scarcity of reminders that he is within the continental and cultural limits of the United States. The most extravagant Mardi Gras parade—ruled over by Rex, that Monarch of Mirth and Lord of Misrule—is so relentlessly organized that about the only carefree Latin who would find it recognizable is a carefree Latin management consultant. Although the parades are staged by private Carnival krewes and have no advertising connection, they can occasionally reflect the American genius for creating fads that have promotional possibilities. In 1960, the maskers riding on the floats of the Rex parade added to the tradition of tossing beads and other trinkets to the crowd by dispensing aluminum souvenir coins called doubloons. Now souvenir doubloons are tossed from the floats of just about every krewe, coin dealers do a steady business in old (circa 1960) doubloons, and doubloons have been used for promotion by, among others, Labiche's department store, the Tharp-Sontheimer-Tharp funeral home, the New Orleans Saints football team, and Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. Over the past several years, the crowd watching the parades in the French Quarter or wandering up and down Bourbon Street during the general costuming on Shrove Tuesday has consisted increasingly of that band of all-purpose American event-attenders who seem to have emerged during the past decade from some gigantic incubator in Fort Lauderdale, carrying beer cans.

Although the layman may find the distinction between the Rex parade and the Tournament of Roses too subtle to discern, it is an article of faith in New Orleans that Mardi Gras has nothing whatever in common with other American civic celebrations—that it is not a spectacle staged by the city to promote its name and draw tourists but a spontaneous blowout by a citizenry justly famed for being wicked but charming. The fashion of saying that everybody would be just as happy if all the tourists stayed away is so widespread among New Orleans businessmen that it extends almost to hotelkeepers. As it happens, though, the city spends hundreds of thousands of dollars operating and promoting the Carnival, the Krewe of Rex (which has always had more civic than social significance) is precisely as independent of the city's business interests as the Chamber of Commerce is, and a number of businessmen would certainly not be just as happy if all the tourists stayed away. But it remains true that Mardi Gras is celebrated by the locals on a scale and in a style that set it apart from the American events with which it may share high-school bands and paper flowers and hot dogs. In some ways, its symbols are not at all American. The attitude toward the drinking and carousing and costuming in the streets is specifically anti-Puritanical; the Carnival balls that are buried in ersatz royal pomp and the parades that are based on maskers tossing trinkets to a begging crowd are specifically aristocratic rather than democratic. Students of Mardi Gras generally agree that the key to its unconscious symbolism is that on Mardi Gras Night, when the Rex ball is being held on one side of the Municipal Auditorium and the Comus ball on the other, Rex, who is publicly identified as King of Carnival and is receiving the greatest civic honor he can receive, takes his court to the Comus ball to pay his respects to the anonymous King of the exclusive Comus—acknowledging the primacy of the social over the civic.

The exclusion of the Jews, of course, is carried off in a style that is partly within the accepted traditions of

"Break it up, you two. Dinner's getting cold."

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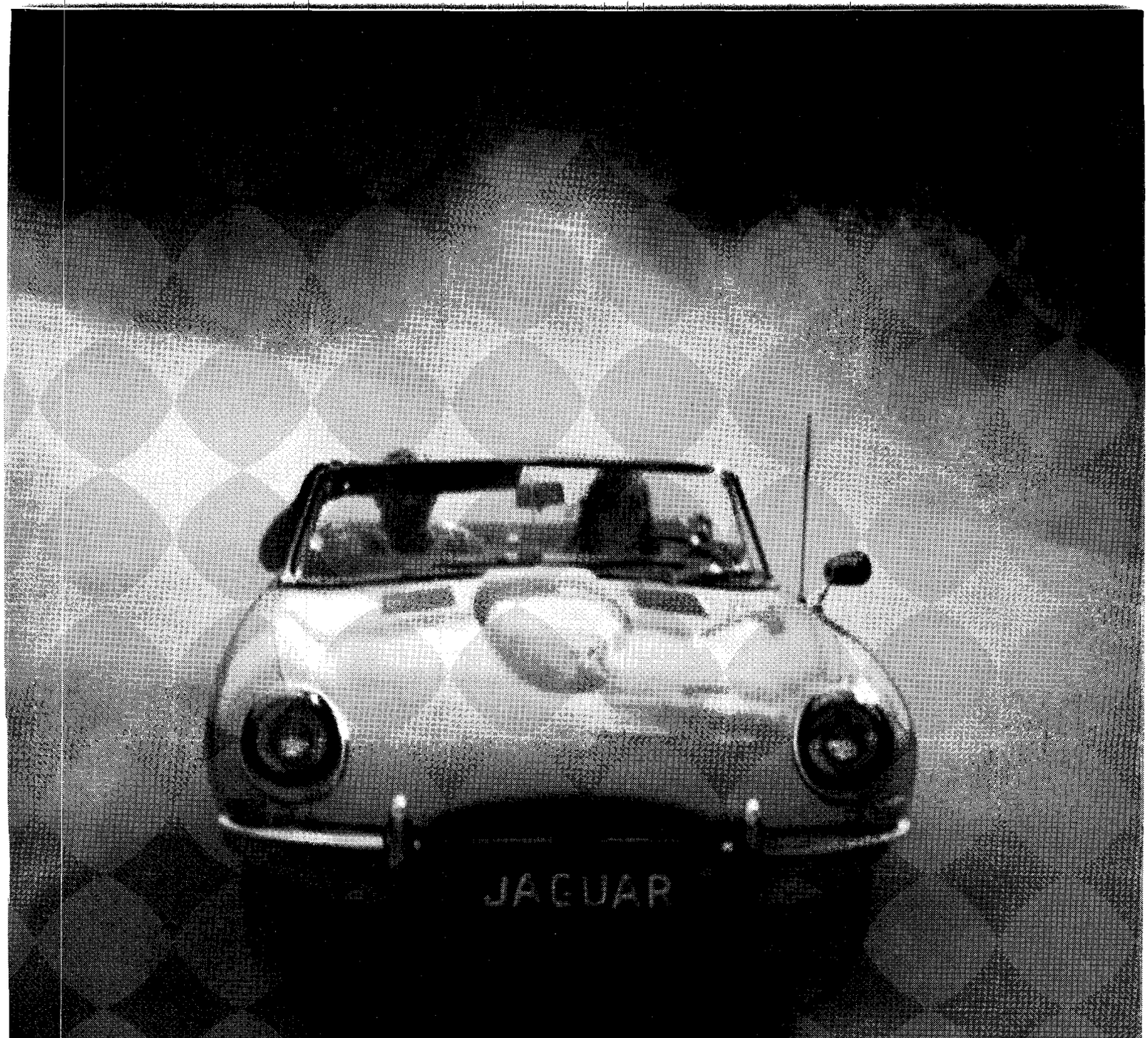

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American discrimination. In most American cities, social discrimination against Jews didn't begin until the latter part of the nineteenth century—it is not unheard of for Jews to be barred from clubs their ancestors helped found—and in New Orleans the first ruler of Rex, in 1872, was a Jew named Louis Salomon. (Since Rex permits Jews to attend its ball and even has a few Jewish members, a Jew could theoretically be King of Carnival today, except that the King is traditionally a member of the Boston Club, which does not offer membership to Jews, and a Jewish Rex could hardly follow the custom of taking his court to pay tribute to Comus, since he wouldn't be allowed in the Comus ball.) In New Orleans, as in other American cities, club discrimination is the most awkward type of discrimination to fight—even after it is demonstrated that exclusion from businessmen's clubs means exclusion from most of the important decision-making in the city and is connected with the practice in some industries of excluding Jews from executive positions. Those discriminated against by businessmen's clubs are often the people least likely to get into a public fight on any issue, and this is certainly true in New Orleans, where the Jewish community is dominated by old German-Jewish families that have for years been almost indistinguishable from their gentile peers except at lunchtime and during Mardi Gras season. The local board of the Anti-Defamation League has refrained from raising the matter publicly—thereby making it easier for the local newspapers to maintain the respectful silence for which they are known. (This year, even the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* could not completely ignore a national dispute about a Navy memorandum permitting visiting officers to attend Carnival balls that excluded Jews, Negroes, and Italians; it carried an Associated Press story but inserted in parentheses the information that "Carnival balls are private and admission is by invitation only.") The accepted American way to deal with discrimination in businessmen's clubs is not to mention it, and if some newspaper insists on bringing it up (as happened in Kansas City last fall, the paper being, significantly, not the city's daily or the Jewish weekly but the *National Catholic Reporter*) the accepted American response of the confronted club president is that his club does not discriminate against people because of race, creed, or color, and may even have a Jewish member or two, although he can't think of one at the moment.

But in New Orleans everyone acknowledges that the discrimination against Jews by Carnival krewes and businessmen's clubs is specific and total, and people even seem to take a certain pride in how specific and total it is. Observers of the New Orleans social scene believe not only that a Jew will never be invited to join Comus but that a Jew will never be invited to attend the Comus ball as a guest—guests at Carnival balls being people who arrive in white tie and tails to watch the proceedings from the balcony of the Municipal Auditorium, like prom trotters who have somehow wandered into a basketball game by mistake. M. S. Edmonson, a Tulane anthropologist who has studied Mardi Gras, believes that the specificity of Jewish exclusion—like the pride New Orleanians take in talking about internationally famous Mardi Gras visitors who couldn't get an invitation to the best balls—expresses one of the normal needs of "a stable provincial Society." Edmonson sees New Orleans society as one of the few in America that refuse to acknowledge the primacy of New York and jealously guard unique credentials—such as having a débutante daughter named Queen of Comus—that are meaningless on Park Avenue. In his view, if a Jew were invited to the Comus ball he would have to be invited not because of an unbroken line of forebears in the Comus court but because of the kind of credentials that would win him acceptance in any American city. Edmonson believes that the members of the Comus invitation committee know, unconsciously, that they cannot afford to recognize those credentials—that their claim to a society independent of and equal to New York's would be threatened by permitting one Jewish aristocrat to sit in the Municipal Auditorium balcony during the Comus ball.

"I'm not bothered by the Carnival balls at all," I was told by a prominent leader of the Jewish community. "I'm not concerned in the least. I regret only one thing about Mardi Gras—that so much money needed in other places doesn't get there." It is notoriously difficult to raise money in New Orleans for cultural or charitable purposes; in cultural institutions and city services—not to speak of median income and median years of completed schooling—New Orleans lags far behind most

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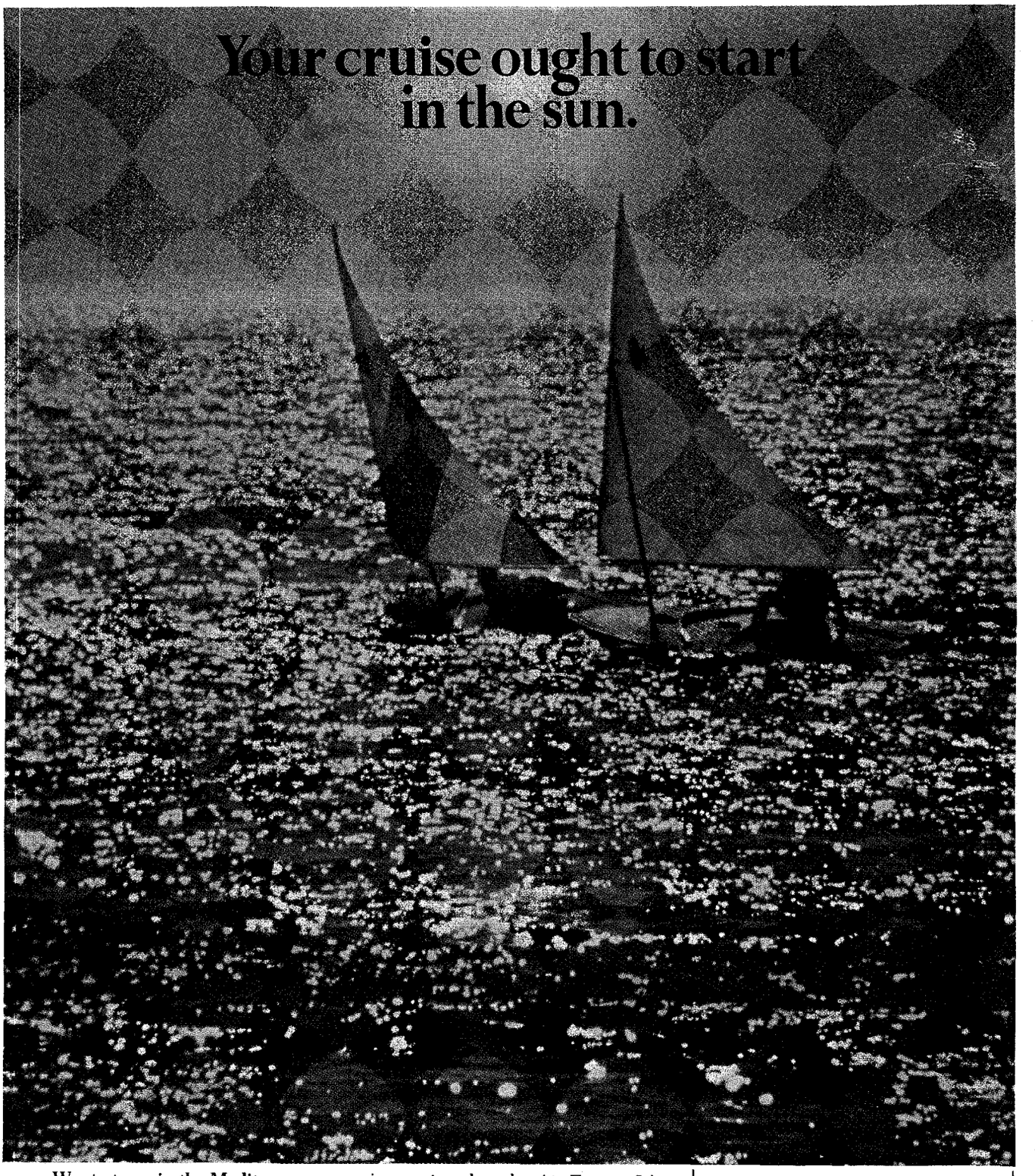

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cities its size. One widely accepted (and almost never publicly expressed) explanation is that the people who should be the leaders in such matters are too busy deciding which débutantes are going to be in the Comus court, and that the people who should be the givers spend too much of their money on costumes and formal gowns and beads to throw from floats. "I solicited for the Cultural Attraction Fund this year," I was told by a young businessman who has gradually come to resent Mardi Gras. "Guys my age couldn't give a hundred dollars, because they were pouring five or six hundred bucks into riding Proteus and going to the balls. The damn symphony doesn't play for two or three months because it can't get the Municipal Auditorium from the Carnival balls. The way the museums are in this city, about the only art I can take my kids to see is the paintings they sell to tourists in Jackson Square." Jews are extraordinarily prominent in providing what cultural life the city has, and a man who recently wanted to start a foundation in New Orleans having to do with music told me that the only people he could think of to sit on the board and contribute money were Jews—reflecting the possibility that Jews, who are excluded from Carnival krewes despite their prominence in the cultural and philanthropic life of the city, constantly become more prominent in the cultural and philanthropic life of the city partly because they are excluded from Carnival krewes.

THOUSANDS of New Orleans residents who think of Comus only as a parade that doesn't throw enough beads also celebrate Mardi Gras, often in bizarre ways. Bands of Negroes still roam the streets of some neighborhoods in Indian tribes, as convinced of being real Indians as the dukes of Rex are convinced of being real dukes. Groups of working-class whites still lurch drunkenly behind Negro jazz bands in the parades of neighborhood marching societies. There are more parades than there ever were, and Carnival balls now seem to be given by any organization that can raise the price of a crown. But, all in all, a decreasing number of residents bother to wear costumes these days; many of those who do wear costumes ride on their own carefully organized float in the Elks parade and are rarely found roaming the streets. In the French Quarter, the traditional center of costuming, it is possible to watch hundreds of Mardi Gras celebrants pass down the middle of Bourbon Street without seeing anything more exotic than a Kappa Alpha sweatshirt.

The newspapers regularly exhort people to mask on Mardi Gras, and a private campaign has been waged by Arthur P. Jacobs, a stout former policeman who, with his wife, runs a short-order grill on the corner of Bourbon and Dumaine. Like a number of other French Quarter residents, Jacobs has a theory to explain the decrease in costuming. "Conditions," he told me. "Conditions has ruined everything." This year, for the seventh Mardi Gras in a row, he closed his grill, strung up a public-address system on his balcony, erected a platform in the intersection, and assumed his Carnival role as president of the Bourbon Street Awards, a costume contest. "I've met a lot of people, and they've told me with their own mouths I'm the reason they're masking," he says. "Because of the prizes." Jacobs takes the sensible view that people ought to use Mardi Gras to dress and behave the way they cannot dress and behave the rest of the year, with no questions asked—"Live the Life You Love" is the motto of the Bourbon Street Awards—and his convictions are so strong that he prefers not to dwell on the fact that the beautifully gowned Female Costume Award contestants pictured in his grill are in fact males. Just before Mardi Gras this year, Jacobs was incensed at a local magazine that called his contest the "He-Sheba" contest—a misstatement of the type that he believes could discourage some people from wearing costumes at all. "This kind of criticism is out of line," he told me. "And that's the truth of it."

Among homosexuals, Mardi Gras is the Harvard-Yale game. A few years ago, the *Times* carried an item about a New York man who occasionally dressed as a woman and, using the sort of foresight employed by diabetes sufferers who carry instructions about insulin, always had in his purse a psychiatrist's note attesting to the fact that he was a transvestite. Except for such special cases, Mardi Gras offers about the only legal opportunity in the United States for people to walk around publicly in the clothing of the opposite sex. Homosexuals have never confined their Mardi Gras clothing to dresses; they have always provided some of the most extravagant cos-

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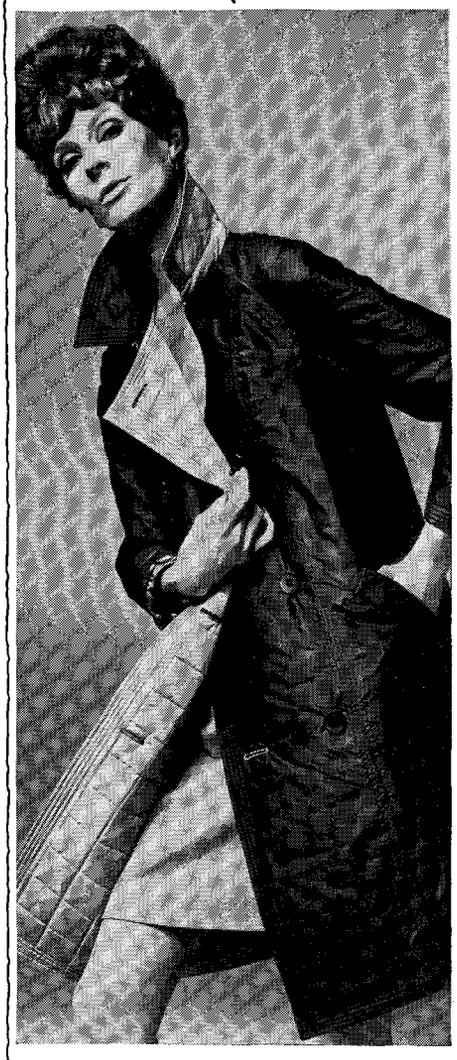

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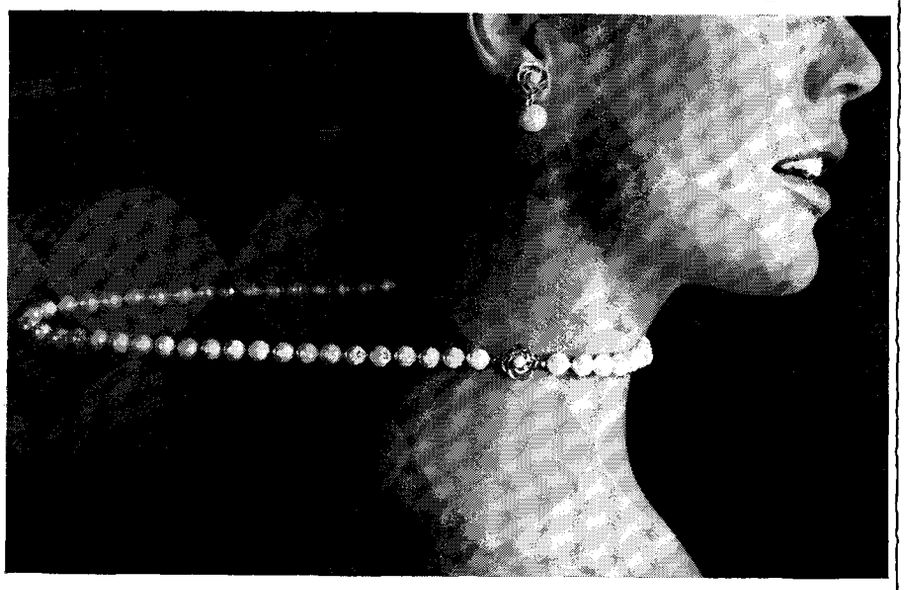

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tumes seen in the French Quarter. For a number of years, the most stunning costumes of the day could be seen at the corner of Bourbon and St. Peter, where Dixie Fasnacht—a former member of an all-girl band called the Southland Rhythm Girls and, even in recent years, a clarinettist on festive occasions—ran a bar called Dixie's Bar of Music. Dixie sold her bar and retired a few years ago, but even before that a change had come over the homosexual Mardi Gras. Homosexuals still arrive from every part of the country, and in the past seven years three krewes, each of which stages its own Carnival ball, have emerged in the local homosexual community. But a number of the local men who used to provide the most fantastic costumes no longer walk around the French Quarter in feathered sun-god outfits or gold body paint, being unwilling to face harassment from the ambulatory beer drinkers who now make up so much of the French Quarter crowd. "It used to be that all the queens would go to Dixie's to show off costumes for a few hours and then everyone would go up Bourbon Street across Canal to the Sazerac Bar of the Roosevelt," I was told by a local antique dealer this week. "Now you couldn't make it as far as Canal Street without having beer cans thrown at you. A boy last year had his dress ripped off right on Bourbon Street. I used to paint my body and spend a lot of time on a costume, but I don't costume anymore, and I know sixty other people who stopped. It's too dangerous. That's why you don't see the fantastic kind of costumes you used to. These dopey straight people wear a pair of pajamas and they think they're hilarious." Most homosexuals now stick pretty close to the Bourbon Street Awards and the bar across the street (which helps pay for the trophies), or to the one or two other bars that have inherited some of Dixie's business. It is said that last year's winner of the grand-prize trophy at the Awards—a young man who was costumed, rather convincingly, as a chandelier—had not gone a block from the judging stand before some college kids were attempting to break his crystals with beer cans. It is the kind of story that convinces some citizens that Mardi Gras in the French Quarter, once the symbol of tolerance and individuality, has become just another American mob scene. "It's the lack of discipline you see all over the country," I was told by a leader of the New Orleans homosexual community. "That's what Mr. Freud has done." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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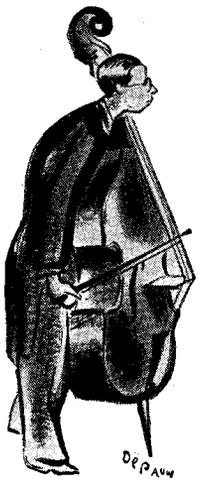
MUSICAL EVENTS

Remember the Cellist

FOR sheer vulgarity and garrulity, there is probably no music being written today equal to that of the Soviet composer Aram Khatchaturian. A comparison with the music of the Hollywood films suggests itself, but it would be unfair to Hollywood. On Monday evening of last week, Mr. Khatchaturian presented a second program with the American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall (I missed his first one), again performing his own music. This program started off with his First Symphony (an undergraduate work), continued with his Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, and concluded with excerpts from his ballet "Gayne," including the celebrated "Sabre Dance." Mr. Khatchaturian, a stocky, gray-haired figure, presided sturdily on the podium. One could discern an improvement in clarity between the symphony and the other works, which were written much later, but not an improvement in anything else. No doubt "Gayne" makes an excellent ballet score when there are enough kazatskas to take your mind off it. But as serious concert works none of the items of the evening held the attention for long. They are neither "modern" nor conservative. In fact, they are rather original in that they reflect a personal style. But the style is loud, brassy, and extremely facile, aimed at cheap effects. I should not bother to report on this concert were it not for the fact that Mr. Khatchaturian brought along a remarkable young cellist to play the solo part of his concerto. She is Karine Georgian, a pupil of Rostropovich and already, at twenty-four, an artist of superb technical attainments. I limit myself to saying "technical" because it is very difficult to judge the stylistic attributes of anyone playing Mr. Khatchaturian's windy, rhapsodic concerto. I wish that she had played something else, and I am glad to hear that she has scheduled a solo recital here. She is pretty to look at, she has something of the exuberance of her teacher, her intonation is flawless, her tone is large, and her technical agility is quite out of the ordinary, in spite of hands that look too small to produce it. Put her down among the most promising of the younger artists recently heard here.



I DO not particularly like serial music, but I have always had a weakness for the way it has been handled by a very few composers, among them Alberto Ginastera. And, to put a finer point on it, it is not the serial aspect of Mr. Ginastera's music that I admire but the way he has embellished it with striking orchestral effects, dramatic contrasts, and other extraneous things. His Concerto for Piano and Orchestra was given a performance here by the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf, on Wednesday night in Philharmonic Hall, with a brilliant—in fact, a rather theatrical—pianist named João Carlos Martins as the soloist. Mr. Martins, a slightly angry-looking young man with a Beatle haircut, is to be admired for the dedication with which he approached this difficult work, and he played it with an exhibition of fireworks that was truly Lisztian. As to the work itself, several impressions crossed my mind. The serial system is, in itself, quite uninteresting to me. The absence of a tonal center deprives all serial music of an enormous reservoir of affective resources, and is apt to produce the dull, gray, boring result that it shows in the work of most serial composers. Even in the hands of a master like Alban Berg, the only emotion it can successfully induce in an audience is horror or anger. The relation between the tones of the system is arbitrary and meaningless, so that it is not melody or harmony that one looks for. In his Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Ginastera, as usual, has introduced other things—pounding rhythm, deft shades of orchestral color, all manner of special sound effects, including bells, and a headlong impetus—all of which tend to make up for the general sterility and *lack* of impetus inherent in the system itself. The concerto is not really expressive, but parts of it are as stimulating as a toboggan ride. As might be expected, its weakest portion is its slow movement, where the system is obviously inadequate to the task of keeping an audience absorbed over long spans. The other movements are

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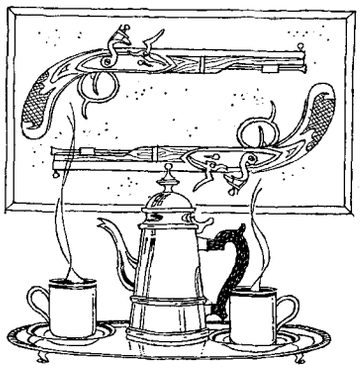
intense, and have a bludgeoning effect on the nerves. I am not sure that this will ever become a deeply beloved work for piano and orchestra, but, heard once—especially from the steel fingers of Mr. Martins—it can be a rousing experience.

The rest of Mr. Leinsdorf's program contained Tchaikovsky's seldom-played symphonic ballad "Le Voyevode," Opus 78, which is interesting to hear once in a while, though it is far from being the best Tchaikovsky, and two works by Richard Strauss, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and the suite from "Der Rosenkavalier." Since I was not particularly interested in another hearing of either of the Strauss works, I left the hall at the intermission, and went to the New York City Center, where I encountered things that I shall comment on presently.

HOWARD HANSON is one American composer who has stuck to the conservative tradition, and it was a great pleasure to hear him conduct his Sixth Symphony on Thursday night with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, if only because it offered a kind of music that is becoming so rare that it is now almost startling to hear. As is often the case with Hanson's work, this symphony shows the influence of Sibelius here and there, and it is a strong, dignified composition, nowhere vulgar, and everywhere tightly knit and expressive. I do not think that it is a masterpiece. It does not put the listener under a consistent spell, as masterpieces do, and its over-all form seems lacking in climax. But it is remarkable from one point of view. It is an utterly sincere work, containing no tricks or obfuscations. Mr. Hanson has laid his heart bare as few contemporary composers dare to do, and it proves to be a heart worth communicating with. The composer, now a large, bluff man of seventy-one, who, with his pointed beard, looked the other night a little like a Chinese sage of the T'ang dynasty, presented his work earnestly and without any platform heroics. Prior to the symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducted a performance of Charles Ives' "Thanksgiving and Forefathers' Day," a likable composition that sways between typically Ivesian confusion and typically Ivesian pentatonic folk melody, and that requires a chorus. This requirement was ably filled by Abraham Kaplan's Camerata Singers. I have never before, as far as I remember, applied the adjective "stunning" to



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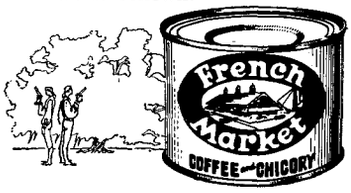

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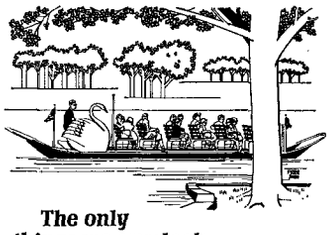

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the performances of Mr. Bernstein. The reading of the Berlioz "Symphonie Fantastique" that concluded the program fully deserved it.

ON Wednesday night, after leaving the Boston Symphony concert, I got to the City Center in time to see two ballets—one a world première and the other new to *me*—that were being presented by the Joffrey Ballet. Both were the work of the versatile Gerald Arpino, and both were eminently worth seeing. One, "Secret Places," was a tender pas de deux, done to music by Mozart, and involving the delectable Lisa Bradley and the athletic Dermot Burke—a work that respected convention but had the unmistakable touch of its creator, this touch being recognizable in a wide freedom of movement as well as in a consistent elegance of style. The other work, the world première, was something entitled simply "The Clowns." This is a macabre romp, with music, partially electronic, partially orchestral, by Hershy Kay. As the curtain rises, the audience sees a heap of dead clowns at the left of the stage, all dressed in white and looking a bit like the week's washing in some large institution. A single clown (Robert Blankshine) is upright, and is doing his best to clean up the stage by putting other clowns on the heap, but they keep falling, rather alarmingly, from the top of the proscenium. These, of course, are stuffed clowns, but they look exactly like the others. Finally, a female clown on the heap (Erika Goodman) shows signs of life, and the upright clown draws her into a grotesque duet. Then, by some magic of lighting, all the clowns in the heap come alive (the stuffed ones have been miraculously removed) and start a general high jinks that increases in vigor as all kinds of things happen. A number of triangular plastic pillows with long spouts appear and are thrown around, straddled, and pummelled; Mr. Blankshine comes on trailing a plastic tube about two feet in diameter; then a certain hostility toward Mr. Blankshine appears, and he is thrown into the air, symbolically crucified, and hurled onto the top of a huge plastic balloon. By the time it is over, all the clowns except Mr. Blankshine are inside the balloon. Significance? Search me. But it is full of tumbling—cartwheels, somersaults, and other displays of agility—and it is highly enjoyable.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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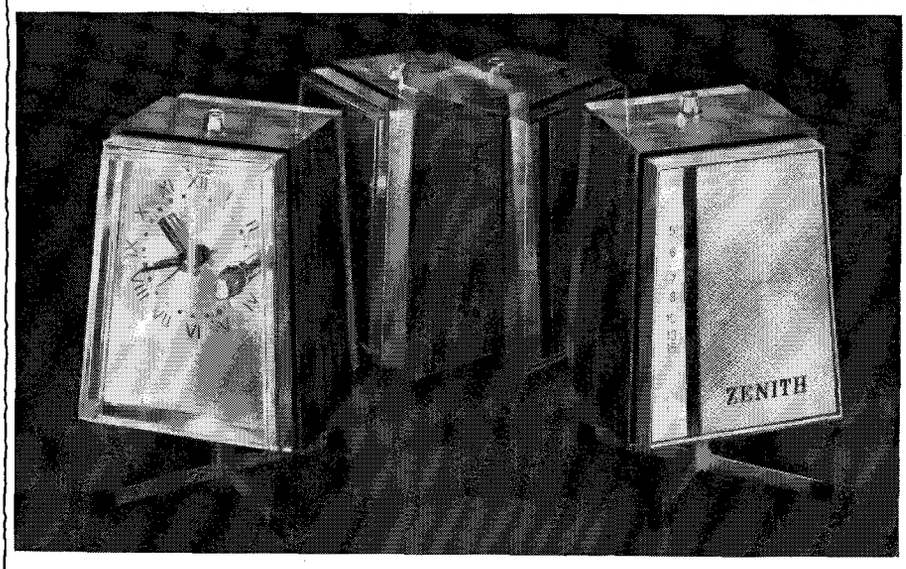

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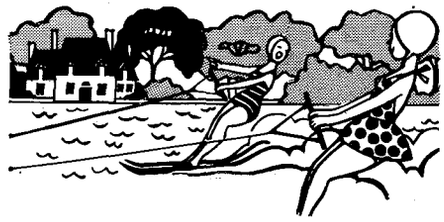

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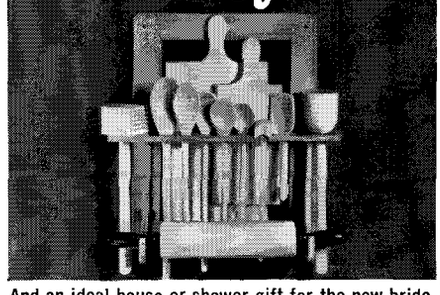

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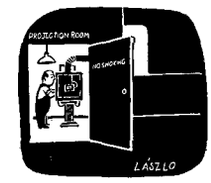
THERE is a moment of frustration in "We Still Kill the Old Way" in which the hero, Gian Maria Volonte, presses his clenched fingers against Irene Papas's leg, just above the knee. He doesn't get any further, but that moment has more desire and passion and sex in it than several recent pictures full of beds. "We Still Kill the Old Way" is an unusual thriller, for it's not about a big heist or a cute gang of thieves and it doesn't ingratiate itself by making things easy for the hero or the audience. Based on Leonardo Sciascia's "A Man's Blessing," it's a thriller with a theme—as, in a sense, "The Trial" and "The Castle" are, and though the movie isn't pretentious about it, it has probably been influenced by Kafka. The professor hero—a man who has always been an outsider—finds himself involved in a crime in his own Mafia-ridden Sicilian home town, and this familiar region becomes as terrifying and incomprehensible as the desert in a Paul Bowles story. One can experience all philosophical systems' collapsing at home and it turns home into a desert. His life begins to resemble paranoid fantasy—which, the movie suggests, is what life is for people who live in a corrupt society. In the usual thriller, the man trying to solve a crime gets caught in a larger network of crime until he tracks down Mr. Big and exposes him. In this movie, there is no one to expose Mr. Big *to*, because Mr. Big is all there is. The very concept of justice doesn't exist here, so the innocent professor becomes the fool.



It's easy to present fantasy on the screen, but to show a man's life in completely realistic terms as this film does and make us experience it as fantasy is difficult. The director, Elio Petri, tightens the hold on us as the hero becomes more desperately helpless and we begin to realize that there is no way out. It's not an "important" movie or an innovative one, and Petri does not seem to be a strikingly original talent, but he's a solidly professional young moviemaker, and one never feels superior to this picture, as so often happens with thrillers. Petri keeps one tense and uneasy, wary, expecting the worst at each moment. His method is indirect, and he exposes entangled social relations without comment. The island looks hot and barbaric, ominous and yet teeming with life in the way movie locations look only when the director and the cinematographer really know what they're doing. Volonte is one of those rare actors who are so believable on camera that one is caught up in the character rather than in the performance. As the politician who knows how to get along, Gabriele Ferzetti (the hero of "L'Avventura") is more actorish, but he, too, is smoothly convincing—perfectly weak, perfectly worldly. Irene Papas is perhaps rather too inscrutable, but she is powerful and effective in her role; one never doubts that she will survive in this society. At the end, in her white wedding dress, her black eyes shining, she seems as strong as corruption.

WHAT is Paul Newman doing in "The Secret War of Harry Frigg"? Lately, Newman and some of our other best actors have been saying they want to direct, because acting doesn't give them enough opportunity to express and extend themselves creatively. Just when they are in a position to test themselves as actors, to take the risks that count, to prove that it has all been worth it, they want to play a different game, in which, of course, they begin at the top, so they never have to learn how to play it—and in which, because they know so much less about it than they do about acting, they don't know when they're bad or how bad they are. If only, instead of trying the director's trade, they respected acting more—and learned which directors to work with. Paul Newman, at just the time in his life when his face is ready for roles with some depth—a time when he is physically right for a great role, like Tommy Wilhelm in Saul Bellow's "Seize the Day"—is playing stupid, loutish Harry Frigg, as if in preparation for a TV series. How can an actor who is interested in becoming a director choose to work with Jack Smight *twice*? Smight directed Newman in "Harper," and if I were asked to pick the director one should emulate least, I would probably give him strong consideration; after watching the embarrassed faces of some of the actors in "The Secret War of Harry Frigg" I think he might be a popular choice. And the script, by Peter Stone and Frank

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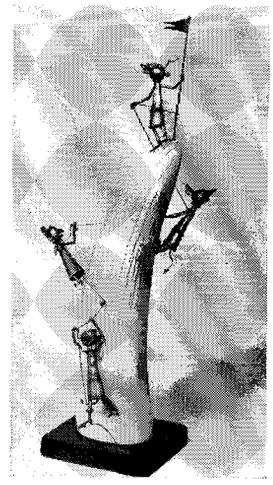

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Tarloff, does not seem superior to the direction.

Is Universal Pictures one of the "majors" or is it just the biggest B-picture factory, producing more cheap films than Monogram or Republic ever did? I've never walked out on a Paul Newman picture before, but then he hasn't appeared in B pictures before, either. "The Secret War of Harry Frigg" is a stillborn service comedy photographed in a process called Techniscope, which produces a wide-screen image at minimum expense; the effect, in cavernous Radio City Music Hall, is of watching a blown-up 16-millimetre movie. The dim images, never in clear focus, are flat and ugly. Paul Newman seems to keep hiding his face from the camera (as indeed he should), but when he faces front he can't be seen clearly anyway. Perhaps the calculation behind this sort of penny-pinching is that people will come to a Paul Newman picture and that it hardly matters how they see him as long as they know he's there. Now that the old studio heads are gone and businessmen from other fields have taken their places, will economies of this sort become common in the industry? Since the businessmen have links to television that are at least as strong as their links to movies, it may not disturb them that a picture like "The Secret War of Harry Frigg" doesn't compete qualitatively with the best entertainment on television. A television show like the Rowan and Martin "Laugh-In" I saw on February 26th or almost any Carol Burnett show is better acted, better written, infinitely better directed, and even superior technically. —PAULINE KAEL

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "New York of Today," by Henry Collins Brown, 1917*]

Visitors who live in communities where the primeval practice of using a soft, sooty coal still persists are at a loss to express their delight at the purity and cleanliness of New York's atmosphere. It is the one thing in praise of which they can all unite. Few things have added more to the renown of New York than her freedom from a smoke-laden atmosphere; and her frank and childlike enjoyment of her brilliant sunshine is refreshing.

•

At the dinner, however, the 48-year-old Percy gulped down his foot and promptly walked into the dining area and shook hands with all the adults seated at the tables—and there were about 650 of them.—*New Kensington (Pa.) Daily Dispatch.*

Four hundred had fainted, though.

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THE RACE TRACK

Ruffled Flamingo

THERE'S an old saying, "Keep a straight line to the winning post." Iron Ruler didn't do that in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last Saturday, and the results were unhappy. After making a wide turn into the stretch, he bore in toward the rail and blocked Wise Exchange about a furlong from home, and then went on to finish first, a length and a quarter to the good. Subpet was third, eight lengths behind, and Forward Pass was fourth. The foul was plain (even to this watcher on TV), and presently there was an inquiry, following which the stewards ordered Iron Ruler's number taken down and placed him second to Wise Exchange. Eight three-year-olds started for the Flamingo, and Master Bold led until Iron Ruler overhauled him on the far turn, from where he was never headed. Perhaps Iron Ruler, who isn't a robust colt, got a bit wobbly toward the end, for the pace was fast—the quarter was run in 0:22⅗, the half in 0:45⅖, six furlongs in 1:09⅗, the mile in 1:35⅕, and the nine furlongs in 1:48⅕. Wise Exchange, a gray colt by Promised Land out of Coastal Trade, didn't show much last year, and was rated at 113 pounds in the Experimental Free Handicap—thirteen pounds below Vitriolic, the top weight. Before the Flamingo, however, Hirsch Jacobs, who trains him, thought Wise Exchange would go well if he had shaken off the shin trouble that had been plaguing him. Well, none of it was apparent last Saturday.

Early in the week, Vitriolic was declared out of the Flamingo. It seems that he'd been losing weight ever since his first start of the season—the West Indies Purse last month. Though he won that one impressively, the effort must have taken more out of him than Eddie Neloy, his trainer, thought. The rough trip he had in the Everglades Stakes, in which he finished fourth, didn't help, either. To cap it all, he turned in a dull workout for the Flamingo. How long the letup in his training will last not even his trainer can say. Two years ago, Buckpasser skipped the classics. Then Neloy brought him back to the races and he won eleven straight. But Vitriolic is no Buckpasser. I wonder if he's still favorite for the Kentucky Derby in the Caliente future book.

WHICH reminds me—there are a hundred and ninety-one nominations for the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on May 4th. One of these is Vaguely Noble, a colt by Vienna out of Noble Lassie; he was one of the top two-year-olds in England last season. Dr. Robert A. Franklin, of Hidden Valley, California, bought him at Newmarket in December for the equivalent in pounds sterling of $342,720, which is a new high for a horse in training.

AS Hialeah closed last week, Cordero was the darling of the crowd that bets on jockeys. One afternoon, he rode six winners, and on two other days four winners, and he ran up a total of eighteen in six days. (It would have been nineteen if Iron Ruler hadn't been disqualified.) Right now, he's resting. The Hialeah stewards set him down for twenty racing days.

GAMELY and Princessnesian, who have been running one, two in the races for their sex at Santa Anita, couldn't quite bring off a double in the Santa Barbara Handicap, which was run in two divisions on the grass there last Saturday. Gamely finished second to Amerigo's Fancy, to whom she gave ten pounds, in the first one. Princessnesian took the second by eight lengths. Earlier in the afternoon, Tobin Bronze turned in such a smart performance on the dirt track that he's sure to have a big following for the Santa Anita Handicap this weekend.

THOUGH Clever Foot, Maryland's hope for the classics, won the Francis Scott Key Stakes at Bowie last Saturday, the most talked-about horse down there was Bushy Tail, who won a claimer and paid $236 in the mutuels. You shudda haddim!

HORSES are arriving at snow-covered Belmont Park. It won't be long now. —AUDAX MINOR

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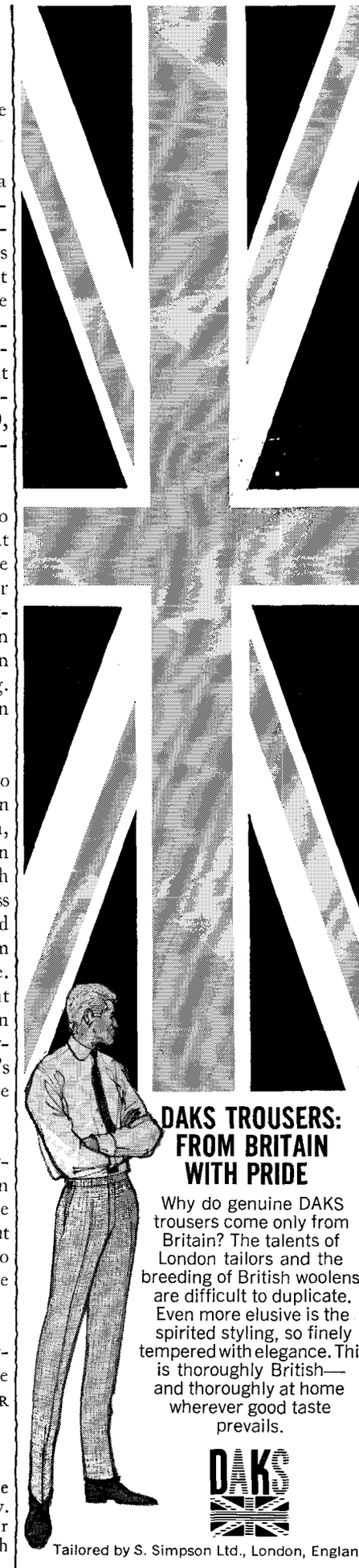
South Africa holds quantities of the supposedly worthless Rhodesian currency. A Johannesburg hotel charges five per cent to change Rhodesian funds into South American.—*The Post.*

Sounds fair enough.



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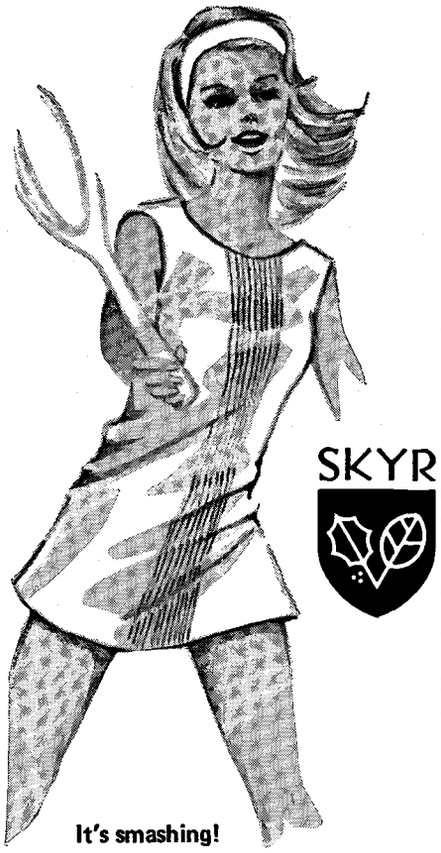

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

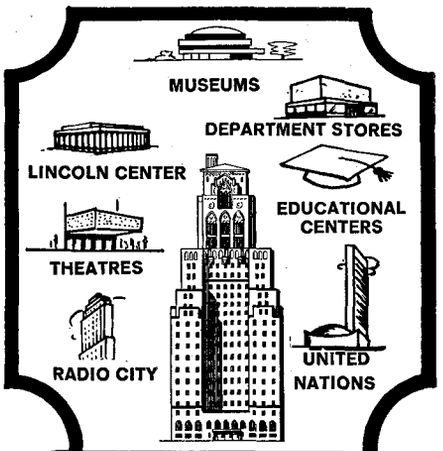
FICTION

A WONDROUS MOMENT THEN, by Rowena Rutherford Farrar (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). An old-fashioned novel, sentimental and stagy, that is quite saved by the author's passionate drive—her subject and her characters are of intense importance to her, and she whirls her reader along through the story, which substitutes one continuous action for a plot and is enlivened by an enormous number of crises, dénouements, confrontations, revelations, and plain, ordinary scenes. Mrs. Farrar is dealing with the woman's-suffrage movement in the First World War years, and her chief characters are members of a family named Lansdon, who live in Nashville, Tennessee, where most of the story is set. Mrs. Lansdon, a loving and submissive wife at the beginning of the book, is a loving but unsubmissive wife at its end. The Lansdons have three daughters and two sons. The eldest daughter elopes with a churlish young man and lives to rue the day she married him, and the two Lansdon boys march off to war. There is a joyful finale—the story ends with the signing of the Nineteenth Amendment.

THE ARTIFICIAL TRAVELER, by Warren Fine (Coward-McCann). Mr. Fine, who is twenty-four, has no trouble showing that his ideas about death, religion, and sex are bizarre and interesting, but he never manages to indicate how his thoughts are connected. The three parts into which his novel is divided are marked off by distinct shifts in style—from straight, clean narrative, which he is good at, to earthy mysticism, and finally to absurdism, black comedy, and parody, leading to an obscure climax. It would have been smarter for Mr. Fine to have leaned less heavily on the medieval mythology with which he apparently meant to press some unity onto his book, and to have stuck closer to the ingenuous hero and style he started out with.

GENERAL

POLITICS AND DIPLOMACY OF PEACEMAKING: CONTAINMENT AND COUNTERREVOLUTION AT VERSAILLES, 1918-19, by Arno J. Mayer (Knopf). An unfamiliar, en-



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lightening approach to the First World War's settlement—how the Bolshevik Revolution affected the drafting of the Versailles Treaty. Professor Mayer believes that the eruption of Bolshevism made every country's—losers' and winners'—right more reactionary and its left more radical, and that this development weakened the liberal, reformist body of opinion that supported Wilson. Because of its single-minded focus, Professor Mayer's detailed narrative occasionally seems a bit one-legged, like a history of the Crusades from the sole viewpoint of Byzantine merchants. Nonetheless, he draws an important, if sad, lesson: he shows how the worst of the modern world was made. The best people lack the courage of their convictions, the worst are filled with passionate intensity, the intellectuals feel betrayed but cannot agree by whom, and the addition of a new international ideological conflict to old national rivalries puzzles everybody and makes it impossible to come to arrangements—domestic or international—that will satisfy anybody. Fifteen dollars.

THE MAGIC OF WALKING, by Aaron Sussman and Ruth Goode (Simon & Schuster). A useful and agreeable hodgepodge of a book that is at once a propaganda tract in favor of walking; a treatise on the benefits, pleasures, and practical aspects (like what socks are best) of the exercise; an anthology of writings about walking by eminent writers and walkers; and a truly comprehensive guide to tell the uninitiated where the best walks and trails are—in New York or Los Angeles or Connecticut or Kent or Cornwall or the Black Forest, or just about anywhere, really.

•

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Hilton's tiring.

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PETER ARNO

PETER ARNO died on February 22nd, at sixty-four, after a long illness. The magazine published that week the latest of several hundred full-page drawings by him; in content and composition it is a characteristic piece of work. In the woods of Arcady, a horned and bearded Pan gambols about, playing his pipes and making nervous eyes at a lightly clad nymph beneath a tree. Like all Arno girls, she has a gorgeous body and a surprisingly practical nature, and she has but three words for Pan: "Oh, grow up!" The drawing is a matter of some forty or fifty bold strokes of black against white, bound together by a gray wash; it has been built up as solidly as a fortress, though built in fun, and its dominant note is one of youthful zest. Nobody could ever tell that it was the handiwork of an aging man, much less a dying one. But then artists are lucky in having it in them to outwit age, as their work outwits death; the longer they live, the younger they dare to become in their art. With every year, Arno's work in black and white grew simpler and stronger and more playful, and the colors he employed in his superb covers grew brighter. One could spot them a long way off, blazing with a kindergarten fierceness of sky blue, apple red, sea green.

Arno, who was born in New York, had come down from Yale (a dropout before the word was invented) shortly before *The New Yorker* was started, in 1925, and his drawings, which the editors were quick to accept, did much to set the tone and direction of the magazine. At the time, the raciness of his art frightened many of the older generation. He drew adorable, healthy girls sitting up in their skins in bed and evidently thinking earthy thoughts—what was the world coming to? Arno himself was a celebrated figure of the Jazz Age. He was a tall, lean, dark-haired, and handsome man, and people who read about him in Winchell and the other newspaper columns imagined him dressed in a top hat and tails, dancing in Gatsby's blue gardens "among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars." The Jazz Age passed, and so did the grim thirties, and with them passed some of the early targets of Arno's satire—the imperious dowagers, the choleric, Roosevelt-hating clubmen—rendered extinct in part by time but in part surely by him. Not that there was ever any dearth of subjects; his range widened as his social interests narrowed, and if in recent years he led a reclusive life in the country, his drawings remained very much in and of the world. He worked hard to give delight, and it must have pleased him to think of thousands of perfect strangers laughing out loud over what had cost him so much serious effort. He never undertook a drawing that he didn't have faith in, and it was anguish to him to fail; sometimes he would work for twenty-four hours at a stretch on a single idea, for fear that if he put it aside he would be unable to bear returning to it. Like many artists and writers, he was under the impression that no one had to struggle as painfully to express his talent as he did, and he used to swear that he had used up more erasers than all the rest of the artists on the magazine put together.

Of late, Arno came to the office rarely, and a number of his colleagues, though they were directly or indirectly his followers and heirs, had never met him. On hearing of Arno's death, one of them wrote in to comment on how universally appealing his drawings had proved to be: "In 1956, I found a copy of an old Arno drawing framed in a bar in Salerno. I came on another last summer in Greece. I expect to be finding Arno drawings for years to come, wherever I go, all over the world. I think he signed his drawings not to identify them, for they could have been nobody else's, but to give more strength to the composition. That bold signature of his was the only unnecessary thing in any Arno drawing."

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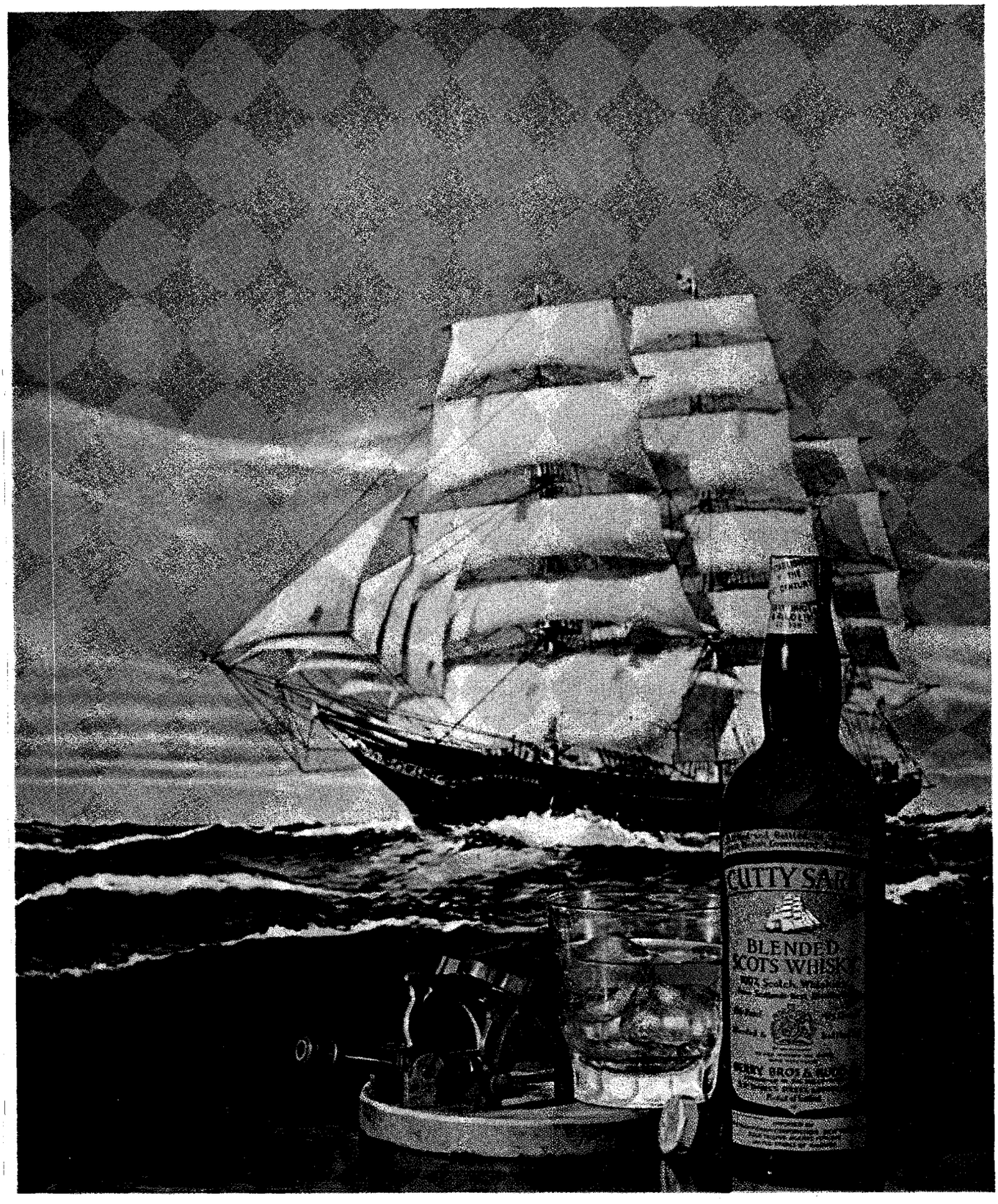

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